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HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

VOL. IV.

HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

BY

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON.

VOLUME IV.

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HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

CHAPTER I.

THE LIEUTENANT'S HOUSE.

In the south-west angle of the wall, a stack of quaint old Tudor buildings, marked by a fringe of lime-trees, stands the Lieutenant's house,—in strict official language, Government house. Above the roof grows a massive tower, much older than the pile itself; and from this tower springs a belfry, whence it takes that name. This Belfry has no separate door. The house has a ground-floor, occupied by guards and servants, opening on the Green; a second floor opens on the outer wall and river; while a third floor, later perhaps in style, looks over these above the Pool, the Bridge, and the Kentish shore. The rooms are small, the ceilings low. A gallery runs along the house; a covered way, connecting Prisoners' Walk with

Raleigh's Walk; passing from that Strong room in the Belfry which was the prison-house of Cardinal Fisher, Margaret Douglas, Edward Courtney, and the Princess Elizabeth, by the inner front of the building to the main staircase, where it crosses the house, and coming out on the wall, runs forward over Raleigh's Walk to the Bloody tower. The house was built in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and has the strong pictorial look of Tudor domestic art.

Planned after the charge of State offenders had come to lie with the Lieutenant rather than with the Constable, it was furnished with many chambers besides the Strong room and the Council room; since every personage of rank and credit who was brought into the Tower on a royal rescript, had to be received and lodged with his keeper until one of the 'prison lodgings' on the wall could be furnished for his use. Such furnishing cost days and days, according to the prisoner's means and tastes; a man like Seymour needed weeks; hence, every one who came into the Tower, as prisoner, had to sleep in the Lieutenant's house, and dine at the Lieutenant's board.

This house has an abiding interest in the his-

tory of Thought; for in its panelled rooms have lodged no insignificant number of the brightest wits and keenest intellects of our race. In these quaint chambers More could dream of his free Utopias; Surrey could compose brave compliments to his fair Geraldine; Wyatt could sing more Songs and rhyme more Sonnets; Hayward could study to depose fresh Richards; Southwell could tune his plaintive cithern; Essex could dream of wiser Apologies than those he wrote; Raleigh could shape his History of the World; Watson could revolve his Quodlibetical Questions; Father Garnet could review the field of Jesuit learning; Overbury could revise The Wife; Bacon could enlarge his Essays; Coke could think of new Institutes; Eliot could lay down his Monarchy of Men; Prynne could add a Scourge to his enemies the players; Archbishop Williams could recast his Holy Table; Laud could keep his Diary, and project the History of his Troubles; Jeremy Taylor could meditate on Holy Living, and Holy Dying; Davenant could strain more Odes to an ungrateful world; and Forde, Lord Grey of Werke, compose his Secret History of the Rye-House Plot. Down to the times of our Civil War

long troops of poets and philosophers had come to the Lieutenant's house, though poetry was not the poet's crime, and speculative thought had seldom sent philosophers to the Tower; but with the growth of learning Thought itself became suspected, watched, imprisoned. When that noble confidence in the power of truth to beat down error, which inspired John Milton to contend for 'liberty of unlicensed printing,' ceased to be a poet's dream, the writers who in other times would have been simply whipped and pilloried, were committed to the Tower.

The list of thinkers, writers, preachers,—and of persons closely connected with thinkers, writers, and preachers,—widened from reign to reign. To the Lieutenant's house, and thence to their prison lodgings, came—the younger Vane, 'Vane, young in years, but in sage counsels old,' as Milton sang of him; Henry Marten, the famous Parliamentarian wit, first, for reflecting on the King, afterwards for condemning him to death; William Taylor, member for Windsor, for saying 'the House of Commons had committed murder with the sword of justice;' James Harrington, the dreamer of ideal commonwealths; Bishop Hall, whose Historical Passages are still ad-

mired; Colonel Hutchinson, the husband of Lucy Apsley; Roger, Earl of Castlemaine, for writing the English Catholic's Apology; George Villiers, the serio-comic Duke of Buckingham, author of The Rehearsal, and the Satire against Mankind, committed for the only virtuous act of his life, his marriage; Samuel Pepys, the unlucky diarist, suspected of the Popish plot; Jack Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, poet, profligate, lampooner, who had the audacity to write the lines (so frequently misquoted) on the bed-room door of Charles the Second,—

'Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never says a foolish thing,
And never does a wise one,'

and whose Life by Bishop Burnett was so highly praised by Johnson; Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, cynical author of The Characteristics; Algernon Sydney, author of the great Discourses concerning Government; Archbishop Sancroft; Thomas Ken, the pious Bishop of Bath and Wells; William Penn, who wrote in the Tower No Cross, No Crown; Henry, Earl of Clarendon, son of the great historian; Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, founder of the famous

library of books and manuscripts; William Shippen, known as the 'Plain Speaker,'—

> 'I love to pour out all myself, as plain
> As downright Shippen and as old Montaigne,'

committed to the Tower for telling George the First that one who could not speak the King's English could not be an English king; Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, the friend of Pope and Swift; John Wilkes, editor of the *North Briton;* John Horne Tooke, author of The Diversions of Purley; and Sir Francis Burdett, for writing a letter to his constituents, which appeared in Cobbett's *Political Register.*

In and out, among these saints and rakes of literature, come other saints and rakes,—men of the sword, men of the pulpit, men of the long robe; peers, adventurers, spies, assassins, rebels,—a dramatic and exciting group; Sir John Maynard, on a quarrel with Sir Thomas Fairfax; Lionel Copley, for proceeding with public business in the Speaker's absence; Edward, Lord Howard of Escrick, committed for bribery; Sir Sydney Montagu of Hinchinbrook, for opposition to the Earl of Essex; John Glyn, member for Westminster; Thomas, Lord Morley and Monteagle, for killing Henry Hastings in a tavern brawl; Thomas,

Earl of Danby, afterwards Duke of Leeds; William, Lord Russell, the famous patriot; James, Duke of Monmouth, bastard son of Charles the Second; with the Duchess, and her children; Charles, Lord Mohun, accessory to the murder of William Mountford, in a street brawl; Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, who committed suicide —as a jury found—in the Gentleman Jailor's House, the prison of Lady Jane Grey; Judge Jeffreys, who expired in his prison lodging; the adventurous Earl of Peterborough; John Churchill, Earl (and afterwards Duke) of Marlborough; Henry Grey, a member of the House of Commons, on a charge of accepting a bribe for his vote; Edward, Earl of Warwick and Holland, for his share in the murder of Richard Coote; William Cotesworth, for bribery and corruption in procuring his election to Parliament; Sir Robert Walpole, Secretary-at-War, committed by the House of Commons for high breach of trust and notorious corruption in his office; the Scottish nobles who supported the Chevalier de St. George—Cornwath, Wintoun, Nithisdale, Derwentwater, Widdrington, Kenmure, and Nairn; Thomas, Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Chancellor of England, for high crimes and misdemeanours in

his office; Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrars, for the murder of his servant, John Johnson; Lord George Gordon; Arthur O'Connor; Lord Cloncurry; Arthur Thistlewood, of Cato Street renown.

CHAPTER II.

A POLITICAL ROMANCE.

On a dark December evening, in the year of Restoration, Captain Edward Short, a King's gentleman-pensioner, accompanied by the headborough and a squad of troopers, came to the house of William Dugard, the lexicographer and printer, near Newington Butts. He smote the door, and clamoured for the printer to come down. A great offender was supposed to be in hiding; one of those men who had dipped their hands in royal and sacred blood. Was he concealed among the frames and types? Short meant to search and take him. Show his warrant! Short whipt out his blade; a gentleman-pensioner, a captain, acting under the Earl of Cleveland, his commission was a yard of steel! What offender were they seeking? Harrington; James Harrington, of Rutland; falsely called *Sir* James, being one of Cromwell's knights. A rebel? nay, a

regicide! The bolts being drawn, the squad of men pressed forward into the printer's house; and Captain Short laid hands on a guest who gave the name of Mr. Edwards, and said he was staying on a visit with his friend. Dugard was loud in voice and rough in mien. This 'Edwards' was his guest, and should not be disturbed. If Captain Short, whom he had known in other days as a Congregationalist, if not an Anabaptist, had a lawful warrant, let him show it; if he had not, let him go next day before a justice of the peace and get one. Dugard would answer for his friend; if bail were wanted, he was ready with his bond. 'Edwards' was a crusty man, who would not suffer himself to be seized in flagrant violation of the law. Afraid of going too far, Captain Short accepted Dugard's bond in five thousand pounds that 'Edwards' should surrender to a warrant duly signed; but when the Captain came to the house next day, Dugard and 'Edwards' were no longer to be found.

That 'Mr. Edwards,' hiding in the printer's house, was actually Sir James, a Councillor of State, and one of the late King's judges. In his days of power, Sir James had done a service to the printer, which the printer now returned.

Dugard, a staunch Cavalier, had issued most of the royalist books of chief repute,—the Icon Basilicon, the Elenchus motuum nuperorum Angliæ, the Salmasii Defensio Regia; and for this disservice to their party he was clapped in jail by the victorious Ironsides, indicted as a public enemy, and put in jeopardy of his life, Sir James had saved him; and in changing fortune he was now resolved to save Sir James.

The dogs were soon upon their track, though never on their scent. A year passed by, but Harrington was not found. His land was seized, his knighthood taken from him, and his Rutland holding settled on the Duke of York. Dugard was faithful to his guest, and Harrington defied the vigilance of Captain Short.

This clever, bustling, and evasive Harrington had a cousin, once or twice removed, who also bore the name of James. A student and idealist, this second James had done no wrong, unless much thinking on the art of government was wrong. A nephew of Lord Harrington, of Exton, author of the Nugæ Antiquæ, and a pupil of Dr. Chillingworth, author of The Unlawfulness of Resisting the Lawful Prince, James Harrington was by birth and training bound to the Court,

and while King Charles had lived was closely held by him. This man had seen the world, had chatted with the Queen of Hearts, had watched the Doge ascend the giant stairs, had borne a flag in Craven's regiment, had heard the Pope pronounce anathema, had sailed below the guns of Elsinore, had loitered on the Louvre swards, had run through Alpine pass and German town, had lived with Charles at Holdenby, Carisbrooke, and Windsor, now as Gentleman of the Chamber, then as companion, afterwards as confidential scribe. He had been true to Charles; not as a dog is true, but as a man is true. He never told him lies, he rarely hid his thoughts, even when he knew that Charles would not agree with him; but he contrived by wit and compliment to say his say with only slight offence.

'I hear,' said Charles, 'you would not kiss the Pope's toe. You might have done so in respect to him as a temporal prince.'

'Sir,' replied the adroit philosopher, 'since I have had the honour to kiss your Majesty's hand, it is beneath me to kiss another prince's foot.'

When Charles was gone, and every one was toiling after Ideal Commonwealths, he slipt from

public sight, forgot that men are men, and in a court of books—Hesperides, Utopias, Cities of the Sun—lay down and dreamt a dream. He thought him of a green and golden isle, where 'Ceres and Bacchus are perpetual twins;' an islet rising in the Western seas, in which the verdure hides no snake, the woods conceal no beast of prey, in which the cooling breezes bring no frost, the ripening sunshine darts no fire. Soft hills and lovely lakes adorn this Eden of the West. Great herds of sheep and cattle browse upon her slopes, from which a troop of shepherdesses shear the fleece, and bands of milkmaids carol at the pails. A race of brave men, nursed by gentle mothers, dwell upon this isle; brave men, and free, who know the arts of life, and put them into practice day by day; not only for the good of one, but for the good and love of all. This isle is Oceana—England; not the country of our civil strife, with one Big Bashaw called a Lord-Protector, and ten Lesser Bashaws, called his Major-generals, ruling it; but an Ideal Commonwealth, with citizens who fight no Naseby, cut off no King's head, and shoe their horses in no church, but bask in peace, like children of one house, in loyal confidence that what is best for all is in the long life best for each.

The story of this book called Oceana is a romance not less curious than the book itself.

When Harrington set down the particulars of his dream he sent his manuscript to press; believing he had only just to tell the world how happily it might live without those twelve Bashaws called Major-generals, for Skippon and the rest, to lay aside their swords and smoke the calumet of peace. But Bashaws have rough ways, and some of Major-General Skippon's people (Skippon was Bashaw in London) pounced upon his printer, seized his copy, judged it to be perilous stuff, and bore it to the Lord Protector's house.

In vain the philosopher begged to have his papers back. White Hall was ruled just then by Ironside law, and dreamers who had visions of Ideal Commonwealths were apt to get confused by Major-generals with those Levellers and Anabaptists who contended for imaginary reigns of Christ with midnight drill and push of pike. The Oceana might be a romance; but Harrington, well known as an adherent of the fallen cause, had made no secret of his hope, that by exhibiting a perfect model of free government, he might leave the rude Bashaws in power

without excuse. His romance was constructed to that end. He proved by arguments, which no one could have said were false, that brave men, dwelling in a green and golden isle, with cooling winds and ripening heats, with grass which hides no snakes, and woods which screen no beasts of prey, might live in trust and peace, without a Big Bashaw called Lord-Protector, and his Lesser Bashaws called Major-generals. Stuff like this was not to be endured, and Harrington tried in vain to get his papers, till he thought of Lady Claypole, Cromwell's favourite child, the friend of every one who had a cause to plead in that Ironside court. He went to her house, and while the chamberlain was taking in his name a little girl came walking with her women through the room, to whom the dreamer told such pretty stories that she nestled in his arms, and would not leave him till her mother came. Laying the child down at Lady Claypole's feet, he said, 'Madam, 'tis well you have come in the nick of time.' 'Why?' asked Lady Claypole. 'Else I had certainly stolen this pretty little lady.' 'Stolen her!' exclaimed the mother, 'she is too young to be your mistress.' 'Not for love, but for revenge, should I commit this theft.' 'What injury have I done,

that you should steal my child?' 'None!' answered the Idealist; 'but then you might have been induced to prevail with your father to do me justice by restoring to me my child which he has stolen.' 'Stolen your child! It is impossible; he has so many children of his own!' Here he explained that his stolen child was the issue of his brain. Lady Claypole promised that his suit should be heard, and if his book contained no dangerous matter he should have it back. 'It is a mere political romance,' said Harrington. 'So far from treason to your father, I mean to dedicate it to His Highness.' To herself he promised one of the earliest copies from the press.

'The gentleman,' said Cromwell, after reading Oceana, 'would like to trepan me out of my power; but what the Sword has won will not be lost by a little paper shot.' He read it well, and saw no reason to refuse the dedication. 'I approve the government of a single person as little as any of them,' Cromwell added. 'I am forced into the office of High Constable to preserve the peace.'

No sooner was Oceana out, than two great factions set upon it:—first, the High Church clergy and connexion; then the Non-conforming and Republican divines. A stream of books

and pamphlets issued from the press; of which the more famous pieces were Bishop Ferne's Pian Piano, and Richard Baxter's Holy Commonwealth. Matthew Wren (a son of the Bishop of Ely) wrote against Oceana; and as Wren was one of Bishop Wilkins' circle, who were just then founding the Royal Society, Harrington said of these philosophers, 'They have an excellent faculty of magnifying a louse and diminishing a commonwealth.'

To make the principles laid down in Oceana known, he founded a political club in New Palace Yard, called the Rota, and the members held their meetings in a sort of rivalry to the Rump, which they esteemed no Parliament at all. Henry Nevil, Cyriac Skinner (Milton's friend), Roger Coke, Sir William Petty (founder of the house of Lansdowne), Major Wildman (chief of the Anabaptist party), John Aubrey, and Sir William Pulteney were members. They discussed all questions, and they took all votes by ballot. Harrington had seen the balloting in Venice, and he fancied he was bringing into use a new, as well as philosophical, way of taking votes. He was mistaken in his history, as reference to the journals of Parliament would

have shown him. Yet his Rota had a great effect in rousing public thought upon the ballot; and his Oceana will be always held in honour by political thinkers as the first great English book in which a free delivery is regarded as no less essential than a free possession of political power.

The Rota was dissolved by Monk, when the excluded members were recalled, and Parliament was supposed to be itself again.

When Charles the Second came back, the dreamer of Ideal Commonwealths retired once more into his chamber, shut the door, and began to write. His friends, who knew how fertile he could be in systems, begged him to draw up something for the royal use; some short and easy 'Instructions for the King's service,' which might help in settling the new affairs in Church and State. At once, he fell to work, and soon a paper of 'Instructions,' showing his Majesty how he could govern 'with satisfaction to the people and with safety to himself,' was penned. But Charles, less tolerant of advice than Oliver, gave orders for his instant arrest, and close imprisonment in the Tower!

Sir William Pulteney — late his pupil in the Rota — came to his house with a squad of

officers, who found him putting the final touches to a System of Politics which was to make men free and happy ever more. Sir William knew his man; but the officials who had drawn the warrant of arrest, being busy in pursuit of Harrington the Regicide, supposed the new offender was the old, and when the paper was presented, it was found to authorize Sir William Pulteney to arrest *Sir* James.

CHAPTER III.

PHILOSOPHY AT BAY.

WARNED by the failures of Captain Short, Sir William Pulteney would not stand on forms. He knew his man too well. He saw before him the dreamer of Ideal Commonwealths, the advocate of Independent Votes, the author of 'Instructions for the King's Service;' and he cared but little for such legal stuff as whether his warrant was correctly drawn or not. The King had given his orders, who should say him nay? If wrong were done, the King would answer it. For Pulteney, there was nothing but to execute his trust.

Then Harrington must yield to force, and seek his remedy in the courts of law. Might he send for any one? Not a soul. Could he have time to settle his affairs? Not an hour. Might he pick up his written sheets, and fasten them with a skein of thread? Well; yes, if he were quick. Within an hour Sir William Pulteney rendered him a pri-

soner to Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, who gave this member of the Rota a receipt for his master's body, and proceeded, in accordance with his orders to secrete that dreamer from the world.

Pulteney took the papers he had captured to White Hall, where Charles referred them, not to his chief advisers, who were men of trust and had some knowledge of affairs, but to John, Earl of Lauderdale, Sir George Carteret, and Sir Edward Walker; Lauderdale being his Scottish Secretary, Carteret his Vice-chamberlain, Walker his Clerk of the Council. Lady Ashton, one of Harrington's sisters, went to the King, who knew her well as one of his staunchest friends. She threw herself on the ground before him. She would answer for her brother James as for herself. She knew his capture was an error. He had done no wrong. His Majesty might see that he was not the man. The warrant was to apprehend her cousin, *Sir* James, not her brother James. Charles dryly answered that if they were wrong about the title, they were right about the man. He feared the prisoner was more guilty than she thought her brother could be. Lady Ashton, who was not allowed by Robinson to see her brother in his cell, beseeched his Ma-

jesty to let him have a speedy trial; to which the King replied by sending Lauderdale, Carteret, and Walker, as his Commissioners, to examine Harrington in the Tower.

These three Commissioners—Secretary, Vice-chamberlain, and Clerk—assembled in the Council-room of the Lieutenant's house, on which Sir John Robinson and his halberdiers placed the philosopher before them. Lauderdale, who was connected with the Harringtons, saluted him: 'Sir, I have heretofore accounted it an honour to be your kinsman. I am sorry to see you upon this occasion; very sorry, I assure you.' The Commissioners sat in front of the wooden bust of James the First, beneath the lying panels of the Powder Plot, with Harrington before them, placid as the sea around his golden isle. This prison talk took place:

Lauderdale. Sir, the King thinks it strange that you, who have so eminently appeared in principles contrary to his Majesty's Government, and the laws of this nation, should ever since he came over live so quiet and unmolested, and yet should be so ungrateful. Were you disturbed? Were you so much as affronted, that you should enter into such desperate practices?

Prisoner. My Lord, when I know why this is said, I shall know what to say.

Lauderdale. Well then, without any longer preamble, will you answer me ingenuously, and as you are a gentleman, to what I have to propose ?

Prisoner. My Lord, I value the asseveration (as I am a gentleman) as high as any man, but think it an asseveration too low upon this occasion ; wherefore, with your leave, I shall make use of some greater asseveration.

Lauderdale. For that do as you see good ; do you know Mr. Wildman ?

Prisoner. My Lord, I have some acquaintance with him.

Lauderdale. When did you see him ?

Prisoner. My Lord, he and I have not been in one house together these two years.

Lauderdale. Will you say so ?

Prisoner. Yes, my Lord.

Lauderdale. Where did you see him last ?

Prisoner. About a year ago I met him in a street that goes to Drury Lane.

Lauderdale. Did you go into no house ?

Prisoner. No, my Lord.

Carteret. That 's strange !

Lauderdale. Come, this will do you no good. Had not you, in March last, meetings with him in Bow Street in Covent Garden? where there were about twenty more of you; where you made a speech about half an hour long, that they should lay by distinguishing names, and betake themselves together into one work, which was to dissolve this Parliament, and bring in a new one, or the old one again. Was not this meeting adjourned from thence to the Mill Bank? Were not you there also?

Prisoner. My Lord, you may think, if these things be true, I have no refuge but to the mercy of God and of the King?

Lauderdale. True.

Prisoner. Well then, my Lord, solemnly and deliberately, with my eyes to heaven, I renounce the mercy of God and the King if any of this be true, or if ever I thought or heard of this till now that you tell it me.

Carteret. This is strange!

Lauderdale. Do you know Barebones?

Prisoner. Yes, my Lord.

Lauderdale. When did you see him?

Prisoner. I think that I have called at his house or shop thrice in my life.

Lauderdale. Had you never any meetings with him since the King came over?

Prisoner. No, my Lord.

Carteret. This is strange!

Lauderdale. Do you know Mr. Nevil?

Prisoner. Very well, my Lord.

Lauderdale. When did you see him?

Prisoner. My Lord, I seldom used to visit him; but when he was in town, he used to see me at my house every evening, as duly almost as the day went over his head.

Lauderdale. Were you not with him at some public meeting?

Prisoner. My Lord, the publicest meeting I have been with him at, was at dinner at his own lodging, where I met Sir Bernard Gascoin, and I think Colonel Leg.

Walker. They were good safe company.

Lauderdale. What time was it?

Prisoner. In venison time I am sure, for we had a good venison pasty.

Lauderdale. Do you know one Portman?

Prisoner. No, my Lord, I never heard of his name before.

Carteret. This is strange!

Lauderdale. Come, deal ingenuously, you had better confess the things.

Prisoner. My Lord, you do not look upon me; I pray look upon me. Do you not know an innocent face from a guilty one? Come, you do, my Lord? Every one does. My Lord, you are great men; you come from the King; you are the messengers of death.

Lauderdale. Is that a small matter (at which my Lord gave a shrug)?

Prisoner. If I be a malefactor, I am no old malefactor; why am not I pale? why do not I tremble? why does not my tongue falter? why have you not taken me tripping? My Lord, these are unavoidable symptoms of guilt. Do you find any such thing in me?

Lauderdale. No; I have said all that I think I have to say.

Prisoner. My Lord, but I have not.

Lauderdale. Come then.

Prisoner. This plainly is a practice; a wicked practice; a practice for innocent blood; and as weak a one as it is wicked. Ah, my Lord, if you had taken half the pains to examine the guilty that you have done to examine the innocent, you

had found it; it could not have escaped you. Now, my Lord, consider if this be a practice, what kind of persons you are that are thus far made instrumental in the hands of wicked men. Nay, whither will wickedness go? Is not the King's authority (which should be sacred) made instrumental? My Lord, for your own sake, for the King's sake, for the Lord's sake, let such villanys be found out and punished.

Lauderdale rose, and fumbling with his hands upon the table, said,—

Lauderdale. Why if it be as you say, they deserve punishment enough, but otherwise look it will come severely upon you.

Prisoner. My Lord, I accepted of that condition before.

Lauderdale. Come, Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, it is late.

Prisoner. My Lord, now if I might I could answer the preamble.

Lauderdale. Come, say.

Then Lauderdale sat down again.

Prisoner. My Lord, in the preamble you charge me with being eminent in principles contrary to the King's Government, and the laws of this nation. Some, my Lord, have aggravated this,

saying, that I being a private man have been so mad as to meddle with politics: what had a private man to do with Government? My Lord, there is not any public person, not any magistrate, that has written in the politics worth a button. All they that have been excellent in this way, have been private men, as private men, my Lord, as myself. There is Plato, there is Aristotle, there is Livy, there is Machiavel. My Lord, I can sum up Aristotle's politics in very few words. He says there is the barbarous monarchy (such a one where the people have no votes in making the laws); he says there is the heroic monarchy (such a one where the people have their votes in making the laws); and then he says there is democracy; and affirms that a man cannot be said to have liberty, but in a democracy only.

Lauderdale showed some impatience.

Prisoner. I say, Aristotle says so; I have not said so much. And under what Prince was it? Was it not under Alexander, the greatest Prince then in the world? I beseech you, my Lord, did Alexander hang up Aristotle? Did he molest him? Livy for a Commonwealth is one of the fullest authors. Did not he write under Augustus Cæsar? Did Cæsar hang up Livy, did he molest him?

Machiavel what a Commonwealth's man was he? But he wrote under the Medici when they were Princes in Florence; did they hang up Machiavel, or did they molest him? I have done no otherwise than as the greatest politicians; the King will do no otherwise than as the greatest Princes. But, my Lord, these authors had not that to say for themselves that I have. I did not write under a Prince, I wrote under a usurper, Oliver. He having started up into the throne, his officers (as pretending to be for a Commonwealth) kept a murmuring, at which he told them that he knew not what they meant nor themselves; but let any of them show him what they meant by a Commonwealth (or that there was any such thing) they should see that he sought not himself—the Lord knew he sought not himself, but to make good the Cause. Upon this some sober men came to me and told me, if any man in England could show what a Commonwealth was, it was myself. Upon this persuasion I wrote; and after I had written, Oliver never answered his officers as he had done before; therefore I wrote not against the King's Government. And for the law, if the law could have punished me, Oliver had done it; therefore my writing was not obnoxious to the law.

After Oliver the Parliament said they were a Commonwealth. I said they were not, and proved it; insomuch that the Parliament accounted me a Cavalier, and one that had no other design in my writing, than to bring in the King; and now the King first of any man makes me a Roundhead!

What could Lauderdale reply—unless he chose to echo Carteret—'That is strange!' His lordship, rising from his seat, said, 'If you be no plotter, the King does not reflect upon your writings,' and he moved away, accompanied by the Vice-chamberlain and the Clerk. At the stair-head, the philosopher added, with a covert sarcasm which was utterly lost upon the Scottish Earl:

'My Lord! there is one thing more. You tax me with ingratitude to the King, who had suffered me to live undisturbed. Truly, my Lord, had I been taken right by the King, it had been no more than my due. But I have been *mis*taken by the King. The King, therefore, taking me for no friend, yet using me not as an enemy, I have mentioned to all I have conversed with a high character of ingenuity and honour in the King's nature.' Catching at the word, and missing the sense of Harrington's reply, the dull Earl muttered, 'I am glad

you have had a sense of it,' and so went down into the open air. Still standing on the stair, the prisoner fired his Parthian bolt, 'My lord, it is my duty to wait on you no further.'

CHAPTER IV.

FATE OF AN IDEALIST.

Not a gleam of light could Lauderdale and his fellow-commissioners bring to Charles of any plot in which Harrington was engaged; but they had learned enough to understand that such a speaker could not be safely indicted in a public court. He had a fearless power of speech; a power of which men like Lauderdale and Carteret felt a wholesome dread. But neither could they set him free. They saw that if he were at liberty he would talk and write.

The true offence of Harrington was his political views; his theory of governing men by Rota, Ballot, and the like. Charles heard that Rota meant a frequent change of his advisers, and that Ballot meant a choice of those advisers by an independent vote. He knew that ballot-voting was an English method; that it was established in the free colony of Massachusetts; that his father,

finding it in use in London, called upon the Lord Mayor, the Corporation, and the City Companies, to put it down. They had not done his will, though pressed by threat of fine and jail; for voting by the gilt box, yea and nay, had been a city fashion long before the Stuarts came to England; long before the Reformation; perhaps before the time of printed books. To Charles the Second, as to Charles the First, free voting was a greater evil than free speaking; and as Harrington was the ablest champion of free voting, and such heresies, it was held desirable to hold him under the Lieutenant's key.

Some charge, of course, it would be well to bring against him; and the Chancellor, now Lord Clarendon, was required to make it. In a conference of the Lords and Commons, Clarendon had the baseness to connect his name with the names of Henry Nevil and Major Wildman, and to speak of his suspicions as established facts. Though nothing could be proved, he managed to create a prejudice in the minds of passionate Peers, and no less passionate Commoners, that the prisoner in the Tower was not a man who could be safely left at large.

Week after week, month after month, slipt by,

and nothing could be done for the philosopher in the Tower. His jailor and that jailor's wife, Sir John and Lady Robinson, were not a bit like stout Sir Allan Apsley and his gentle spouse. Sir John, a nephew of Archbishop Laud, and Alderman of Dowgate, fussed and fumed about the Court in Monk's time, and persuaded Monk that he had done much service in recalling Charles. The citizens, he said, were oxen and asses, whom he yoked and ploughed with as he pleased; and this poor braggart, for a service which was next to nothing, was created knight and baronet, Lord Mayor, and King's Lieutenant of the Tower. A drinking, buffle-headed fellow, who could hardly spell and write his native tongue, he had no rules of office save to please his royal master, and enrich himself by fees. His wife, a daughter of Sir George Whitmore, haberdasher and malignant, was a worthy partner of such a husband. Pepys, who knew them well, and dined with them at the Tower, describes the lady as 'very proud and cunning . . . and wanton, too.' So far from being a mother to poor prisoners, Lady Robinson only thought how she could press them into buying her indulgences by bribes. When Harrington's sisters got ad-

mission to the Tower, they found him in a wretched den, not fit to house a dog; and on complaining of such treatment, were informed that the Lieutenant must be paid his vails. Before Sir John would grant his prisoner decent lodging, he extracted from these ladies fifty pounds.

Dependent on their brother for allowances, these poor ladies were without a penny; for his tenants, used to paying him their rents, and sore in mind about the legal rights of 'a king's prisoner,' would not pay one groat of rent unless they saw him sign the quittance with his own right hand! A second time, Lady Ashton threw herself on the ground, and for the woman's sake, the King gave orders that Sir John Robinson should admit these bumpkins to a sight of their landlord on quarter-day. A humorous scene took place. These country louts came in, through files of halberdiers, each bringing in his bag of angels, which he laid on a table in the narrow cell, and watched his master sign the quittance—sign with his own hand!

Five months the poor Idealist lay a prisoner ere he thought of asking for his right of trial from the High Court of Parliament. Lady Ashton had disturbed the gallery of White Hall with daily

prayers. The King referred her to his Council, and his Council to the King. She spoke about his loyalty as a Cavalier; they answered with a well-bred sneer. She hinted at his free-born rights; they turned upon her with a darkening scowl. When he prepared his note to Parliament, asking, not for freedom but for trial, not a member of the Commons had the courage to present his mild petition to the House. Knight and burgess told her it would do no good, and cause her brother to be more and more restrained. She must be patient; she must wait for kings to change and times to mend.

But Lady Ashton could not wait for kings to change and times to mend; she felt that he was innocent of plots; she hoped his innocence would appear; and when petitions failed her, she applied to the courts of law. She asked for a writ of Habeas Corpus; forcing the Council either to relax their grip or prove him guilty of some crime. At first the servile judges would not hear her case; but barristers are not so timid in their speech as knights and burgesses; and when the point was pressed, the judges yielded and the writ went out. Poor Lady Ashton thought her work was done, her brother saved.

At dead of night, some minutes after one o'clock, a barge drew near the Tower, and warders came with arms and torches under Harrington's window. Knocking at his door, they woke him from his sleep, compelled him to put on his clothes, and go with them on board that barge. No time was given him to see his man, to write a line, to send for money, even to pack his things. No hint was given him why he was removed, whither he was going, when he would be suffered to communicate with his friends. A guard of soldiers bore him to the boat. This boat conveyed him down the river to a war-ship; and the war-ship weighed her anchor and put out to sea.

So soon as daylight came, a keeper who had learned to feel for Lady Ashton, pulled up to Westminster, and running to her house, informed her that her brother had been spirited off in the dead of night. The news appeared to her a dream. What, snatch a man from justice, break the covenant of law, insult his Majesty in the person of his judge? Why, this was treason; treason of the highest class! Poor Lady Ashton had to learn that law is not for men like Charles.

She drove to the Secretary of State, but he

could tell her little; to the Lieutenant of the Tower, but he could tell her less. She roamed about the Tower, a restless, raving creature, questioning every one she met, and learning nothing for a fortnight, till a letter reached her hands from James himself. He was on board a vessel in the Solent, near Hurst Castle, bound for some place farther west—near Plymouth, maybe. Four weeks later, she received a second note from him, dated from a lonely rock in Plymouth Sound, the chapel of St. Nicholas, and bearing still the name of that sea-faring Saint. She could not go to him, and they would hardly suffer her to write. Confined to his lonely rock, compelled to drink the brackish water, and unable to walk and ride, the dreamer fell into bad health and feverish spirits; yet he never ceased to dream that men, in order to be happy, had no more to do than read the Oceana and apply the rules laid down.

Of all the cities he had seen in early life, the City on Sea was his delight. From love of bright lagoons, and golden houses, he had passed into poetic rapture for Venetian institutions — the elected Doge, the great Council, the electoral colleges, the secret ballot; nearly all of which he held to be absolutely perfect as to *form*. So

strong was his belief in forms, that he asserted and believed that the Venetian government must last to the end of time!

His mind began to fail him, even as his health had failed. The brightest brain depends on air and exercise, on food and drink. Damp lodging, brackish water, restraint of freedom, tell on the stoutest frames; and Harrington's poetic intellect was unsupported by a powerful frame. The flesh fell off, the bones protruded through his skin, the pleasant eyes grew dim, and the observant speech was flat and stale.

When he was little save a wreck, the King permitted him to quit his sea-girt rock for a prison on the main-land of Devon, on his brother and his uncle giving bonds of five thousand pounds that he would not escape. He was a figure pitiful to see; a living skeleton, with his skin all sore from scurvy, caused by brackish water and unwholesome food. The doctors tried to save his life; and one of these doctors, undertaking to cure his scurvy by decoctions of guaiacum taken in coffee, made him worse, not only in his body but his mind. Many supposed that he was poisoned in a slow and artful way. 'He has been given a drink,' they said, 'that would drive a man mad in thirty

days.' Poisoned or not poisoned, he never was himself again.

Allowed to visit London, and to drink the Epsom waters, he was still a 'king's prisoner;' and as one of the court physicians gave him huge doses of hellebore, the hint of poisoning never dropt until the poor old man, a harmless 'wanderer in the waste,' succumbed to an attack of palsy, and expired in his house near Palace Yard.

The poor Idealist, prattled to the last about a green and golden isle, in which the grass conceals no snakes, the woods no beasts of prey, and men live happily together in trust and love. His wasted frame was laid beside the altar, in the very next grave to Raleigh, in St. Margaret's Church.

CHAPTER V.

'BRITANNIA.'

WHILE the dreamer of a golden age was wearing out his life in Plymouth Sound, his place in the Tower was filled by Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond, cousin to the reigning king.

The Duke had fallen in love with a fair and foolish woman of his family, Frances Terese, a daughter of Walter Stuart, of the Blantyre branch; the loveliest and the silliest creature in a court adorned by lovely fools. Fine judges thought her beauty perfect, and her head, as drawn by Potier in the figure of Britannia, has the form and turn of an ideal Grace. The artists of all nations loved to look on her. Lely painted her as a girl; Huysman arrayed her as a warrior; Potier struck her as the genius of her country on his dies. Tall, fair, and lithe—with French accomplishments in dress, in speech, and taste—a brilliant songstress, an untiring dancer,

a diverting mimic — Fair Stuart was adored by all the golden youth. Count Hamilton admired her. Grammont felt the magic of her eye. Richmond was her slave. Buckingham left his mistresses to dangle at her heels. Mandeville was her Valentine. Carlington lit candles in her honour. Digby died for her; a wild and passionate sacrifice, which Buckingham mocked in his Rehearsal, and Dryden celebrated in his heroic verse.

Chief among Fair Stuart's lovers were the King and his brother James, who held high words about her, and at one time almost fell to blows. She had apartments in White Hall, a few steps only from the King's; a few steps also from Lady Castlemaine's. Pepys lifts the curtain on an evening scene, at which the King was present, while these silly, shameless women parodied the marriage-rite; when Lady Castlemaine played the part of groom, and Frances Stuart that of bride, with ring and riband, bell and book, posset and slipper; an indecent comedy, played amidst ribald jests and roars of laughter. Frances held the post of royal mistress, and was next in favour to her friend and patroness, Lady Castlemaine, with whom, in spite of their daily rivalry, she

lived on terms of friendship—for a time. These high-born women had their enemies on a lower line. Of noble lineage, they had need to stand by their order in each other, while such acting hussies as Nell Gwynne, Moll Davis, and their peers, were dropping curtsies to the King.

With this angelic simpleton the Duke was deep in love, and rumours flew about the Park and Bowling Alley that he meant to snatch her from all rivals, carry her into Kent, and take her to his bosom as a wife. The King grew livid at this news; his fair and foolish cousin being the only woman who had ever touched his heart. Not once but many times the Court was startled by a hint that he would yet divorce his Queen, and raise his pretty mistress to the throne. He offered her the rank of Duchess, with a pension to support her rank. He offered to dismiss his harem, purify his house, and live for her alone, if only she would live for him alone—her life of shame! The Duke was soon aware that Charles was mad upon this point, and that his passion, which was light enough in cases such as those of Nell and Barbara, would brook no rival in his love for Frances, and the least of all a rival with a husband's rights.

Few men in story are so falsely figured to the popular mind as Charles the Second, in his guise of 'Merrie Monarch' of a 'merrie isle.' A bright young prince—with saucy eye and rosy cheek; a fell of loose brown curls about his graceless brow; a gay and bounding step, a laughing voice, a reckless hand; a youth with all the heat and prank of youth; a wit, a gentleman, a courtier; with uncontrollable delight in pretty girls, pet spaniels, and guitars; as ready in his warmth of heart to help a fellow with his purse as to surprise a barmaid with a kiss:—behold the shape of Charles the Second as it haunts the boards of country theatres, and adorns the picture-galleries every May! Another picture, closer to the facts, reports him as a dark, gaunt man, with hairless scalp, and bleary eyes, and sensual mouth, false teeth, false curls, false colour; bald, be-wigged, and painted; with a sunken cheek, a hideous leer, a pinched and saturnine face; a man past middle age, and looking older than his years; just hobbling to his grave with gouty leg and broken frame, amidst a rout of gamblers, courtesans, and pimps, who cheat each other and play false to him; a prince who sells his country for a bribe, a churchman who betrays his faith, a man whom no

one calls a friend, a lover whom his lemans dupe and cheat.

Fair Stuart, though she liked the devilries of a court, was yet not blind to the advantages of an honest title and a good estate. Her suitor had great merits and defects. He was a Stuart like herself, but standing nearer to the throne. He was a Scottish and an English duke. He held a string of castles, manors, and commissions. On the other side, he was a sot, a profligate, a fool. Aware that he would be an excellent cloak for her, she gave him hope, though she was living under Charles's roof. This courtship brought her suitor to the Tower.

When Frances told the King that her name was being spotted, that her only hope of keeping up the game, was in a speedy marriage with some gentleman of rank and wealth, who would be near the court, and could maintain her properly, what could he say in answer to her wish, except that he would see her settled, in accordance with her merit and his love? She told him what the Duke had done. Charles answered he would look to it; he meant, in secret, that he would prevent the match. Charles knew the Duke was deep in debt, and made proposals for her settle-

ment such as Richmond could not meet. Fair Frances saw this trick, and Richmond also saw that these proposals were not made by her. She meant to have him, and he spent long evenings with her, plotting an escape, when Charles imagined she was sick in bed.

One night, the King came suddenly into Lady Castlemaine's room; his peevish brow and sullen words betraying the vexation of his heart. The woman knew that he had met some slight, and, quick with jealousy, she guessed that he had been with Frances and repelled. 'Mistress Stuart,' she suggested, with a sneer, 'has sent you packing on some ground of indisposition?' Yes; she had. 'Sick!' cried Lady Castlemaine, with scorn, 'go back to her chamber; you will find your happier rival in your place!' Charles looked at her, and frowned; as though, all gentleman as he claimed to be, he felt inclined to go and see if her insulting words were true. Lady Castlemaine had just been told by her Italian spy, Babiani, that the Duke had passed into the lady's room! Taking Charles by the hand, she led him forward into the gallery which divided the royal apartments from the harem. 'Go in quickly,' said the jealous woman to the King. 'Follow,' she added

to her spy, 'and bring me back the news.' It was close on midnight, and the chambermaid begged his Majesty not to enter, as her mistress had been ill, and now was gone to sleep. 'That I must see,' Charles blurted out; and pushing the chamber-maid from her watch, he strode into the room.

Fair Frances was in bed, but not asleep; and Richmond was beside her bed, arranging plans for her escape. The King's dark scowl became a sudden fire, and words rushed from his lips, the like of which no man had ever heard from him. Frances was overcome with fear, and Richmond bowed his head in silent shame. Once only, he looked up. A window of the chamber opened on the Thames, and thoughts of leaping down, and dying for his love, passed rapidly through his mind. But Richmond was not made of such fine stuff; and after listening till the King had ceased, he bowed his head, and left her room without a word.

Roger Harsnett, serjeant-at-arms, received an order to arrest the Duke of Richmond and convey him to the Tower, where he was lodged in the Lieutenant's house. No crime was specified; nor was the Duke examined in the usual way. The

cause of his arrest was secret, personal; not for the public ear, not even for the Secretaries of State. The Duke drew up a brief petition to the King, imploring him to calm his anger, and deliver his prisoner from restraint. His Majesty, supposing that the Duke would now give up his suit, relented towards his cousin, and after keeping him three weeks under Robinson's charge, he issued, on Friday morning, April 21, 1665, a royal order for his release.

The Duke revenged himself by following up his chase. Fair Frances slipt from her apartments in White Hall, procured a boat, and dropping down the river, found her ducal lover at the Bear Tavern, near the foot of London Bridge. They rode to Cobham Hall, in Kent, where they were soon made man and wife; the Duchess sending back her jewels to the King, and Charles declaring he would never see her face again. 'It is the noblest romance and example of a brave lady,' says Pepys, 'that ever I read in my life.'

But King and Duchess soon were friends again, and the 'Britannia' of our coins was far from living as a wife should live. She tried, and tried in vain, to wean her husband from his

drabs and drink. He died some five years after his runaway match; his frail and beautiful wife survived him more than thirty years. She left a princely fortune, and a number of annuities to cats.

CHAPTER VI.

KILLING NOT MURDER.

On the day when Richmond left the Tower, Sir John Robinson received the King's command to hold his lodgings ready for a peer, who stood accused of having slain a gentleman that morning in a tavern brawl. This peer was Thomas, Baron Morley and Monteagle, grandson of the man who was so strangely compromised in the Powder Plot.

On Friday, April 21, 1665 (the day after James had sailed, with Admiral Sir William Penn on board his ship, against the Dutch), some bucks and bloods were drinking in a room of the Fleece Tavern, York Street, Covent Garden, late at night. Among the company were Lord Morley and his follower Captain Francis Bromwich, Harry Hastings, and his friend Mark Trevor, with John Johnson, and some others of the Mohawk tribe. The Fleece was a notorious house, in which several gentlemen of name had recently been killed in drunken brawls.

Morley and Hastings, night-birds of the town, had reeled into the Fleece about eleven o'clock, and sat there drinking till the chimes struck four. About this time Lord Morley missed a half-crown piece, which he had either laid, or only fancied he had laid, on the table, and accused the company of picking up his coin. Hastings, flushed with wine, repelled the insult, knowing that what his lordship wanted was to fasten this charge on him. Bad blood was in their hearts. Ten years ago they had a row; they drew upon each other; and Lord Morley was disarmed and hurt. Since that mishap it was supposed that Morley had been waiting for revenge; resolved to pick a quarrel when occasion served, and he could kill his enemy in what might seem to be an act of self-defence. He had attached to his person Captain Bromwich, an able fencer and successful duellist, who had killed his man, and was a hero of the tavern and the park. He had annoyed his enemy with petty slights; refusing his salute, abusing him in private, and reflecting on his courage. He had tried to make him drink, and draw when he was hot with wine. But Hastings was a dangerous man to tempt, for he was no less ready with his sword than with his tongue. He,

too, like Captain Bromwich, had slain his man, and as a fencer he had scarcely any rival from Covent Garden to Tothill Fields.

'Where is my half-crown piece?' roared Morley, fastening on his tipsy foe.

'Half-crown!' quoth Hastings; 'what half-crown?'

Morley declared that he had laid his coin on the table; that some one in the company had picked it up.

'Half-crown!' jerked Hastings, in a tone of scorn, 'take these for it,' and threw down four half-crowns. Lord Morley pressed his point; some one had taken his half-crown; and he would have it back—the very coin.

'How can a man of honour make so much of half-a-crown?' cried Hastings. Bromwich drew his sword. 'Put up your blade,' said Hastings, turning to the fencer; 'meddle in no man's quarrel but your own.' The Captain sheathed his weapon, whereupon Lord Morley yelled across the board—'We don't come here to stab folk!' 'Nor do we,' retorted Hastings; 'we come for no such purpose; but if such a thing were to be done, a fitter place was out of doors.'

The Captain drew again, and hector'd for his

lord; on which Mark Trevor, as the friend of Hastings, also drew. Morley and Hastings drew as well, and passed upon each other till the landlord and the company rushed between them; one to save his house from further stain of blood, the other to prevent a crime in which they might have a share. But Morley would not hold his tongue.

'I am a gentleman,' shouted Hastings; as by birth he was; a gentleman of the noblest blood. 'A gentleman, and as good a gentleman as my lord!'

On this the tumult rose again; the Captain drew, Mark Trevor drew; and all the bucks and bloods poured noisily out into the street. A streak of April dawn lit up the town, and citizens put their heads from windows as the rioters rolled down Bow Street, through Clare Market and the passages leading into Lincoln's Inn Fields. In Bow Street, Bromwich made a pass at Hastings, which Mark Trevor parried. Morley for a moment slunk away, supposing (it was afterwards suspected) that his bravo would be able to do the job alone; but he was not far off, and by-and-bye he joined the band once more.

'What is it all about?' asked Hastings, whom

the April air was sobering fast. 'I'll give five pounds to any one,' he said to a gentleman near him, 'who will tell me what this quarrel is about!'

Beneath the archway leading from Duke Street into Lincoln's Inn Fields, Morley set upon him. Hastings parried, and fell back some steps, to clear his point; but Morley and Bromwich pressed upon him closely, and he could not put himself on guard. Bromwich struck down his sword, and Morley, rushing on him, seized him by the shoulder, turned his blade, and jobbed his own weapon like a knife into his skull. The point went through the bone, two inches deep, right down into the brain. Hastings fell back wounded to the death. Morley drew out his sword, and flung it on the dying man, exclaiming, 'Damn me, there you lie, you rogue! I promised you, and now you have it.'

A crowd soon gathered round the brawlers, and assisted in conveying Hastings to a surgeon's shop. Tatham the surgeon made a brief examination of the wound; but Hastings was beyond the reach of drugs and bands. What could be done for him was done; he lingered out the night, and next day was a corpse.

Before he died, a warrant to arrest Lord Mor-

ley was in Harsnett's hands. The cause assigned was fighting in the public streets against the King's proclamation; but the coroner's inquest on the body ended in a verdict of wilful murder against Lord Morley, of abetting murder against Captain Bromwich, of a general charge of murder against the two. For seventeen days Lord Morley managed to escape pursuit; but Harsnett caught him on the tenth of May; and Robinson had the grim delight of pocketing the fees of a noble lord.

Morley lay twelve months in the Lieutenant's house before he could be put on his defence. Nice points of law were said to be involved in this offence:—the nature of justifiable homicide; the line which separates murder from manslaughter; the composition of a Lord High Steward's court; a prisoner's right to challenge any of his triers; the right of any peer who was a trier to consult the judge. Debates were held on every point; and time was gained for public feeling to subside. The King, the Duke of York, and almost every member of the House of Lords, were anxious that an English peer should not be hung.

The time of Morley's trouble was the time of plague and fire. The sickness round the Tower

was even more deadly than in Tothill Fields and Drury Lane. In autumn, when the pest was highest, Robinson was authorised by the Council to allow his prisoner to remove (a warder going with him, and security being given) to his country house, until the time of sickness should be past.

A full year after Hastings died of his wounds in Duke Street, Charles gave orders for the murderer to be tried. Lord Clarendon was created for the purpose Lord High Steward, with twenty-nine peers to assist him as a court. A canopy was raised in Westminster, with chair of state, and benches for the judges, councillors, and peers. Two private boxes were erected near the chair of state, from which the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess, could observe the trial, though they were themselves unseen. Lord Clarendon was dressed in a mourning gown, and all the peers and judges wore their solemn robes. At ten o'clock the King and Queen were in their private box.

Sir John Robinson received his warrant to bring his prisoner from the Tower by water, and to spare the prisoner he was landed from his barge in a by-place, near the Court of Exchequer, and so conducted privily into the hall. A guard

marched with him, and the headsman strode beside him with the axe.

A white staff was presented by the Usher of the Black Rod to Clarendon, who returned it to the usher; and commanded all those present to uncover, excluding only such as had a right to wear their hats in court. The judges, peers, and privy councillors, put on their hats.

Morley was observed to limp in his gait, and Clarendon, to ease him, gave an order that his lordship should sit down.

A vast array of lawyers stood within the bar, but Sir Griffin Palmer, the Attorney-General, and Sir Heneage Finch, the Solicitor-General, had the burthen of the fight. Palmer was not eager for a verdict, but Finch was satisfied of the murderer's guilt, and anxious that the law should take its course.

'Hold up thy hand,' proclaimed the clerk, and Morley answered with his hand.

'Guilty or not guilty?' asked the clerk.

'Not guilty,' said the prisoner.

'How wilt thou be tried?'

'By God and my peers.'

Clarendon who leaned most strongly towards the prisoner, gave him comfort in his need, and

noted every point of evidence in his favour. Snell, an apprentice lad, who had seen the fight, was missing on the day of trial ; and the master of this Snell declared that the boy had told his fellows my lord would soon be tried, and he would not be there to give his evidence for the Crown. Finch would have read Snell's evidence, but Clarendon ruled that his intentional absence was not proved, and therefore that his deposition could not be received. Clarendon refrained from summing up ; in fact, he left the peers to find according to their fancies and desires. They went into a private room ; the prisoner was removed by Robinson from the court. Three hours the lords remained in doubt ; for while the great majority were willing to let their brother, who had only killed a commoner, escape the gallows, some of them could not trifle with the evidence, and, peer or no peer, they would have the murderer hung. Some wine and cakes were sent for, since the King and Duke would not retire for luncheon, and the tray was handed from the royal box to judge and peer, to councillor and serjeant. When the lords came back into the hall, Clarendon, forgetting where he sat, inquired if they were quite agreed in their verdict ; but correcting himself in a moment, he

turned round to John, Lord Freschville, as the young peer, and put the question,—

'Say, my Lord Freschville, is my Lord Morley guilty or not guilty?'

Freschville answered him,—

'Not guilty of murder, but guilty of manslaughter.'

All the twenty-nine, save two, were of Lord Freschville's mind. These two, Lord Wharton and Lord Ashley, found him guilty of murder; but as unanimity was not required in a court of peers, Lord Clarendon took this answer as a verdict of acquittal on the graver charge.

Proclamation was made for the Lieutenant to produce his prisoner, and Sir John Robinson returned with Morley, followed by the headsman, to his former place.

'My lord,' said Clarendon, 'the lords have found you guilty of manslaughter; what have you to say?'

'I humbly beg the benefit of my clergy and my peerage,' said the murderer with a bow.

This benefit of his clergy and his peerage was the benefit of an Act of Edward the Sixth, which gave to lords of Parliament and peers of the realm immunity for all offences which were free to

clerics, even though they could not read, and some offences not then free to clerics—such as housebreaking, horse-stealing, highway robbery, stripping and profaning churches. For such offences peers and clergymen could not be punished—if the peerage and the clergy were allowed. Lord Morley claimed them both; and Clarendon assented to his claim. About his clergy there could be no question, and about his peerage none—as Clarendon conceived. On Clarendon turning to the bench, the judges yielded to his ruling of the law with silent nods.

'Then you have but to pay your fine and go your ways,' said Clarendon to the murderer, who had only killed a man. Rising from his chair, Lord Clarendon dismissed the court, and broke his staff.

Sir John returned to the Tower without his prisoner, but with a lordly fee.

Captain Bromwich, not being able to plead his clergy and his peerage, lay for months a prisoner in the Bench. A government that had pardoned Morley could not execute his second; but the fencer had no friend at court save Morley, and the influence of that nobleman was at the ebb. Events, however, fought for Bromwich; as the first success

of James (success entirely due to Penn) had brought on war with France, and threatened to bring on war with Denmark; so that fighting men, who knew their trade like Bromwich, were in high request. He proffered to serve the King abroad, and Charles consented to let him go, if he would serve at sea, and not come back to London. Sixteen months elapsed before the captain was at large; but once at large he started for the scene of war; in which Lord Morley was entrusted with a regiment of horse.

CHAPTER VII.

A SECOND BUCKINGHAM.

A FEW days after the Dutch surprised Sheerness and Chatham, on a summer night, a peer, debauched in morals, but superb in lace and feathers, coming with a troop of revellers to the Tower, asked to see Sir John Robinson, and on the Lieutenant walking to the gate, surrendered himself a prisoner to the King. Sir John was glad; but he was not amazed; for early in the afternoon he had received a message from the Sun, a city tavern, telling him that his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, who was proclaimed a traitor, yet for four long months had baffled all pursuit, was dining with some friends in the city, and after making merry, would appear in person, and deliver himself to justice! Full of wine and frolic, he was now before the gates, and ready to surrender to the King; that King who was his constant comrade and congenial friend!

It was his fourth confinement in the Tower. Sir John was glad to see his ducal guest; for, both on coming in and going out, the fees to pay were heavy; and the King's first minister of pleasure was not likely to remain too long upon his hands. The fees could not be less than a couple of hundred pounds; and fees were always welcome to his itching palm.

The best apartments in his house were at his Grace's service, and his Grace knew every cranny of that mansion, as he knew the city slum, the White Hall garden, and the country fair. For this new Duke, a worthy offspring from a worthy sire,—

> 'Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by turns, and nothing long;
> But in the course of one revolving moon
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.'

Though often in the Tower, he always left it with a jest, as though a prison were no more to him than a playhouse scene. A son of the comedian Duke, he overpassed his sire in comic power. His whole life was a farce, and his most serious writing, the Rehearsal, was a farce upon a farce. From first to last his course was one long scene of stage expedients, stage surprises,

stage catastrophes; even as his genius was a medley of opposing gifts. Witty and foolish, bold and craven, true and faithless, clear and muddled, bright and stupid, he was capable of anything yet capable of nothing. He was fond of plays and players; chiefly of female players; and was hardly less fantastic to these dames than their ideal swains. No man could count on him; his oath was wind, his pledge a snare; and Robinson, when he received his tavern message, could but faintly hope that he might keep his word. His Grace would not have done so, had the thing not struck him as a quaint and merry jest.

Ten years had passed since he was first a prisoner in the Tower; committed for the only act which, in a life of sixty years, an honest pen can praise—his marrying Mary, daughter of the great Lord Fairfax; an offence that Cromwell's government found it difficult to forgive.

An exile, with his houses gone, his lands in strangers' hands, the youth of twenty-six began to think he had been a fool to cast his lot with a losing cause. It was not like a grandson of that Parent who had given him his position in the world! If he had struck with Fairfax and Cromwell, not with Rupert and Charles, he would

have been a prosperous man, the chief of a great party, and the lord of York House, Wallingford House, and Belvoir Castle; not a beggar in a foreign city, forced to buy his bread by selling the Italian pictures from his wall. It was too late to fight; but he could marry on the popular side. Lord Fairfax had a daughter Mary, who was young and comely, though of Puritan descent. If he could win her love, he might regain what he had lost. Lord Fairfax, in the great division of delinquent lands, had got York House, his palace on the Thames. This palace he might fairly hope to get, if he got Mary first. He had not seen the girl; but that he only needed to appear, protest his love, and win his prize, he could not doubt. For was he not the handsomest man alive? He had the highest rank, and one of the best estates, in England; but he trusted chiefly to his beauty and his wit. But how was he to throw himself at Mary's feet? He was a banished Duke; the Councillors of State were watchful; and the Lord Protector was a man of iron. He began his suit by telling some of those spies who dogged his steps in foreign towns, that he had fallen in love with Mary Fairfax, and was going to Yorkshire to espouse the maid. Not many days elapsed ere

Cromwell and Fairfax heard this news; the first with open scorn, the second with a secret pride. His Grace disguised his person and passed the sea. No comic actor on the stage could make up parts so well as Buckingham, who lived in London as a Jack Pudding, singing ballads in the streets, and vending mithridate and galbanum plaster at St. Paul's, while Cromwell's officers were seeking him in vain. He came, eluded Cromwell's spies, enchanted Mary, whom he saw in secret, gained her father's blessing on the match, and married his comely bride at Nun Appleton, a country house near York.

His honeymoon was rudely broken by a rush of troopers, bearing Cromwell's orders to arrest the Duke and lodge him in the Tower, till he should answer for himself. Lord Fairfax interposed; but Cromwell who was said to have meant the Duke for one of his own daughters, never would consent to hear of his release. On Oliver's death he was removed to Windsor, where he lay some weeks, until the Lord Protector Richard, still much pressed by Fairfax, suffered him to rejoin his Duchess in the North. An admirable actor, he surprised the Yorkshire Puritans by his sober life—until his old friend Charles came back; on

which he made them stare with wonder at his oaths, his orgies, and his waste. He rode to London, where he soon became the wildest rioter and coarsest reveller of the town. No man was safe, no woman sacred in his eyes. He mocked the Chancellor Clarendon to his face. He laughed aloud in church, and put the ministers of God to open shame. He called in preachers to inform his mind, and kept them waiting in his room while he was dining at a tavern with his wench.

A second visit to the Tower was caused by his petulant fray with Thomas, Earl of Ossory, one of his Irish kin. A bill was in the House of Lords prohibiting the exportation of Irish cattle, as a measure of assistance to the Irish poor. His Grace, having no estate in Ireland, was for pressing on the bill; while Ossory, as an Irish landlord, wished to sell his beeves where they would fetch the highest price. 'Whoever votes against this bill,' cried Buckingham, 'must have an Irish heart!' Lord Ossory took the insult to himself, and following the Duke into an outer room, demanded the satisfaction of a meeting. Buckingham only sneered, but when the Irish Earl grew loud he offered to oblige him, and their friends arranged that they should fight with

swords next day, in Chelsea fields. Ossory was on the ground, but no antagonist came nigh, except a party of police; and Ossory returned to town, declaring that his Grace had made a fool of him. The Duke was watching the proceedings from a tavern on the opposite bank.

Next morning Buckingham rose in the House of Lords, and, with a face of judge-like gravity, related all the circumstances of his duel with the Irish Earl. Poor Ossory was maddened into taunts and jibes; his peers committed him to the Tower. The Duke was given in custody to Black Rod; but afterwards he was sent to keep his Irish kinsman company in the Tower, until their tempers cooled and they were friends again.

A third confinement followed on the second, through his impudence in leaning, at a conference of the Houses, on the back of Henry, Marquis of Dorchester, an older and much graver man. Dorchester moved away his arm. 'Are you uneasy?' asked the cynical Duke. 'Yes,' said the angry Marquis; 'and you would not dare this thing in any other place.' His Grace declared he would. 'You lie!' roared Dorchester; on which the Duke knocked off the old man's hat, took hold of his periwig, and in the

sight of Lords and Commoners, lugged the old nobleman to and fro, until Lord Manchester, the 'fighting Earl,' rushed in between them, tore them apart, and held them both in custody till the peers, assembled in their chamber, sent a messenger for Sir John Robinson, and committed the noble brawlers to the Tower.

Pepys met his friend the Lieutenant in Westminster Hall. Sir John was radiant with the hope of fees, and took the fussy little man to dinner; when he told him, over wine, that the committal of a Duke and Marquis to his keeping was a good three hundred and fifty pounds in fees.

The prisoners soon made up their brawl, and having paid their fines to the Lieutenant, passed away; but Buckingham, though he forgave Lord Dorchester, could not forgive the King for letting him be sent to the Tower. He had expected Charles to stand by him, as he was ready to stand by Charles, in such a paltry brawl; and feeling nettled in his pride, he called to mind that one of those quacks in whom his father trusted, some successor in his family to Dr. Lamb, had prophesied that he would himself be one day king. A king! Who would not like to be a king?

One subject had become a king—in all except the name; why should not he? Had Cromwell brighter wits and nobler friends than he could boast? As Charles had been his friend, he would do nothing to disturb his reign; but Charles was wasting with disease, and could not live for ever. Could he live a year? His Grace consulted an astrologer, living on Tower Hill, and paid him to draw a horoscope for Charles, which showed, by planetary proof, that his remaining days on earth were short. Encouraged to go on, the Duke began to chatter over wine and cards about his hopes; and then Jack Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, his brother wit and rake, being eager to get his place as Gentleman of the Bedchamber, persuaded Charles that Buckingham was engaged in plots against his crown and life.

A warrant signed, John Barcroft, Serjeant-at-Arms, was sent to Owthorpe, in Northants, to seize the Duke and carry him to the Tower. All sheriffs, justices, and mayors, were called upon to aid John Barcroft in the execution of his task. A second warrant was drawn up and sent to Sir John Robinson, commanding him to receive the Duke's body, and to keep him prisoner until the

King should send down fresh commands. But neither serjeant, sheriff, mayor, nor justice, could arrest the slippery Duke, who seemed like Jack o'Lantern, here and there and everywhere at once. When Barcroft came to Owthorpe he was gone. He heard of him at Stamford, but on reaching Stamford he was gone. He heard the Duke had crossed to Westhorpe, in Suffolk, and he spurred in that direction; but when near to Westhorpe he was overtaken by the Duchess on the road, who, better mounted than himself, outstripped him; so that when he came to Westhorpe all the gates were closed. Next morning Barcroft came again, with half the county at his heels; the Duchess bade him welcome, and entreated him to search her house. He sought in vain; for Buckingham had crept away, at night-fall, in a peasant's dress, and was already lodged in one of his London slums. The King proclaimed him; closed the ports; and called on every officer in the realm to bring him in. Jack Wilmot got his place; but the comedian Duke could not be caught, although in laughing wantonness of risk he rioted in the streets at night, and was arrested under other names no less than *thrice* for brawling at unseemly hours. His make-up was so perfect,

that the City Shallows never guessed his rank. Sir John had lost all hope of seeing him, when he came to the gates that summer night, well flushed with wine, and yielded to the King.

When Buckingham arrived at the Lieutenant's lodgings, many of the cells were full of prisoners whom Sir John detested, as 'too poor for such a place.' Charles Bayley, a Quaker preacher; Thomas Fletcher, a letter-carrier; Major Hume, a Scottish prisoner; Rice Vaughan, Mat Rose, and three poor Frenchmen, MM. Coureur, Fourdin, and Choisin, were such fellows. One of his prisoners was Abraham Goodman, accused by Buckingham of coming into his presence with some evil purpose, and was lodged in the Tower for daring to alarm his Grace. Goodman allowed that he was rude, but resolutely denied that he meant to do his Grace a bodily harm. Yet this poor fellow had been pitched into the Tower, into the darkest dungeon of the keep. For twelve days he had lain in that dark and mouldy vault; and after his removal into upper air he was forgotten by the Court. The Duke and he were fellow-prisoners now. Among the men of higher rank were General Desborough, Clement Ireton, and Adam Baynes,

all captains of the Commonwealth, committed on a general charge of treason to the King.

Next day the Council met, his Majesty presiding, and the ducal prisoner was placed before them. Clarendon and Arlington were the Duke's accusers; greybeards persecuting harlequin; and Charles, who had not laughed since the Dutch burned Chatham, could not help joining in the laughter when that mimic fleered and mocked his Chancellor and Secretary of State. 'Why should you have the King's nativity cast?' asked Arlington, laying a letter on the table. Arlington, who had searched the astrologer's house, and found a letter asking for the King's nativity, had lodged the astrologer in the Tower. 'Sir,' answered Buckingham, turning with contempt from Arlington to the King, 'this is none of my hand, and I refer it to your Majesty whether you do not know this hand.' Charles knew the writing; it was not the Duke's. It was a woman's writing, and the King was satisfied on the point. 'You aim at making yourself popular,' urged the two grave ministers. 'A man,' said Buckingham, 'has only to be sent to prison by either my Lord Chancellor or my Lord Arlington, and he will soon be popular.' Charles shook with

merriment. Lady Castlemaine's pouts completed his forgiveness. When the Duke was taken back by Robinson from the Council to the Tower, his Majesty sauntered into Lady Castlemaine's rooms, and told her what had just been done. The lady took the prisoner's part so warmly that the King got vexed, and bade her hold her tongue:—'You jade, who meddle with affairs in which you have no concern.' 'You are a fool,' she answered: 'if you were not, you would not suffer your business to be carried on by fools, and shut your best and faithfullest subjects in a jail.' She would not see the King until the Duke was out; and after struggling with the pouts and tears of his enchanting mistress three or four days, the King gave way, the lady smiled, and Buckingham was free.

Ten years elapsed before Buckingham was in the Tower again—a fifth time, and the last. His outrage on the Earl of Shrewsbury, whom he first dishonoured and then killed, had covered him with a lasting load of shame. But he was light as ever, profligate as ever.

'Then all for women, printing, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.'

Years brought no wisdom to his Grace. Grey

locks appeared with time, but not the reverence which befits grey locks. When Charles committed the four lords (the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Salisbury, Lord Wharton, and the Duke of Buckingham) for giving voice to a common view of parliamentary law, he treated his fifth commitment to the Tower as a passing jest, propitiated Charles with jests, and left his fellow-prisoners with a jest. 'What!' cried the Earl of Shaftesbury from his prison-window, as he saw the Duke going out, 'are you going to leave us?' 'Why, yes,' laughed Buckingham in his face: 'you see, such giddy-headed fellows as I am can never stay long in one place.'

And thus the light comedian bade adieu to the Tower, and went his way to that Yorkshire home belonging to his wife in which his mad career was shortly to be closed.

> 'In the worst inn's worst room, with mats half hung,
> The floor of plaster, and the walls of dung . . . .
> Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,
> That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!'

Almost at the very moment when he left the Tower in his fourth imprisonment, on the pout and prayer of Lady Castlemaine, the husband of that lady was brought in.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROGER, EARL OF CASTLEMAINE.

A MAN with a fair wife and a fretful pen was Roger Palmer, gentleman, student, controversialist, whose starless fortunes sent him as a prisoner to the Tower no less than seven times in the space of four-and-twenty years.

A dwarf in size, with dark complexion, lanthorn jaws and sunken eyes, this Roger was as slight in frame as he was slow in mind. Roger was rich, and had the hope of being one day richer still. Like all his race he was a Catholic, and beyond his race he was devoted to the Church. Too mean in form and strength to make a figure in the parks, all chance of winning grace in woman's eyes appeared to have been denied him; and like other weaklings, he devoted most of his time and gifts to what he understood as the cause of heaven. From Naseby to the Restoration he had watched events with

one desire, and only one desire; to see if he could help, in any small degree, at any cost of credit and of life, to shape them into benefits for his Church.

This mean and ugly creature fell in love with the most beautiful woman of her time.

Barbara Villiers was the orphan child of William, Viscount Grandison, in the Irish peerage. Grandison is one of the striking figures on the page of Clarendon; a paladin of honour, courtesy, and virtue, such as helps to make the name Grandison appear a second name for gentleman. This Viscount, born a Villiers, and a cousin of the reigning Duke, had left an only child, a daughter, Barbara, not yet three years old, when he was hurt to death in the siege of Bristol, fighting for his King. The child grew up a wonder in all eyes. Her house was famed for beauty, but the charms of Barbara soon eclipsed them all. The females of her line were lax in morals, but the profligacy of Barbara was a thing apart. At fifteen years she had her amours and intrigues; but her preference as a girl, like her preference as a woman, was for ugly men. Stanhope, the forbidding and licentious Earl of Chesterfield, was her earliest flame. Stanhope could not

marry her, for he had a wife alive. When Barbara found that she must have a husband to conceal her shame, she took the rich and ugly little brute who pestered her with love. She took him openly —and only—as a purse and as a cloak.

Proud of his wife, who treated him like a whelp, he was content to fawn, and crawl, and shut his eyes, and turn her beauty and her talents to account. She sang with skill; she danced with grace; she threw into her air a something of imperial pride. Her husband kept a priest, one Father Scrope, alias Father Pugh, who helped him with his prayers, who tried to keep him in the upward path, who egged him on to write and publish books for Holy Church.

Roger had three ideas in his brain—his wife, his sovereign, and his pope. All three required his care; for each and all were in distress; the first an orphan child, the second an exiled prince, the third a martyred priest. All three he hoped, in some degree, to serve; but he was mainly bent on service to his church. If he could only help in reconciling England to the See of Rome, his life, his fortune, nay his honour, should be freely spent.

So soon as he was one with Barbara, she

proposed to him that they should cross to Holland, see the exiled court, and offer their assistance to the Prince. They went; they saw; they conquered. Charles was glad to see them; no less glad to see a gentleman with such a purse than a lady with such a face. For Roger brought his money, which the King was good enough to take; and Barbara brought her beauty, which the King was also good enough to take. Busy with a vast intrigue for his recall to London, Charles was much in want of funds; and Palmer's rents were scattered by the liberal hands which took possession of his young and lovely wife.

The dark, small husband acquiesced in her arrangements, in the hope that good might come of it. She was a Catholic in her heart, like all the women of her house; and Charles, her royal lover, was as much a Catholic as he dared to show himself, while still pretending to a Protestant crown. A Catholic mistress would be good for Rome, and the fanatical schemer for his church, in darkly pondering over ways and means, persuaded himself that he was called upon to make a special sacrifice in that righteous cause. He said so little, and appeared so blind, that Charles, who openly expressed his fear of Stan-

hope, felt no jealousy of the man whose money he accepted, and whose honour he betrayed.

Few faces have been painted either better or more frequently than the face of Barbara. She was painted as Minerva, as a Virgin, as the Mother of God. At Hinchinbrook, at Hampton Court, at Dalkeith, and in many other places, these amazing works are found. A beauty such as Rubens loved to paint was Barbara; rosy, ripe, and full of flesh, with round voluptuous eyes, and pouting lips and wanton cheeks. Much wiser men than Pepys affirmed that it did them good to look upon her face. A plump, round thing—a laughing Venus, a lascivious Grace, a Sultan would have bought her at the ransom of a province. One day Charles and she got on a pair of scales; the girl of twenty years was heavier than the man of thirty-two. Charles was so taken by his rosy mischief, that he left his family, his councillors, and his guests, on the very night of his arrival in London from the Hague, to sup in private at her house.

To be near the court of her royal lover, Barbara got her husband to remove their lodgings into King Street, close by the Cockpit and Bowling Alley. Roger, put to some expense for money, not to mention higher things, for his Majesty,

begged the reversion of a lucrative, though dirty post in the King's household—that of Marshal of the King's Bench Prison; which, the dwarf being just the man for such a place, his Majesty was pleased to grant.

This grant was but a prelude to far greater things. To qualify the wife for any high place at court the husband must have rank, though it were only titular rank. Some rocks were in the way. Charles wished his favourite to be called a Countess; yet he shrank from giving such a dog as Palmer rank and place before old peers like Nevill, Scrope, and Ros. An Irish peerage was the thing; and Roger Palmer, the reversionary Keeper of the King's Bench Prison, was gazetted as Baron Palmer and Earl of Castlemaine. As Barbara was likely to become a mother, the descent was limited, not, as usual, to the husband's offspring, but entirely to the wife's. In truth, the coronets of Palmer and Castlemaine were given by Charles to his expected son.

A few months after he had won his Irish title, Castlemaine asked for a higher post than that of a Prison Marshal,—the Secretaryship for Wales, then held by George, Lord Norwich, for the term of life. Ten weeks later, a son and heir was born

to him in his house in King Street; but instead of bringing joy and peace, as first-born youngsters should, the infant brought domestic storms. Roger, as a Catholic, looking to his church as his supreme affair, desired his son to be christened by a Catholic priest, according to the Catholic rite; but Barbara, who believed that Charles could be persuaded to adopt his child, was eager to conciliate the world in which that child would have to live. Warm words broke out between the husband and his wife. Roger waylaid the nurse with the infant in her arms, carried them into a private room, and calling his domestic priest, insisted on the child being named and sprinkled in the Catholic way. The deed was done; the infant sprinkled, sealed, and blessed; but Lady Castlemaine, when she heard this news, complained to the King, who ordered one of his chaplains to perform the rite afresh, with a proviso that the former christening was informal and of no effect. A gallant ceremony was provided. Charles himself was present, and gave the child his name. Aubrey, twentieth Earl of Oxford, with Barbara, Countess of Suffolk, were the sponsors; and the scene took place at Castlemaine's house.

This infant was that Charles Fitzroy, who

was in after-life created Baron Newbury, Earl of Chichester, and Duke of Southampton, and who bore his mother's titles of Nonsuch and Cleveland. Roger could leave his wife to live in shame for the advantage of his church, but he was galled beyond his patience when he saw the fruits of his connivance ravished by the rival church. A quarrel quickly came, and Barbara fled from his house in King Street to her brother's villa at Richmond—Charles being then at Hampton Court!—taking with her every chair, dish, hanging, groom, horse, coach, and servant; leaving him nothing but his empty house and a single porter with the keys. Poor Roger took a ship for France, and left his faithless wife a last adieu. Next day, the idlers in White Hall Gardens heard that the gloomy and patient husband had become a monk.

Three years he lived abroad, in French and Italian cloisters, writing an Account of the Present War between the Venetians and the Turks, and brooding on the change of heart which would restore his country to the fold of Rome. He suddenly came home, appeared at court, and lodged in his house for about a year. He found a second son on his hearth-stone, born to him in his absence, who had also been baptized by a Pro-

testant chaplain. This second son was Henry Fitzroy, whom he lived to see created Duke of Grafton. Odd rumours passed about the Cock-pit. Lady Castlemaine was likely to become the parent of another duke, and two months after the Earl's arrival she gave birth to George Fitzroy, the king's third natural son by her. Poor Roger could not stay in London, and a friendly separation of the pair was drawn and signed. He was to live abroad. The King and Lady Castlemaine were not to be disturbed. On his side, Charles was good enough to help in settling the Irish Earl's affairs, and deigned to write with his own hand to the Mercers' Company in favour of some claims. He went abroad; but could not stay. A demon who is stronger in such a man than love and jealousy drove him on; the demon which inspires inquisitors and missionaries—the demon of fanaticism. Six months after going away, with promise on his lips that he would not return, he was again in London, busy with Father Pugh, alias Father Scrope, and Thomas Milburn, printer, in getting out a book of politics and controversy, which the Government could not license to appear. This book, The English Catholics' Apology, was well contrived, and made so strong a

case, that people were surprised to find how much a Catholic writer could advance in favour of his cause. The House of Commons was highly scandalised, and many of the members, knowing the Countess of Castlemaine's relations with the King, inferred that the Catholic Apology was printed with the secret knowledge of the court. That House gave orders that the book should be seized, the printer found, the type dispersed, and the copies burned. The printing-press was seized, and Milburn clapped in jail. Good evidence of authorship was soon obtained; for Thomas Osborne, one of the men employed by Father Pugh in getting his printing done, declared that the original writing was in Castlemaine's hand; while Milburn and his wife affirmed, that 'the little gentleman' came to their house with Scrope (or Pugh); that he brought the manuscript copy; that he read the proof-sheets; that he paid the printer's bill. In no mild mood, the House of Commons asked for Castlemaine's arrest.

The King was also angry with the dwarf, not only for returning to his home, but for exciting talk on subjects which he would have gladly dropped. Charles loved his ease, and hated violent speech. Above all other zeal, he most disliked the

zeal that fights for creeds. As one who had much need for grace, he had a kindly feeling for the Church of Rome, which in his wanton hours he would describe as 'the only church for a gentleman;' but in the matter now made public by the dwarf he had an interest to consult beyond his personal ease. Having owned no less than *four* of Lady Castlemaine's children as his own, he had to think of these young dukes and duchesses, and not to fling away their chance of marrying into the highest families, when they should grow up, by showing any mercy to the fool whose name they bore.

Castlemaine was at once arrested in his lodgings, and committed to the Tower.

CHAPTER IX.

A LIFE OF PLOTS.

Father Scrope, *alias* Father Pugh, escaped pursuit. The King himself presided in the Council when the warrant for Castlemaine's arrest was signed. No cause for the arrest was given, except that his offence was 'treason of the highest nature,' and the Irish Earl was to be held by Robinson, not only as a safe prisoner, but a *close* prisoner. A 'score,' as printers call it, underlined the word *close;* while a note on the margin of the sheet explained to the King's Lieutenant that his Majesty was present, and expressly ordered that the Earl's imprisonment should be close.

Yet Charles was conscious of the ridicule which must attend this locking in the Tower of one whose wife was in his company day by day. For squibs were posted on city gates; lampoons ran glibly from lip to lip; and Lady Castlemaine met him in the park with pouts and frowns. To please his Commons, Charles had

lodged the writer of the Catholic Apology in the Tower; and now, to ease himself, he set the complaisant husband of his mistress free. He would have opened all his prisons rather than see a frown on Lady Castlemaine's handsome brow. Barbara had twenty lovers, even as the King had twenty mistresses. She called him Charles the Third; since she preferred to him both Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and Charles Hart, ex-captain and comedian. Yet, false to him with poets, pages, actors, soldiers, rope-dancers, what not, she behaved to him with a haughty rudeness, such as Catharine might have used to one of her complaisant serfs. She bade him do her will, and he obeyed her nod. She asked for some of the royal plate; five thousand ounces were bestowed on her at once. She asked for ducal rank; and the strawberry-leaves were set upon her brow. She asked for money to discharge her debts; and thirty thousand pounds were paid her in a single lump. Her base-born children were created duchesses and dukes. If Charles grew restive, knowing that she was false, she turned upon him with her eyes aflame; 'Not own this child! You *shall* own the child, whether it is yours or not!'

The dwarf was freed from the Tower under pretext of a public mission. He was to part from his wife; he was to live abroad; and he was never to come back. For some good time he kept his bond, residing in the Jesuit colleges of St. Omer and Liège. While abroad, he wrote 'A Short and True Account' of the Anglo-Dutch campaign in Savoy; which was only true from the Jesuit point of sight. But he was now awakened, suddenly, to a sense of his dishonour; for his wife, no longer in the bloom of youth, had wearied Charles with her caprices, had been pensioned, and dismissed the court. With all her passions still alive, she crossed to Paris, where in a licentious circle she consoled herself with the Chevalier de Chastillon, Ralph Montagu, the English ambassador, and other swains. This levity her 'little man' could not endure. A king's concubine was one thing; a wife given up to lovers of a lower rank he could not bear. At once he fell to seeking a divorce, and this sharp seeking brought him back to London—and the Tower.

The Popes allowed divorce to none but Kings who stood beyond their reach. The Jesuits could do much, when they had cause to move;

but as a rule, the Jesuits were at one with pope and cardinal in holding to the rule that man should never sunder those whom God has joined. Much time, more money, were expended on the suit. Roger's friend, the Rector of Liège, tried to help him ; for so rich a lodger in his cloister must be fed with hope. Much time was needed by the doctors ere they ventured an opinion, and Roger saw the years go by without much ground being won. He came to London, to consult with Father Strange, Provincial of the English Jesuits. Strange was willing to oblige so rich a man, and drew an argument in favour of divorce. From spies, and priests who took the pay of spies, the King soon heard of what was going on ; and as the plea for a divorce must turn on his connexion with Barbara, Father Strange's house was searched, the document was found, and Castlemaine was committed to the Tower.

This second of his seven imprisonments was short. On seeing that Pope and King alike opposed his plea, he laid his project by as not to be achieved, and four months after his committal he was free to leave the Tower.

Ten months later he was in again. Father Strange and his Jesuit brethren were engaged

upon those secret projects which alarmed the public under the name of Popish Plot, and in those secret projects Castlemaine was involved. These Jesuits held a conclave at the White Horse Tavern, where Castlemaine found the apostate clergyman, Titus Oates, who had recently come from Spain. Wild talk, no doubt, was held over pipes of tobacco and mugs of ale. Great things were to be done for the ancient faith; the laws were to be changed; the King was either to be coaxed or forced to do them right; the Pope was to get his own again; the Jesuit councillors were to have their say at court. Oates carried this talk to Charles, with much addition and invention of his own; and officers were sent at once to seize a number of Catholic lords and gentlemen in their beds, and lodge them in the Gate-house and the Tower. Among this number, Castlemaine was carried to the Tower.

While he was lying in his cell, awaiting trial, he wrote The Compendium: a Short View of the Trials in relation to the Present Plot; a piece which was printed immediately, and spread abroad by secret agents of the Catholic party. One of these agents was Captain Dangerfield, a handsome, dissipated man, who earned a living by the trade

of go-between and spy. Lady Powis found him in a jail, a felon and an outlaw. Dangerfield had been pilloried, whipped, and burnt in the hand; but he professed to be a convert to the Church of Rome. By help of Castlemaine, Lady Powis got him a discharge from prison and a pardon from the King. He was employed to visit jails, corrupt the turnkeys, and procure indulgence for imprisoned priests. Lady Powis made him known to Castlemaine, whom he visited in his lodgings at Charing Cross. At Castlemaine's wish he had procured the liberation of Lane from the Gate-house, and at Castlemaine's cost he had circulated lists of names and letters through the Catholic ranks.

A short time after Castlemaine was committed, Dangerfield came to him in the Tower, and strange words passed between them. Castlemaine was sitting at his desk, and writing the Compendium, when his visitor came in. A serving-man stood by. The Earl dismissed his man, and then the sullen dwarf and handsome felon were alone. 'You came into the Tower yesterday?' said the Earl, his countenance dark with meaning. Dangerfield assented. 'You will not refuse the business for which you were taken out of prison?'

'What was that?' asked Dangerfield; 'do you mean the King?' 'Yes,' said the Earl, below his breath; 'that is it.' But felon as he was, his visitor shrank from such a deed; on which the dwarf flamed out into sudden fire, and told the rascal he would either kill him with his own hand, or make his servants kill him, if he came to him again.

When brought to trial, Castlemaine denied having urged the felon to murder Charles; but owned that he was maddened by Dangerfield, and threatened to kill him if he came again. The jury took his word, acquitted him of treason, and released him from his durance in the Tower.

Ten years elapsed before he was again a prisoner. James the Second, as a Catholic, found employment for the Irish Earl, in a ridiculous embassy to Rome. Pope Innocent received the curious 'little gentleman' with a chilling welcome, for the name of Castlemaine was odious to that good and lofty priest. 'His Pope,' it was dryly said, 'received him like his wife.' The mission failed, and Castlemaine came home, to help in ruining his royal master, and to find himself denounced as a public enemy by the House of Commons. In the reign of William, he

returned to his lodgings in the Tower, in company with James, Earl of Salisbury, Henry, Earl of Peterborough, James, Earl of Arran, Richard, Viscount Preston, and Sir Edward Hales.

In two years, he was lodged in the Tower four times. Being charged by the House of Commons with the double crime of going as Ambassador to Rome, and sitting as a Privy Councillor without having sworn the usual oaths—he answered, to the first, that he had never sought the Roman embassy, that the King commanded him to go, and that the case of Overbury proved how far a subject could decline such service to his Prince; to the second he replied, that the oaths had not been tendered to him, that he could not have taken them on his conscience, that he knew the omission was a fault in law. The House remanded him to the Tower.

He asked the Commons to relax the sternness of his imprisonment, from 'close' to ordinary, so that he might walk about the lines, attended by his keeper, and receive such friends as came to see him; but the burgesses refused his prayer, and he was kept in sharp confinement till he got his habeas corpus, and applied to the Court of King's Bench for leave to go out on bail. The

Government took a lenient course; the Attorney-General raised no obstacles; and four good men being found to bail him, he was liberated on bonds for thirty thousand pounds.

Disgusted with his life of plots, he quitted London for a country-house in Wales, where he forgot the world, and almost forgot his wife. After the Revolution, the faded woman left her French lover and returned to England, took a house at Chiswick, drew a profligate set of men around her, and, immediately on her husband's death, avenged his wrongs by marrying a man who robbed her, beat her, and deserted her. This man was Beau Fielding, Steele's Orlando the Fair. Beau Fielding made the Duchess miserable, and the wicked old woman only got released from him at last by proving that he had another wife alive.

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO PENNS.

JOHN DRYDEN'S Year of Wonder was succeeded by King Charles' Year of Shame; that year in which the Dutchmen forced the Thames and Medway, took Sheerness, burnt Chatham, and surprised the royal fleet; the most ignoble year in an ignoble reign.

A Dutch fleet in the Medway, breaking booms and cutting out ships, was an indignity that required a sacrifice. The proper sacrifice was the Duke of York, whose riotous life and lack of seacraft were the causes of our recent shame; but no one dared to mention the Duke of York. Some thought of Pett, the ship-builder; but the man was not of mark enough. A scape-goat must be chosen from the sacred herd.

Some courtiers thought they could put the blame on Penn, Vice-Admiral under the Duke of York, and father of a youth of noble parts and

handsome figure, who had just been startling that corrupt society by joining the disciples of George Fox.

Sea-General Sir William Penn, who lived at the Navy Office, near the Tower, was a jovial fellow, bent on living out his life, on rising in the world, and leaving to his family a noble name. A hint had been given him by the Duke of York, that he might have the barony of Weymouth when he pleased, and while he sang his song, and saw his comedy, and sipped his wine, he gave his thoughts to earning money and buying land, in order to support his dignities as a peer. But while this able and worldly father was employed in scheming for the things that perish, his more brilliant son was toiling in his new-born zeal for things which do not pass away.

At Oxford, William Penn, the younger, had been placed in charge of a Puritan dean; the Admiral, when he was not at the King's Theatre or the Fleece Tavern, being himself a staid and homely man; and there, with other young men of his age, he went to hear strangers preach, and gave his heart up to a Quaker, Thomas Loe. On hearing of this change in his boy, Sir William sent for him to the Navy Office; rated him on

his folly; told him of his prospects; and replied to John Owen and Thomas Loe, by taking him to the play-house, and letting him see 'The Jovial Crew.' Not finding the 'Jovial Crew' of use, he sent him into France, where he supposed a young fellow, well born, well dressed, and well supplied with money, would get rid of Puritan habits; and for a time he seemed unlikely to miss his aim. The young man was as young men are. He wore his sword, and learned to use it when assailed. He bore his plume in hat, and learned to lay it at a lady's feet. When he came home, he was a modish gentleman, inclined to arms as a profession; and an Irish rising having thrown a chance of fighting in his way, he showed such pluck in leading an attack, that Ormonde, his father's friend and Lord Lieutenant, would have given him instantly a company of foot. But just as he was entering on the soldier's trade, he met with Loe a second time, and going to hear him, got arrested as a ranter, flung into a jail, and driven by persecution to the persecuted camp. This time the change of mind was final; and the youth, for whom a scheming Admiral, in close relation with the Duke of York, was toiling for a baron's coronet, cast aside his sword and plume, refused

to hear of titles, and declined to unbonnet, even to the King.

Sir Robert Howard, playwright, took the leading part in what was meant to be a comedy, just to make men talk and pass the time. No accusation could be framed against Sir William Penn; but Howard took his hearers back to September, 1665, when James had won his crown of oak at sea. Penn was on board his ship, and the complaint now urged against him was, that he had failed to capture and destroy the whole Dutch fleet! If all that fleet had been destroyed, the Dutch, it was alleged, could not have forced the Thames; and Sheerness would not have been surprised; and English ships would not have fallen into an enemy's hands. Penn's fault in not destroying that fleet was, therefore, the occasion of our losses; and for this offence, the House of Commons were invited to commit him to the Tower!

Penn answered Howard promptly. On the night of victory, James had called a council of war on board his flag-ship, when his Vice-Admiral, Sir William Penn, had told his officers they must look for hotter work. The enemy had been beaten and were flying to their ports. Penn knew how

they would fight when pressed too hard, and he would have the captains ready for the coming day. All being arranged, the captains went to bed, except the Vice-Admiral, who remained on deck, arranging for the fight next day, and pressing sail on his retiring foes. At midnight, Brounker came to him from the Duke of York's cabin, and gave him orders to slacken sail; which orders he reluctantly obeyed. Two prizes were picked up; but when the daylight came, the Dutch were out of reach.

James swore that he had given no orders to arrest pursuit. Penn quoted Brounker, and that lord of the bedchamber had to bear the blame, so far as public joy was chequered with the thought of blame. Howard, who brought this story forward, hinted that Sir William had betrayed his duty to secure the prize ships, and demanded an impeachment and committal to the Tower. On hearing all the details, yea and nay, the House of Commons let the matter drop; but Arlington, the Secretary of State, was not content to see the matter drop; and not being able to arrest the father, seized an occasion to arrest the son.

This Quaker youth, who *thou*-ed Lord Ar-

lington, and would not doff his hat before the King, had been disputing publicly with Thomas Vincent, late a pastor of St. Mary Magdalen's Church in Milk Street, on the Inner Light. Of this debate some record was set forth in a tract called the Sandy Foundation Shaken, which was printed, like most pamphlets of that reign, without a formal license. Partizans declared it blasphemous, in so far that it asserted God was One, so that the printer laid himself open to proceedings under the act for preventing publication of heretical and offensive books.

Arlington seized the printer, Derby, and committed him prisoner to the Gate-house; but so soon as Penn was made aware of Derby's arrest, he walked to Arlington's house, announced himself as the author of Sandy Foundation Shaken, and desired to take his share of any trouble that might come of it. The Secretary called his officer, gave Penn into custody, and despatched him under escort to the Tower.

Penn was a prisoner, not of the King, but of the Secretary of State. No council had been called, no warrant signed, no crime alleged. The seizure was an arbitrary act; a stretch of power, for which the men concerned in it, as actors and

as agents, might be called to answer in the courts of law.

Sir John Robinson was ill at ease. This bringing of a prisoner to the Tower, on other than a legal mandate, was a blow for him. Responsible to the courts, and liable to suits for false imprisonment, Sir John, though willing to oblige his master, was unwilling to put in risk his money and his freedom by an open breach of law. A King's attorney, he must have the King's authority for his acts. If Penn should sue his Habeas Corpus, Robinson could not plead, as ground for his restraint, an order from the Secretary of State. No judge would hear of such a plea. A Secretary had no power to seize men of his individual will. A dozen secretaries could not send a man to jail without assigning cause. A legal warrant to detain a prisoner must be signed by the King's Council—understood as being the King *in* Council—and must plainly state the crime for which he was to answer when arraigned.

These legal forms were wanting in Arlington's arrest of Penn. Sir John Robinson was timid; for the Admiral, his neighbour in the Navy Office, was a man to fire at insult; and, a friend of James, the Duke of York, his future sovereign,

might be strong enough to crush all those who aided in this wrong. In haste, Sir John Robinson desired Lord Arlington to send him a legal warrant for his prisoner's safe detention in the Tower.

Aware that he was in the wrong, and that his measure must be justified in some way, Arlington rode down to the Tower, and bade the Lieutenant bring his prisoner in. Penn was accordingly brought in. The Secretary of State received him with a frown. What was the paper he had dropt in Lord Arlington's house? Paper! He had dropt no paper. Come; a paper had been found; it lay on the floor, where he had stood; a bold, ridiculous paper; full of rant against the King and State. He would do wisely to confess his writings, his accomplices, his purposes. A good King would be merciful to the penitent; but a just King would be terrible to the impenitent. Penn told Lord Arlington he had dropt no paper, had no purpose, no accomplice. He had written a pamphlet, not on state affairs; he had avowed his authorship; he was prepared to answer for his conduct in a court of law. Completely foiled in this attempt to worry and confuse his prisoner, Arlington affected to be glad that all was well,

and said, on leaving, he should make the best of his case with his royal master, and had little doubt that Penn would soon rejoin his father in the Navy Gardens.

Arlington had next to try the King. If Charles should fail him, he would surely be undone.

Henry, first Lord Arlington, had lived in Spain for years, and played the sombre Don in public; but in private life he was an actor and buffoon. A wicked leer, a fluent tongue, a cynical spirit, won the heart of Charles. In park and street, he was a dull, staid man, who seemed to live on forms and rules; but in the cabinet of Charles, among the dogs and dwarfs, the sluts and concubines, he played both harlequin and pantaloon. He seized all oddities of gait and voice, and mimicked them with such drollery as kept the King in a perpetual roar. He whined like a spaniel, cackled like a goose, and strutted like a stag. By such arts he had gained his post as Minister of State; amusing idle and vicious men by Don-like gravity and monkey-like tricks. His comic vein was gross, and he was dumb in the presence of such wits as Buckingham and Rochester. To mock the stately walk, the lofty

speech, the old-world manner of Hyde and Ormonde, was his pride; and while this noble pantaloon was strutting and declaiming in the royal closet, making service, age, and virtue odious in his master's eyes, the King would lean back in his chair, with five or six spaniels on his lap, and laugh until the tears rolled down his cheek.

We can imagine how this jester would report his interview with Penn; burlesquing the homely speech and earnest spirit of the young man who had come to talk about justice, to confess his book, to give himself up; a man who *thee*-ed and *thou*-ed his elders, told the truth, and wore his hat while he was speaking with you! Charles enjoyed it much; the more so as he knew the youngster well, and thought him a pretty fellow, perfect in his dress and French, albeit too grave and wise for a boy of twenty-three. He took upon himself to back his Secretary of State; but under what pretence could Arlington be justified in sending such a prisoner to the Tower? No one could say that his offence was treason. Let the worst be proved, he was the author of an unlicensed pamphlet; and the printing of such a pamphlet was a misdemeanour only. By an Act

of Parliament lately passed (14 Car. II. cap. 33), it was provided that no person should presume to print heretical and offensive books, containing any doctrine contrary to the Christian faith and the Church of England; that no private person should presume to print a book without a license; and authority was given to search suspected houses for persons and presses employed in printing unlicensed books. The customary forms of law were to be observed; the searchers were to have warrants duly signed; and having taken the offender at his work, they were to carry him to a justice of the peace, who might, according to the evidence, commit him in the usual way. Not one of these legal forms had been observed with Penn; for in his haste—and hate—the Secretary had sent his visitor to the Tower, as though he had been detected in some plot against the King.

How were they to cover such a stretch of power? A lucky thought occurred to them. That lord of odalisques and mountebanks was also, by his rank, Defender of the Faith; and as defender of the faith it was his part to guard the purity of Christian doctrine from assault. Penn's book was a religious treatise, dealing with the highest theo-

logical mysteries — conscience, grace, the unity of God—and it was easy for Defenders of the Faith to hint that it was 'blasphemous;' and then to hold the writer prisoner, not of the King as head of the State, but of the King as head of the Church.

Charles, therefore, of his own will and motion, caused an entry to be made in the Council-book 'approving' of his Lordship's act in sending Penn to the Tower, and adding of his own good nature, that the young Quaker's imprisonment should be *close*. Two days elapsed before the Council met and signed a legal warrant, and Sir John felt safe in his house and easy in his mind.

CHAPTER XI.

A QUAKER'S CELL.

A CLOSE prisoner in the Tower was not allowed to see his friends, to write a letter, to provide his food. That Christmas-tide was very hard. Deep snow lay on the ground; great floes of ice blocked up the Pool; and Penn, whose chief offence was a romantic eagerness to save his printer, was for several wintry weeks denied the prisoner's only hope of health—his daily walk upon the ramparts and the Green. Arlington meant to break his spirit, to force him to retract his views, and beg for mercy on his knees. But Arlington was utterly mistaken in his man. With feeble cunning, he gave out that Penn was the Church's prisoner, and he hinted that Humphery Henchman, Bishop of London, was the cause of his restraint. Penn was himself deceived by these reports; and when his servant one day told him in the Tower, that Henchman was reported to

have said that 'Penn should either recant or die a prisoner,' he replied, 'Now, all is well.' He paused a moment, musing to himself, and said, 'I wish they had told me so before, since the expecting a release put a stop to some business.' Turning to his man, he charged him, in a voice that never faltered, 'Thou mayest tell my father, who I know will ask thee, these words: My prison shall be my grave before I will budge one jot. I owe my conscience to no mortal man. I have no need to fear; God will make amends for all!'

Blasphemy, the offence on which Penn stood committed, was a crime unknown to the Statute-book; and Charles, who had himself much need for toleration, was against pursuing men for crimes of speculative thought. The fiery sects who governed in the Civil War, had persecuted many for opinion's sake; such men as Nayler, Fry, and Love; but these sectarians were not models for the King to follow. If he cited Penn to answer for his book, he must arraign him under the common law, and punish him in the ecclesiastical courts.

But how could blasphemy be proved? Alike in legal and in popular speech, the crime of blas-

phemy implied abuse and ridicule of God, derision of the Saviour, and profane allusions to Holy Writ. Not one of these offences could be found in Penn. His Sandy Foundation Shaken, though a little sharp on Vincent, was exceedingly reverent and devotional in thought. But one of the mysteries held by Penn—and by his master, Fox—most firmly, was the Unity of God; and if the Unity of God is held to be denial of co-equal rank to Christ, that mystery of faith might be construed into an act of blasphemy, according to the English Church. Charles acted on this hint, and held his prisoner in the Tower for an offence of speculative thought; held him in close confinement, as he might have done a man condemned to die, until his pleasure should be further known.

The Secretary, wishing to force his business on the Bishop of London, got a Council order for the Bishop to take cognizance of the charge, and bring the matters of offence before his court. But Henchman would not move. A grave and prudent man, he saw that nothing but discredit would arise for him and for his Church, if he should help the persecutor, and he met the order with a resolution not to meddle in this suit.

Lodged in a prison for the crime of maintaining that God is One—a question of theology, which has less to do with man's life as a citizen than the question whether the sun goes round the earth—Penn asked himself in what respect the English Council was above the Spanish Inquisition? Arlington was but an English form of Torquemada. London followed in the wake of San Lucar. His uncle Giles had been flung into a Spanish prison; and the nephew, like the uncle, was accused by private malice of offending the established faith: in neither case was the offender brought before a court of law. A Secretary of State who sent a man to jail unheard, unjudged, was acting in the spirit of an Inquisitor, who armed himself, according to the fashion of his country, with all temporal and all spiritual power, and was himself pursuer, jailor, prosecutor, referee, and judge.

Arlington was at secret feud with Admiral Penn, whose credit with the Duke of York he thought injurious to his own. He wished to win the fame of a godly man. In pressing heavily on his prisoner, he could mortify his colleague in the Navy Office, while he gained applause from congregations such as those which met in Spital Yard;

and driven by these passions of revenge and popularity, he pressed with all his weight on Penn.

Yet other influences were soon at work, and Robinson, while keeping to the letter of his orders, put his prisoner more at ease. Books, pens, and ink, were suffered to come in. Friends also found a way into his cell. Sir William and Lady Penn came over from the Navy Gardens, and good people of all persuasions flocked to see the Quaker who would not unbonnet to a King. He asked for trial, but a trial was not granted him. He heard from friends that paper wars were raging round his name; that Vincent, Owen, Dawson, and some other writers, had come out against him; and that men who should have known him better were reviling him as a 'blasphemer, seducer, and Socinian,' chiefly on the ground of his having been charged with blasphemy, and being kept a prisoner in the Tower.

Vincent put his answer to the Sandy Foundation Shaken in the hands of an unlicensed printer, Thomas Johnson; and the officers of justice seized some proof-sheets in the house of William Burden; whereupon a royal warrant was issued to a king's messenger to bring the bodies of Johnson and Burden before the Council. In a

week they were released; and Vincent, author of the book, was not molested in his work; for no political hatred drove Lord Arlington to strain his power in Vincent's case. A new edition of his pamphlet soon came out, which had no license and no printer's name!

Penn's printer, Derby, was detained in the Gate-house six months; and was discharged without being tried for his offence. The law was violated by the King in every part.

Penn turned his thoughts to higher things; the love of God, the use of suffering, the abuse of priestly power; and drew in his prison cell the outlines of his famous book, No Cross, no Crown. Sir John, who wished to stand as well as might be with his neighbour in the Navy Gardens, winked at liberties in his captive's room. Friends brought him a Bible, which he studied day and night. The world he found in this great Book, and that which he had left in park and palace, were opposed like day and night. He pictured that bad world; that lewd and rotting lay society, that proud and self-sufficing priesthood; and he spoke of what should next be done, if Christian men would see it born to a better life. He showed how pride had eaten into the soul, and gave those

reasons for rejecting earthly rank which made his father say, No Cross, no Crown, was a serious cross to him. He spoke of pride and selfishness as lying at the root of all our vices. What we want, he wrote, is sacrifice. To do good, to bear evil, are the first of merits; and he proved his law of self-denial from the sayings of wisest men, the sages, singers, heroes of all times.

The Admiral, though he could not understand his son, could pity him—so deeply injured and so harshly kept. He went to see him almost daily, and was proud to find in what a resolute heart he bore his wrongs.

No length of dreary days and nights induced the prisoner to recant. He said: 'They are mistaken in me; I value not their threats; for they shall know that I can weary out their malice. Neither great things nor good things ever were attained without loss and hardship. He that would reap and not labour, must faint in the wind.' Sir William moved the King; and Charles, who seemed to weary of the business, sent his chaplain, Edward Stillingfleet, the first divine and controversialist in the Church, to visit Penn in prison, and to get from him such owning of his fault as would allow the King to set him free.

This eminent divine rode down to the Tower, and saw the youthful prisoner; who, with nothing but a Bible in his hand, contested inch by inch his theories of duty with the man whose chief contemporaries hailed him as Stillingfleet the Great. Author of the Irenicum of the Origines Sacræ, Stillingfleet was known to Penn before he came to the Tower, as the most powerful disputant of his age; a man employed by Bishop Henchman to demolish Jesuits, Anabaptists, and the sectaries of every rank; and even then the strongest pillar of his Church. Penn was no match for Stillingfleet in learning; but the very meekness of his mind disarmed his visitor. 'Tell the King,' said Penn, 'that the Tower is to me the worst argument in the world.' Stillingfleet would not press that point. He was too calm, too learned, and too moderate, to support the Secretary of State. 'Whoever is in the wrong,' urged Penn, 'those who use force in religion can never be in the right.' Stillingfleet spoke to him of the King's favour, of his father's place, and of the prospects of advancement he would risk. Penn heard these things in silence, for he held his visitor in the highest honour; but they were to him as empty sounds. Not so that visitor's arguments upon the unity of

God and the divinity of Christ. Stillingfleet came down to the Tower again. He brought his books for Penn to read, and these great writings had an instant and a lasting influence on the prisoner's mind. They swept away all doubt—if he had felt a doubt—on the divinity of Christ; and Penn composed a pamphlet, wholly written in the Tower, in which he stated, with the help of Stillingfleet's quotations, his maturer views. This pamphlet was entitled, Innocency with her Open Face.

Stillingfleet returned to Charles with a good report, and Penn was liberated on the prayer of Admiral Penn, supported by the Duke of York.

CHAPTER XII.

COLONEL BLOOD.

About a year after Penn the Younger had left his lodgings in the Tower, a member of his sect was lurking, on a dark December night, with five companions, at the corner of St. James's Street, Piccadilly, then a lonely spot, in front of Clarendon House, in which the Duke of Ormonde lived. This Quaker, who was broad in build and bent in body, spoke to his comrades with an Irish brogue, and jested on their doings in a pleasant Irish vein. Each rode a good stout nag, on which he sat in silence, listening for a sound. Each wore a crape across his face, and carried a brace of pistols in his belt. The Quaker with the Irish brogue had coiled upon his horse some yards of rope. Well armed, and masked, this party watched the gates of Clarendon House, and listened through the darkness for the crash of coming wheels.

The Irish Duke was in the city, where a banquet was being given in honour of the Prince of Orange, then a youth of twenty, on a visit to the King, his uncle. Many of the greatest nobles were invited to this city feast; among them the distinguished man who fought so gallantly for the reigning house throughout the Irish wars, and by his personal virtues shed so pure a light upon the royal cause. His Grace had won the hearts of honest men. In Absalom and Achitophel, he figured in the noble form of Barzillai, 'crowned with honours and with years.' Dryden touched his character with the finest hand:

> 'Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
> Which well the noblest agents knew to choose,
> The fighting warrior and recording muse.'

Ormonde had just been called from Ireland, where his fair yet firm administration had subdued the factions, raised the towns, and given unusual order and prosperity to the Pale. A court intrigue had led to his recall. Lord Robarts had gone over in his stead; a prim and lazy officer, who offended some by his neglect of business, and still more by his neglect of courtesy and hospitality. The Duke was hoping to return with credit to his government; but his stainless name and moderate

counsels stirred up hosts of enemies in a palace like White Hall. Buckingham could not bear his serious face; and Barbara flouted him as a servant of the crown whom neither smiles could soften nor preferments buy. The King's chief friend and mistress had contrived his ruin, and were commonly believed to have sought his life.

Six years ago, a desperate plot had been contrived to seize the Castle and to kill the Lord Lieutenant. Some of the rogues were caught and hung; but Major Blood, of Sarney, county Meath, the soul of that conspiracy, escaped. A man of many natures and professions; born in a smithy, trained in a camp, and exercised in a conventicle, Thomas Blood was an artizan, a soldier, a divine, a jack of many trades, a combatant in many causes, and a preacher in many sects. Like hundreds of the Irish of his day, he fought for Charles, for Cromwell, and again for Charles. From each he took such gifts and grants as his effrontery could gain; a township, a commission in the army, a reversion of delinquent lands. Some fear lest he might lose these lands, should peace and old proprietors return, had driven him to sedition; but the Duke of Ormonde knew that in his dash at Dublin Castle he was acting

on some hint thrown out by greater men. Blood fled into the northern wilds, and found in peasant-cabins, and in priestly robes, that perfect cover from pursuit which in his country fugitives from justice always find. One day he was a Scottish pastor, hot in zeal against the scarlet lady, and the next an Irish priest devoted to the Pope of Rome.

In Cromwell's army he had been lieutenant; but when peace was made he scorned so mean a rank, and raised himself from time to time into the grades of captain, major, colonel. Living in conventicles and camps, where true men were religious, and where rogues were hypocrites, he learned the jargon of all parties. He could whine, and sneeze, and drop his jaw, and turn his eyeball up, and give the blessing with his outstretched hand. Some years passed by, and yet the Major was not traced. Men heard of him by fits; at Penthill Hill, and then in an affray near York; but those who read the secrets of a Secretary of State, had ample knowledge of his doings all those years. A rebel to the King, he was not the less an agent for the crown. He mixed with all the sectaries, and wrought them good and evil, as his passions urged him; one day asking a release for prisoners;

next day risking limb and life to help them ; and a third day writing secrets to the Council which he hoped would bring new batches of the brethren into jail. He lived in London much, while Ormonde thought him in the Ulster bogs ; subsisting under various names, as Captain Allen, Major Grove, and Colonel Blood. He used the Rose and Crown, a tavern near the Tower, at which disbanded soldiers and despairing sectaries drank perdition to the King and Duke of York. Arlington could always find him when he pleased ; and yet the Secretary was no match for Blood; who found protection in a quarter which a Secretary dared not cross. The Duke of Buckingham was his patron, and the Lady Castlemaine his friend. Some persons fancied he had friends in Charles and James, to whom these details of his wild career were not unknown.

This Irish Colonel—Quaker, Anabaptist, Romish priest—was waiting with his five companions for the Duke's return. They meant to murder him that night. Young Blood, the Colonel's son, was of the party ; also Hunt, his son-in-law ; together with an Irish giant, whom the Colonel had selected on account of his enormous size, to play a part in their attempted crime. In killing

Ormonde on the spot these bravos would have earned their wages; but the Irish Colonel nursed a grudge against the Irish Duke; for Ormonde had proclaimed him, set a price upon his head, and hunted him from bog and lough, until his native country was not safe, and he was driven to eat in bitterness an exile's bread. At length the hour of his account was come. The Duke was in his toils; the Duke must die. Not only must he die, but die by him whom he had wronged. Nay, more; he should not perish as a soldier falls, by steel and lead. A sword, a bullet, were too good for him. His Grace must hang; hang like a common felon; hang in the usual place, and on the usual tree. He, Colonel Blood, was bound by oath to hang the Duke with his own hands!

Such was the deed for which due preparation had been made. His Grace was coming from the city in his coach, attended by six footmen, and the first point was to deal with those attendants, who might raise the quarter, even if they would not fight. A fancy of the Duke's assisted Blood. The coaches of that time were built with steps and boards, on which the page and footman rode; but Ormonde made his footmen run on foot, and

spiked the board behind him to prevent his servants getting up. Their duty was to run beside his coach; but when the roads were foul they were to keep the pavement, and preserve their clothes from splash of mud and rain. No one would be upon the coach except the driver, with his Grace inside. The men would run along the kerbs, and, warm with nut-brown ale from city cellars, would be more or less in rear. A dark night would be some excuse to them for loitering, and by help of agents Blood felt sure of stopping the footmen, one by one, and holding them back until the deed was done. With his own hand he meant to stop the carriage, force the door, and drag his Grace into the mire. By help of his son, he meant to lift his Grace on the giant's horse, to strap him tightly to the giant's body, and to lead him down Piccadilly and across the Park to Tyburn Gate, where he would string him up on the accursed tree.

At length a crash of wheels was heard coming up St. James's Street, on which the Colonel and his son slipt off their horses, and crept slowly down the road to meet it. Ormonde was alone; his footmen were not near. The carriage stopped; a masked face peeped through the window. In a second two

strong hands were on the Duke, who cried for help, and fought with his assailants till his strength was spent. He was an old man, sixty years of age, in failing health, with five strong ruffians, armed with knife and pistol, on him. Binding his arms, and raising him behind the giant, they buckled the two men together, back to back, and scorning to maim the coachman, leapt to horse, and rode down Piccadilly towards Hyde Park.

So soon as they were free from houses, Blood, observing that his captive was confused and faint, pricked on for Tyburn, where he wished to fix the rope, and have things ready when the gang came up. Five minutes served to tie the end and slip the noose; and when the gallows was prepared, he started back upon his course, to see what kept his comrades on the road so long. They had not sped so well as he.

On driving into Clarendon House, the coachman roared out lustily that some villains had beset the coach and carried off the Duke. A porter raised the house, and many of the servants rushed into the road, raising the neighbours as they pressed along, and shouting to all passers-by to help them. Near Hyde Park they heard a

cry ; a horse was standing near ; two men were rolling, writhing, on the ground. A clang of hoofs was heard. When torches came, the persons struggling in the winter mud were seen to be buckled to each other, back to back ; the first a giant, vast in bulk and loud of voice ; the second but a faint old man, unable to articulate a word. They cut the straps which bound the giant to his mate ; on which the huge thing shook himself, got up, and firing a pistol at his late companion, sprang to his horse and spurred into the night. Who was the second ? Not his Grace, said some, who would have left him to his fate. His voice was gone, his face was black with mire ; but one of his people felt about his coat and found the star upon his heart.

They took him up with care, and bore him back to Clarendon House, where he was put to bed. Some days elapsed before he could leave his room, and then he told the story of his singular escape.

When Ormonde felt himself buckled to the Irish giant, he began to feel that here was no case of violence for the sake of gain. Though Blood was masked, the Duke suspected him. What they were going to do he could not tell, but he had only too much cause to dread the worst. He

knew the savage spirit of his country in affairs of blood. If he would save his life, he must be still and watchful, making no resistance where resistance would be vain; but obeying that safe instinct of the animal in danger which disarms suspicion by appearing stunned and lifeless. Blood was taken in; and thought he could safely leave his friends. Three others of the five soon left them, and the giant was proceeding slowly, when the Duke contrived to get his foot beneath the stirrup, and by twist and jerk dismount him. Down into the mire they rolled; the huge thing cursing in his strength; but being tightly bound, and back to back, he could not free himself from the Duke. They struggled until lights were seen and voices heard. A second horseman fired at his Grace before he fled; and then his servants came, released him from the giant, and conveyed him to his house.

White Hall was lively with this tale next day; and Charles was forced in decency to proclaim the villains; but no search was ever made for Colonel Blood, though many must have known, and more suspected, that he was the guilty man. Buckingham was his friend, and Lady Castlemaine his friend. Not long before this period

Buckingham had publicly accused the Earl of Clarendon and the Earl of Ossory (Ormonde's eldest son, with whom he had shirked the duel in Chelsea Fields, and suffered his imprisonment in the Tower) of having tried to poison him! The world made merry with the charge, as it was wont to do with Buckingham's challenges and accusations; but Ossory having suffered from the comic Duke so much, believed this tale of secret poisoning was invented to prepare the public for some actual crime.

'My lord,' said Ossory to Buckingham, one day at court, 'I know you are at the bottom of this late attempt of Blood upon my father; and I give you fair warning. If my father dies by sword, or pistol, or by secret poison, I shall treat you as the assassin. I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the King's chair.'

The King was standing near and heard this threat. 'I tell you in his Majesty's presence,' added Ossory, 'that you may be sure I shall keep my word.'

No fresh attempt was made on Ormonde's life; but Colonel Blood was soon engaged in a more singular, more romantic crime.

CHAPTER XIII.

CROWN JEWELS.

On the south wall of St. Peter's Church in the Tower stands a memorial slab to Talbot Edwards, Deputy-Keeper of the Crown Jewels; one who, when eighty years of age, acquired a lasting name.

This old man had a son, then absent in Flanders, whom he was expecting home ere long. A daughter, born in his autumn, and as yet unmarried, lived with him in the tower adjoining the Jewel-house. His wife, an aged creature, was the only inmate of his house besides this lassie and a servant-maid. By leave of Sir Gilbert Talbot, Master of the Regalia, Edwards kept the keys, and let such persons as would pay a fee go in and feast their eyes on Crown and Sceptre, Globe and Staff. This practice was a new one; but the King, whose officers were always in arrear of pay, allowed Sir Gilbert to exhibit the Regalia for his private gain.

One day a country pastor, dressed in band and cassock, with a wife to match him, knocked at Edwards' door, and asked, with rustic smiles, if he might see the royal Sceptre and the royal Crown. Edwards, keen for fees, invited this country parson and his country wife to enter. In they passed, and soon were face to face with all the jewels worn by English kings. A spasm seized the parson's wife—the Crown was too much for her nerves—and poor old Mrs. Edwards ran to fetch a cordial, and to show the lady to her private room. A pleasant guest that country parson was; a round and portly guest; with open face, much marked by pock, black hair (a wig), and ringing voice just faintly touched with brogue. His chest was broad and manly, and his figure had the curve which comes from bending day and night in prayer. The parson talked with Edwards, and surveyed his house. It was a small place, in a lonely quarter of the Tower, with no guards near it, and the house without defence. A pair of pistols hung upon the wall; but kept, it seemed, for show, and not for use.

Mr. Edwards thought his visitors such nice people, that he welcomed Mr. Parson heartily when, some four days later, he returned to leave

some gloves for Mrs. Edwards as a present from his wife. A message was sent back, to which the lady in her turn replied. If Mr. Parson told the truth, his lady talked of nothing else but 'those good people at the Tower,' for whom she would never be able to do enough. Each day the parson seemed more kind to the aged couple and their child. At length he made an offer. This young lady was a pretty gentlewoman; he himself had a ward, who was his nephew; a young man with a good estate in land, worth two or three hundred pounds a-year at least. Could they not make a match? Delighted with their friend, the Edwardses invited him to dine, which he was glad to do. He spoke a long and earnest grace, and called down blessings on their meat, and on the King and Queen. Poor Edwards thanked his stars that he had come to know so good a man. The dinner ended, Edwards showed his guest about, when Mr. Parson took a fancy to the pair of pistols, which he tried to buy. At parting, he proposed to bring his nephew on a certain day, when they could be alone, and let the young folks see each other. Edwards named a day; and, with a blessing on the house and company, Mr. Parson took his leave.

At the appointed hour, while Edwards and his wife were waiting to receive their guests, and Miss Edwards was engaged in putting on her gown, new made for this encounter with her swain, five horsemen rode to St. Catharine's Wharf, outside the Iron Gate; one of the five in full canonicals, the other four in citizen attire. The clergyman was Colonel Blood. His nearest comrade was Edward Parrot, who assumed the title of Lieutenant Parrot, once a Roundhead trooper, now a Government spy, hanging about the jails in which old Roundheads were confined, and earning dirty bread by telling odious lies. The third man was Tom Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, who was engaged with him in the attempt on Ormonde's life. Another was a rogue who knew the use of tools; the fifth, a young, fine-looking fellow, who might play the part of swain. All five were armed with sword-blades, sheathed in walking-canes, with good sharp poignards, and a brace of pistols charged and primed. These gentry knew their ground, for some of them had lodgings near the Tower, and all of them were guests of the neighbouring tavern, called the Rose and Crown. Each ruffian had his part to play. The youngster was to stand outside the door, and signal the

approach of danger by a secret cry. Hunt was to hold the horses at St. Catharine's Gate. Blood, Parrot, and the Filer were to go inside, cajole the family, get into the Jewel-room, and seize their prey, according to the plans laid down. Blood was to hide the Crown beneath his cassock, Parrot the Globe in his capacious breeches, while the Filer was to break the Sceptre and secure the pieces in his bag. A file, a gag, a mallet, and an iron clip had been provided; and the four bold fellows, confident in their plan of action, passed the gate, the Wharf, the drawbridge, and the sentry, the Byeward tower and Water Lane, and, walking through the archway of the Bloody tower, stood in the Inner Ward. A few steps brought them to the door.

Blood asked for Edwards in a bland, insinuating voice. The old man bade his visitors come in. Edwards and his wife, their daughter and their son's wife, with a serving-maid, were all the persons then at home; a man of eighty years, and four poor women, who were all aglow with the excitement of a match. The women were upstairs, and Edwards waited in the room alone. Blood offered some excuse for his wife, who would be there anon; and as the ladies were upstairs, he

said the gentlemen would not go up until his wife arrived. Miss Edwards, who was eager to inspect her lover, sent her maid to scan the company for her; and this maid, who saw that none of these indoor could be the groom, ran back to say the young man standing at the door was he. Miss Edwards set her cap anew, and waited for the bridegroom to appear. While they were waiting for Mr. Parson's wife, Blood begged that Edwards would allow his friends to see the Crown; on which the deputy turned his key, went into the Jewel-room with them, and shut the door behind him. As he bent to lock the door inside, as he was bound to do by standing rules, one ruffian threw a cloak about his head, a second forced a gag into his mouth, a third stood over him and menaced him, if he raised his voice, with instant death. The old man screamed—three knives were at his throat. He strove to cough—a clip was pressed upon his nose. He fought—a mallet felled him to the ground. Then Blood informed the poor old man that they had come to steal the Sceptre, Crown, and Globe. If he lay still and raised no cry, they would not take his life. The old man screamed and coughed more feebly; but they feared the faintest noise, the women being so near; and beat

him with their mallet till they fancied he was gone. One ruffian stooped to hear if he still breathed. 'I'll warrant him,' he muttered, 'he is dead!'

Some minutes had been lost in struggling with the fallen man; those minutes saved the Jewels. Blood had stowed away the Crown beneath his cassock—Parrot had the Globe in his breeches-pocket—and the Filer was at work upon the Sceptre, when a signal from without was heard. An incident, familiar on the stage, but seldom known in actual life, had just occurred outside, where Edwards the Younger, fresh from Flanders, had arrived in the very nick of time. 'What would you?' asked the sentinel, whom Miss Edwards took to be her swain. Young Edwards eyed the man with care. 'You are the stranger here,' he said; 'but if you wish to speak with my father, I will let him know.' The man affected to fall in with this idea, and young Edwards ran upstairs through the empty room, and found the ladies waiting for the bridegroom to appear. His coming changed the scene; for Blood, who caught the signal from his chum without, gave orders to decamp at once, throwing down the Sceptre, which they could not break. Secreting the Crown

and Globe, and wrapping their cloaks about them, they departed through the empty room and open door.

In haste of leaving, they forgot to glance at Edwards, whom they fancied they had killed; but he came round the instant they were gone. He got the fastening of his gag untied, and raised a scream which brought the family to his aid. Miss Edwards, seeing her swain depart in haste, and then his three friends after, ran down-stairs, and rushing to the open green exclaimed, 'The Crown! the Crown is stolen!' Guards at once turned out; and warders ran from gate to gate. A cry of 'Treason! treason! Stop them!' rose on every side. A clergyman, then going with a friend up Water Lane, assisted them by shouting, 'Stop them! Stop the rogues!' The Tower was in an uproar, and a piece was raised on every man who tried to run. Captain Beckman, starting with the first alarm, was taken by the soldiers for a thief. The squad were on the point of firing, when a trooper cried, 'Forbear! he is a friend!' Young Edwards met a fellow splashed with blood, and ran at him, and would have stabbed him but for Beckman, who, still tearing on, exclaimed, 'Hold! hold! he is none of them!'

Parrot and Blood now felt the chase grow hot. As they were turning out of Water Lane, to gain the drawbridge leading to the Wharf, a warder, who had heard the cries above the wall, attempted to prevent them passing through the Byeward tower. Blood drew his pistol, fired, and shot him. On the bridge a sentry stood; but when the soldier saw his comrade fall, he dropt his piece and let the murderers pass. A crowd was gathering on the Wharf, and shouts of 'Stop the rogues!' were heard from Raleigh's Walk and Water Lane. Blood joined in shouting, 'Stop the rogues!' until the men in chase of him came streaming from the bridge. 'Stop him!' shouted Beckman. 'Who! the clergyman?' asked the crowd in wonder. 'Stop him!' cried the Captain fiercely. Blood, now near his horses, turned on his pursuer, and discharged a pistol in his face. It missed; and Beckman had the parson by his throat. A fight for life took place. The Crown of England tumbled in the mire, and many of the gems fell out. The pearl was afterwards picked up by a street-sweeper; the diamond by an apprentice-boy. Some of the stones were never found. When Blood was overpowered, he yielded to the fate of war. Throwing off his clerical voice

and aspect with his gown, he talked with reckless and amusing devilry of his luck. 'It was a gallant deed,' he cried, 'although it failed: it was to gain a crown!' He was conducted as a prisoner to the Tower.

Parrot was taken by a serving-man; for Parrot was no bravo of the Colonel's stamp. The Globe was found upon him, not much injured by his flight. The Ballas ruby had fallen out; but on his clothes being searched, the stone was found. This rogue was also brought into the Tower.

Tom Hunt, alarmed by the young fellow running back alone, and fearing that the game was up, got ready for his flight; and when the Filer came up breathless, with the news of Blood and Parrot having been surprised, with the jewels on their persons, Hunt leaped to his horse, and telling his chum to shift for himself, turned off into a maze of small and narrow streets. In one of these narrow streets Hunt rode against a pole, swerved, lost his footing, and upset a cart. A cobbler, coming from his shop to help the carter, recognised the rider. 'This is Tom Hunt,' he cried, 'who was concerned in the attack on the Duke of Ormonde; let us seize him!' Hunt declared he was not Hunt; the cobbler swore he

knew him; and, a constable coming up, they carried him to the house of Justice Smith. Smith, a local Shallow, was on the point of letting him go free, when news came in of the attempt upon the Crown, and Smith, alarmed by such a story, sent his prisoner back into the Tower.

CHAPTER XIV.

KING AND COLONEL.

An ignorant world supposed that Colonel Blood would ride, in no long time, from his prison-lodgings in the Tower to Tyburn tree. That ignorant world was much amazed one day to hear that Blood was sent for to White Hall; that the Lieutenant had conveyed him in a barge to the royal stairs; that Blood was even then in private audience with the King!

'The man need not despair,' said Ormonde to Sir Robert Southwell, who was with him when he heard this news; 'for surely no King would wish to see a malefactor, but with intention to pardon him.' Blood felt the same and put on his most reckless airs. 'This rogue will not be hung,' the pages whispered, with a knowing laugh. These pages could have told how many great ones in the closet were supposed to be the Colonel's friends. Some of these pages shared a popular suspicion that

those great ones in the closet had employed him in this plot to carry off the Crown.

The reason given by Charles for sending to the Tower for Colonel Blood was curiosity to see the boldest rogue in all his kingdom, and to question him about his course of crime. Had that been all, his curiosity would certainly have been repaid, for in his course of questioning he learned with no surprise, that his Irish visitor had once been nearly sending shots into the King himself.

Charles first inquired of Colonel Blood about the Duke of Ormonde. Was he principal in that affair? Blood answered with a swagger, that he was. Who were his associates in the deed? He would not tell. He 'would never betray a friend's life, nor ever deny a guilt in defence of his own.' What motive had he for attempting murder on the Duke? Motive! Why, his Grace had seized his land; had driven him from his country; had arrested many of his comrades, and had put them to a shameful death. The Duke had hung his comrades; he, and many of his sect, had bound themselves by oath to hang the Duke. That was his motive.

Charles came nearer home. He was aware, from the reports of William Leving, *alias* Leonard

Williams, one of his shrewdest spies, that Colonel Blood had been concerned with John Atkinson the Stockinger, Captain Joannes otherwise known as Mene Tekel, Captain Lockyer, and some others, in attempts upon his life. These sectaries—Brownists, Anabaptists, Quakers—had been sworn of a conspiracy known as one of the hundred Risings in the North. A meeting of the sectaries had been held at the Rose and Crown, near the Tower, at which, as Leving told the Secretary of State, the conspirators had formed a plan for shooting the King, the Duke of York, the traitor Monk, and the Lord Chancellor Hyde. They were to hire some houses near the Palace, and some other houses near the Tower; from which they could watch the gates and gardens, and their marksmen pick these personages off with carbines fired from window, door, and roof. On Leving's information, Atkinson had been arrested, lodged in the Tower, and 'squeezed;' the rest had not been taken; and though Arlington went down to question Atkinson in the Tower, he learned no more from him than Leving had already told him in his first reports. Would Colonel Blood inform his Majesty about that plot?

Without a moment's pause, the prisoner an-

swered. He was one of several reckless persons who had sworn to kill the King. Once, at least, he had been near success. He noticed that his Majesty, who was fond of swimming, used to go up the Thames to bathe at Chelsea Reach. Now Chelsea Reach was then a lonely place, with aits and osier banks, in which the tame swans built their nests. Blood sought a spot in which he could lie among the reeds unseen; he took his carbine, charged with shot; and, nestling out of sight, lay down, until the King was in the water, under fire. But Majesty was stronger than himself. He could not raise his piece; his heart misgave him; nay, he could not fire upon the King. So great an awe came over him, that he repented of his sin, renounced his purpose, and persuaded his associates to renounce it also.

Flattery like Blood's was never lost on Charles, who knew what desperate actions had adorned the Colonel's life. One of these desperate actions, but a few weeks old, had made as great a talk as even his attempt on Ormonde's life.

Among the sectaries named by Atkinson when he was 'squeezed,' as being in London on the northern business, was Colonel John Mason, a Yorkshire gentleman of high repute. This Mason

was arrested and committed to the Tower, in which he lay three months, and then was sent to York with a corporal's guard. To keep this Colonel Mason under watchful eyes, both on the road, and after he should come to York, a sham arrest was made of William Leving, *alias* Leonard Williams, who was to be sent up north with him. A common order was drawn out for Corporal Darcy and six troopers to convey Mason and Leving to York Castle, and a common warrant was directed to the keeper of that Castle to receive these prisoners, and to hold them safe. The trick was so well done, that Mason never dreamt of his companion on the journey being a spy. Near Darrington, in Yorkshire, in a narrow lane, the squad was fired upon by mounted men, who called on them to stay and yield their prisoner. Corporal Darcy wheeled about, and gave these gentry shot for shot. The troops were seven to six, with all the country at their back. But the assailants knew their trade, and one by one the troopers fell. Darcy got a slash across his hand and head. A second fell and lost his horse. In half an hour, the fight was over. Five of the squad were wounded, three had lost their horses, and the Corporal was compelled to yield. Leving,

recognising two of the rescuers as Colonel Blood and Captain Lockyer, fled into the town, and raised a cry for help. A gentleman who rode up while the fight was on, got killed. The attacking party rode away with Colonel Mason in their train; and though their names were instantly reported by Leving to the Secretary of State, not one of them was taken for this triple crime of rescue, murder, and resistance to the King.

In answer to the question what he thought of his position, Blood declared that he was in the power of justice; that he was well aware how much he had deserved his fate; that he was ready for the worst, and felt no terror on his own account. His fears were for the King! Some scores of men, as reckless as himself, had bound each other by an oath to kill all persons who should bring the least among them to a violent end. This oath exposed his Majesty and all his councillors to daily dread of an assassin's shot. One only way, he said, was left to save the King. His Majesty must pardon and employ the nobler sort. To pardon some was to oblige the rest. His Majesty had learned what kind of men they were; and Blood could answer that his friends would be as daring for the crown in times to come as

they had been against the crown in times gone by.

This Irish view of the affair was taken by the King, and Arlington was told that Parrot, Blood, and Hunt must be discharged from their imprisonment in the Tower. Men heard the news with wonder and alarm. What could it mean? But they were yet more puzzled when they heard that Charles was bent on granting Blood a pardon under the Great Seal. A pardon was more difficult to grant than a discharge. The rogue had such a list of crimes—rebellion, murder, treason, theft, abduction, burglary, assassination! Nor could Charles, in either law or decency, forgive the Irish ruffian for his enterprise against the Irish Duke, unless his Grace consented to forego his remedy at law. His Grace was not inclined to pardon his intending murderer, even to please a Secretary of State. Blood wrote a letter to the Duke, expressing sorrow for his guilty acts; an insincere and formal note, which hardened Ormonde's heart still more. But Charles entreated him to yield. He sent Lord Arlington to ask his Grace, in his Majesty's name, to overlook his wrongs and pardon Colonel Blood, whose death the King was anxious to prevent, for reasons

which the Secretary was commanded to tell his Grace in private. 'If his Majesty,' said Ormonde, 'can forgive him the stealing of his crown, I can as easily forgive him the attempt upon my life.' Arlington was going into his reasons. Ormonde stopped him: 'Since it is his Majesty's pleasure, that is reason sufficient for me. Your Lordship may therefore spare the rest.'

The Irish Colonel left the Tower, and took up his abode at court. Five hundred pounds a-year were given to him—no man knew why. He almost lived in the royal apartments, and was daily at the tables of official people. Evelyn met him at the Treasurer's, in company with the Comte de Grammont, and some foreign noblemen; he wrote him down a spy, and spoke of his 'false countenance,' but described him as 'dangerously insinuating.' Blood was great with Lady Castlemaine, and those who came to court in search of either place or pay soon found that this Irish bravo had more power to help than many Earls and Dukes.

For years, the Irish Colonel was a figure in the court of Charles; conspicuous for the mystery of his many crimes, and for the darker mystery of his forgiveness by the King.

CHAPTER XV.

RYE-HOUSE PLOT.

In the falling years of Charles the Second's reign, the public loathing of his vices broke into many plots and risings; notably into two conspiracies, unlike in aims and means, but which the artifice of Jeffreys jumbled into one affair, now known to us in plays and novels as the Rye-House Plot.

One of these movements was a scheme got up by statesmen, royal bastards, and political philosophers, to overthrow the government by a popular rising, to dethrone and drive away the King, and found a commonwealth, more or less Utopian, on the Thames. The second of these movements was a scheme got up by Roundheads, Levellers, and Anabaptists, to destroy the reigning house, to lop off Achan root and branch, and introduce a kingdom of the saints. One band of plotters hoped to achieve their ends in open fight, as Cromwell had achieved his ends; the second by a private crime,

as Ravaillac had achieved his ends. These two conspiracies were connected, through the weak and fussy Thomas, Lord Howard of Escrick, by a very slender thread.

Those who were seeking to upset the Government by force, were men of birth and mark, with popular names and vast estates—a duke, an earl, three barons, younger sons of peers, with gentlemen who lived with them on equal terms; while those who were seeking to slay the King were men of mean condition—maltsters, cobblers, stable-keepers, glaziers, and itinerant preachers. Of the first were James, Duke of Monmouth, eldest of the many bastards owned by Charles; Arthur, Earl of Essex, son of that gallant Capel who had died for Charles the First; Charles, Lord Gerard of Brandon; Thomas, Lord Howard of Escrick, infamous grandson of the infamous Lady Suffolk; William, Lord Russell; Forde, Lord Grey of Werke, whose passion for his wife's beautiful sister was a leading scandal of the reign; Algernon Sydney, son of Henry, Earl of Leicester, and that Lady Dorothy who had lived so long in the Martin tower with the Wizard Earl; John Hampden, grandson of the famous patriot; Major John Wildman; 'honest Jack Trenchard,' who

was afterwards King William's Secretary of State. Of the second were Richard Rumbold, maltster; Richard Goodenough, under-sheriff; William Hone, carpenter; Captain Thomas Walcott; Josiah Keeling, vintner; Stephen Lobb, an Independent minister; James Burton, cheesemonger; Thomas Green, a tavern-keeper.

Monmouth, a son of Charles by Lucy Walters, had been treated with such rare distinction by his father, that the youth conceived some hope of rising to the throne. He wore that royal purple which was worn by princes of the blood. He wore his hat where every one except the royal princes stood uncovered. As the Duke of York declined in public favour Monmouth rose. Though light of heart and slack of brain, he had some showy qualities which take all eyes. His face was handsome and his figure fine. A pleasant voice, an open manner, won all careless hearts. Unlike the members of his house, his faith was thought to be very sound; and in the wars abroad he gave such proofs of personal courage, as endeared him to a turbulent and warlike race. A story was invented for him which might help him to his father's crown. The youthful swain of Lucy Walters was reported to

have been her husband. Evidence of a private marriage was supposed to be concealed in a certain black box. That box was in the palace, in a secret place, and hidden out of policy; but truth was truth, and right was right; and when the truth was known, and right was done, the Duke of Monmouth, it was added, would be called the Prince of Wales.

Annoyed by Monmouth's folly, Charles not only told his son that there had been no marriage, and that no such papers were concealed in any black box, but drove him from his presence, and forbade his servants to have any intercourse with his Grace. Halifax, the Trimmer, was supposed to be the King's adviser, and his Grace was very bitter with the Earl. One Sunday noon, as Halifax was coming from St. Martin's Church, at Charing Cross, the Duke accosted him. 'I hear, my Lord, that I am much obliged to your lordship for this late advice to his Majesty not to suffer his servants to correspond with me.' Halifax was silent, and the young man added:— 'The advice was needless for yourself, for I have no desire to hold any conversation with your lordship.' Halifax said he was not bound to tell his Grace what happened in the Council, and he

should not tell him whether he had given the King advice or not. 'This is not the place,' said Monmouth, with a foolish heat; 'but I will find a better opportunity to discourse more freely on this subject.' Galled with insult, Halifax answered no less fiercely, 'When and where your Grace shall please.'

The King, who heard of this encounter near his palace gates, convened a Council, forced Lord Halifax to report his conversation with the Duke, and caused an Order in Council to be published, warning every one in office to forego all correspondence with his Grace. From that hour Monmouth was regarded by the discontented people as a patriot; and wiser men than he was wont to live with, caught the fancy that the bastard son of Charles might make a better king than James.

'The Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of York are all the same to me,' said Sydney. Howard of Escrick urged that a prince with a defective title was the prince for them; since such a man, aware of his defects, must shape his policy for the public good, in order to maintain himself in power. Howard of Escrick introduced the Duke to Sydney, by a trick. He knew

that Sydney thought but poorly of the Duke's abilities, and that Monmouth feared the great republican's unbending pride. He smoothed the way to personal intercourse, by telling Sydney that the Duke proposed to come and dine with him alone, when they might talk in ease and privacy of public business ; and by telling Monmouth that Sydney wished to see him very much, but that his age and temper would not suffer him to come and court his Grace. Hampden, Essex, Russell, and a train of high-born Whigs, were all engaged in plans for a general rising, when an incident occurred which brought them into brief and fatal junction with a plot, from all the purposes of which such men as Russell, Grey, and Sydney, would have turned with anger and disgust.

While these great peers and sons of peers were arming in the shires, and passing round the signals for a common start, three men, whose names were hardly known, except in taverns and conventicles—an Irish trooper, a Scottish preacher, and an English barrister—were whispering to each other in a chamber of the Middle Temple of a plan for lopping off the King and Duke of York. Rumsey, the Irish officer, was a tavern hero, with a broken fortune and a tarnished name.

No one knew exactly how he lived; and some suspected that his means were drawn from quarters which he could not safely own. Ferguson, the Scottish preacher, had lost his church, his pulpit, and himself. West, the English lawyer, was a professing atheist; a clever and loquacious fool, who chattered night and day of 'lopping off' the royal house. The three men were supposed to know each other well, and each had reason to believe his neighbour was a cheat. But West and Rumsey, though a vain man and a bad man, were examples of manly virtue when compared against the Scot. Ferguson, the Judas of our greatest satire, has a chance of living, in immortal shame, so long as Dryden's verse is read:

> 'Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,
> Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree!'

Ferguson preached the word, and haunted taverns, and kept a school, and wrote lampoons, and sold his soul to every party; to the government, to the sectaries, to the Duke of Monmouth, to the ideal republicans, to the great Whig lords. He played the spy on all; received the wages of his shame from all. In this affair the rogue was nearly matched; for West and Rumsey were

resolved to have an equal share in the price of blood.

These rascals sent for Richard Rumbold, once an officer in Cromwell's corps, and still a strict republican in soul. Rumbold was an Ironside of the hardest grit; a fellow who had fought his hundred fights. To him had fallen the risk of mounting guard before the scaffold at White Hall. When Monk betrayed the Commonwealth, Rumbold turned from soldiering and became a farmer, maltster, and the like; a brave man, staunch in his opinions, full of veteran fire, and ready to flame out on such a court and king!

They told this Ironside, that the time was come, that an uprising would take place at once, that many of the lords were arming day and night; but they expressed some doubts, as friends of a free commonwealth, whether these great lords were going the nearest way. It would be better, they declared, to 'lop' the King and Duke of York. The thing was easy, if a place were found. The royal brothers were at Newmarket; in a week they would return to London; riding by the great North road. A dozen horsemen only would be with them. What, then, could prevent a band of resolute men from setting

on the royal guard, and ridding England of that cursed brood? The men were ready. Rumsey would take the post of danger, and an Irish friend of his, Tom Walcot, would direct the enterprise. West told how he had broken ground among the city folk, where Robert Keeling, tavern-keeper, and Richard Goodenough, under-sheriff, were engaged to raise a band. At all times swift to risk his life for what he called the Good Old Cause, the Ironside Colonel told them he was willing to assist with house and horse. He understood the business as an open fight, and not a cowardly attack on unarmed men; a levying of such war upon the Crown as he had spent his youth in making, not a base attempt upon two royal lives. Rumsey and West were not disposed to clear up any of his doubts. They wanted him, and cared but little how he reconciled his conscience to the plot.

Rumbold held a farm—the Rye-House farm—two miles from Hoddesden, on the road which Charles and James must pass; a lonely farm, with wall and hedge, well screened from sight by scrub and trees. Close by there grew a copse, in which a troop of horse might easily lurk unseen. That farm, that copse, the Colonel placed at their dis-

posal as a camp. Their plans were soon laid down. Hone, Keeling, Green, and Goodenough were to raise their bands; Rumsey and Walcot were to lead the charge. One party was to occupy Rye House, a second party was to hold the copse; and when the royal troop rode up, a carter stationed near the farm—a bold and trusty fellow—should obstruct the road. Two or three comrades, placed behind a wall, should fire. The guard, no doubt, would rein and wheel, and then the horsemen in the copse could dash upon the scene, disperse the guard, and free their country from an odious yoke.

West ran about the city taverns, from the Dolphin in Bartholomew Lane, to the Salutation in Lombard Street, where Rumbold met him with Hone the carpenter, Keeling the vintner, Goodenough the under-sheriff, and some more, who tossed off mugs of ale, and drank confusion to the kings and gods. Whig lords were seen with West and Goodenough. Howard of Escrick drank with them, and praised their wine, and hiccupped that their plan of lopping was the only way. But Howard of Escrick was as false a rogue as either Keeling, Ferguson, or West.

A fire which happened to break out among the stables is supposed to have saved the King and

Duke, by causing them to leave Newmarket eight or ten days before the appointed time. But Charles was too well served by spies to be in ignorance of all these plots, and when the time was come for him to strike the liberal party, he arrested Keeling, West, and Rumsey, and on their confession swept a host of noble, and a few ignoble, prisoners to the Tower.

'I shall fall a sacrifice,' said Russell to his chaplain Johnson. Johnson, a man of mark, had recently produced his Life of Julian the Apostate. Russell was sad but staunch; 'Arbitrary government cannot be set up in Engand,' he declared, 'without wading through my blood.' A messenger from the Council waited at his gate; but no one stood behind his house, and he could easily have fled from London. Lady Russell went about to speak with friends, who told her if my lord left town, his flight would be regarded as a proof of guilt. The wife had hardly reached her house before a messenger came to summon Russell to the palace, where the King was sitting with the lords.

'No one suspects your lordship of designs against my person,' said the King to Russell; 'but we have evidence—good evidence—of your designs against my government.'

Russell was not bound to criminate himself; and Charles committed him to close imprisonment. 'I am sworn against,' said Russell to his servant, Taunton; 'they will have my life.' His servant hoped they would not have the power to do so.

'Yes,' he sighed; 'the devil is loose.' And so that noble citizen passed into the Tower.

CHAPTER XVI.

MURDER!

At an early hour on Friday morning, July 13, 1683, the royal barge was darting down the Thames. Within it sat the King and Duke of York, two gentlemen of broken health who were not usually awake at seven o'clock. The barge dropped down the river, shot the bridge, and swept to shore at the Queen's Stairs. Landing on the Wharf, these royal brothers passed into the Tower, and went direct to the Lieutenant's house. Their trusty knave, Sir John Robinson, was gone; a not less trusty knave, Tom Cheek, who called himself Captain Cheek, was reigning in his stead. The King and Duke remained some time with Cheek; no one knew why—but Cheek gave out that they were come to see some guns.

A stir was visible in the Tower, to which a host of prisoners had been lately swept to keep Lord Russell company—Arthur, Earl of Essex;

Charles, Lord Gerard, eldest son of the Earl of Macclesfield; John Booth, eldest son of Lord Delamere; Algernon Sydney, son of the Earl of Leicester; Major Wildman; 'Honest' Jack Trenchard; Aaron Smith. Essex and Gerard were in lodgings near each other; Essex in the house of Major Hawley, Gentleman Porter of the Tower; and Gerard in the warder's house next door. Both houses looked upon the Green. The work of death was just begun, and none could tell, except his Majesty, whose turn might come the next.

His Majesty, who laughed at most things, chose to jeer at this 'Protestant Plot,' as a comedy in which beggars were concerned for property, atheists for religion, bastards for succession; but the royal mood was far from jocular; and the mistresses and cynics who attended him could see that under his affected lightness he was burning with desire to have these great Whig lords, and sons of great Whig lords, destroyed without an hour's delay. His instruments were ready. Howard of Escrick, captured in a chimney, was conveyed to court, where he was housed near Rumsey in the palace of White Hall. These wretches were the King's chief witnesses: the peer against his brother peers and their associates in the Rising scheme; the officer

against the dyers, carpenters, and tapsters in the Rye-House Plot. These prisoners must be quickly tried and hurried to their doom; for if amazement should have time to cool, no jury could be trusted to convict on such poor proof as Government could bring. Hone and Walcot had been tried the day before—tried at the Old Bailey—and condemned to death. A scent of blood was in the air; and Jeffreys had displayed such parts as marked him in the mind of Charles for quick promotion to the bench. The King and Duke were bound to strike, and strike at once.

The King had scarcely entered the Lieutenant's house before a guard drew up at Russell's door; the prisoner came into the open air; and after waiting for a little while, was marched away to Newgate; where he was to spend the last few days of his illustrious life on earth. Was this removal of Lord Russell from the Tower an explanation of the royal visit?

The King and Duke were sauntering to their barge, attended by Tom Cheek, when cries of 'Murder! murder!' rose above the wall. Tom Cheek ran back; but Charles and James went their way. This cry of murder came from

Major Hawley's servant-maid, and from the room then occupied by the Earl of Essex and his serving-man.

Essex had only been in custody three days. On his arrival at the Tower on Tuesday night, he slept in Captain Cheek's apartments. On the following day, by orders from the Court, he was removed to Major Hawley's house, which stood next door, between the Lieutenant's lodgings and the Beauchamp tower. He had the first room on the left hand, as you enter from the stairs; a part of the lodgings which had once been Lady Jane Grey's. A closet occupied one corner; and a window looked upon the Green. Two warders were assigned to him as keepers — Nathaniel Munday and Thomas Russell; one to stand at his chamber-door, if not within his room; the second at the stair-foot, with orders to prevent intruders speaking with the Earl, except in the presence of Captain Cheek. A serving-man, Paul Bomeny, was allowed to be with him. Wednesday and Thursday passed. The Tower was filled with bustle; messengers were coming every hour; and tragic passions were exciting every one; yet neither Captain Cheek nor Major Hawley had his notice drawn to the Earl of Essex.

Clarendon, his brother-in-law, came to see him. Paul, his servant, sent a footman to his house for things—for food and wine, for change of clothes, for razor, brush, and soap. These things were brought into the Gentleman Porter's house. Lord Essex had his food prepared and carried up to him by servants, who were free to come and go, according to the general rules observed when prisoners were not ordered into close arrest. When Clarendon left the Earl on Thursday night he was a little grave, but well in health, and firm in spirit. Nothing suggested to Lord Clarendon the mood, the means, the motive, for an act of self-destruction.

Yet on Friday morning, as the King and Duke of York were leaving the Lieutenant's house to gain their barge, two boys, who happened to be staring at Lord Gerard's lodgings, saw a hand put out of the adjoining window and a razor flung upon the Green. These boys, whose name was Edwards, living in Mark Lane, were on their way to school at eight o'clock, when some one told them that his Majesty and the Duke of York were at the Tower. They ran to see the sight; and when the King and Duke were gone, they loitered

on the Green to see Lord Gerard's lodgings, and were standing near his window when the razor was flung out. Going up to look at it, they saw the steel was red and wet with blood; but just as they were bending over it, a girl came running out of Hawley's house, crying 'Murder! murder!' snatched the razor and ran back with it. A crowd of people gathered round the door; and those who were inside told those without, that the Earl of Essex had cut his throat with a razor in his closet, and that the bloody instrument was found, where he had dropped it, on the closet floor. This was the story told by those within the house; and in this version of material points the Government persisted to the end, in face of every difficulty raised by the attested facts.

The Earl was dead, whoever killed him. His throat was cut across from ear to ear; and cut in such a way as almost to behead him. Both the jugular veins were slashed; the windpipe and the gullet were cut through; the blade had struck into the spinal column. It was curious that a razor could have done the deed! A razor, notched and dripping, lay on the chamber floor, some three feet from the bed. The corpse was

lying in the closet, lying on the face, an elbow near the face, and both the legs extending through the door into the room.

A coroner's jury met next day. Paul the serving-man, Russell the warder, two surgeons, Sherwood and Andrews, gave their evidence. Munday, whose duty it had been to keep the door, if not to stand within the chamber, was not called, and neither Cheek nor Hawley ventured to appear. Edward Farnham, 'coroner of our lord the king,' convened a dozen good and trusty persons, living, as was usual in such cases, in the liberties of the Tower.

Paul was the first examined. He had served his lordship three or four years. When his lord first went to Hawley's house, which was on Wednesday morning, he desired him to procure a penknife to pare his nails. His lord was dainty with his nails, and often pared them with a knife. Paul wrote a note by the footman to his lordship's steward, asking him to send a knife with the linen, meat, and wine; but the steward answered that he had no penknife by him, but he would purchase one and send it to the Tower. 'Where is the knife?' his lord asked; to which the witness answered, it would come next day.

On Thursday morning he received a message from his lordship, through the warder Russell, asking if the knife were come? He went into the room, and told his lord the penknife had not come. 'Give me one of the razors,' said his lordship; 'that will do as well.' He gave him one, with which he pared his nails. This witness left the room, and talked outside the door with Russell, after which he went down-stairs until the footman came with a basket of provisions, a penknife, and a note of three or four lines from the steward. Going into his lordship's room, he found it empty; trying the closet door, he found that *shut*. Supposing that his lord would soon come out, he went down-stairs again, and chatted with the keeper ten or fifteen minutes. Going back into the room, and finding it still empty, he tapped three times at the closet door, and cried, 'My lord!' On hearing no reply, he lifted up the arras, and, on peeping through the chinks, he saw some stains of blood and part of an open razor on the ground. He called for help to Russell, who *pushed the closet door open*, and found the Earl lying dead, without his wig, and with the razor by his side.

Paul Bomeny was young in such affairs, and

in his haste to tell the story he was primed to tell, he made his lordship kill himself on Thursday, not on Friday; one of those cardinal mistakes which upset loads of what might otherwise look like proofs. Farnham, 'coroner for our lord the king,' perceived the blunder, and before the text was printed, he supplied the proper date.

Russell was examined next. He swore that on Friday morning, the 13th of July, at eight or nine o'clock, he was in Major Hawley's house, and heard Lord Essex call to his man, first for a knife and afterwards for a razor, to pare his nails. Paul carried him a razor, and he heard his lordship walking up and down the room, scraping his nails with a razor, till his lordship shut the outward door. Paul went down-stairs, and waited fifteen minutes, after which he passed into the chamber, peeped through a chink, and seeing his lordship on the floor, cried out for help, 'My lord has fallen down sick!' He, Russell, went into the room, and opening the closet door, of which the key was in the lock *outside*, he found my lord in his blood, the razor by his side.

These stories could not both be true. Not only were the conversations of Lord Essex with

his servant sworn for different days of the week, but nearly all the primary facts to which they testified were incompatible with each other. Paul swore that when he peeped through the chink he saw the razor and the blood, while Russell made him cry, 'My lord has fallen down sick!' Paul represented Russell as forcing the closet door, while Russell declared that the door had not been locked.

Sherwood and Andrews testified that his lordship's throat was cut from ear to ear, that his arteries were parted, that the vertebræ of his neck were injured by the blade.

Farnham, the Tower Coroner, and his jury from the Tower Liberties, found that the Earl of Essex had fallen by his own malice; and on Monday morning Government was ready with 'An Account how the Earl of Essex killed himself in the Tower of London, the 13th of July, 1683, as it appears by the Coroner's Inquest.' This was followed by a scandalous sheet, entitled 'Great News from the Tower;' in which Essex was held up as an 'example to all that love their private interests before that of the public; that love only their King but as it is subservient to some private design; that make it their business, under the

cloak of religion, to destroy kings and bring to utter ruin the best of governments.'

Was the Earl of Essex murdered by his keeper while the King and Duke of York were waiting in the Lieutenant's house?

Much evidence has been taken on the subject, and the case has never yet been cleared on either side. One Lawrence Braddon, a fanatic in the cause of justice, spent some years in gathering evidence. He found the little schoolboys who saw the razor flung upon the Green. He proved their story by another witness, one Jane Loadman, who was also in the Tower that day, and saw a hand cast out the razor from Major Hawley's house. Some slight but curious links of proof were added by his sleepless care. A more important piece of evidence, if it could be trusted, was that of John Lloyd, a soldier, who had been on duty in front of Hawley's house. His orders were to suffer no one to go in except with Major Hawley and the warder Russell, who was stationed at the door. At half-past eight o'clock, he said, two strangers came to Hawley's door, knocked softly, and were admitted by the warder. Afterwards he heard a scuffle in the room above, and then a cry was raised, 'My lord is dead!'

Braddon was sent to the Marshalsea, but held on stoutly to his story. Lloyd was sent to Newgate, where he soon gave way so far as to admit that, whether his tale was true or false, he should have kept it to himself. The Earl's family were divided in opinion, and his prudent kinsmen thought it best to close the record with a doubt.

Paul, the serving-man, was pensioned by the King and Duke of York.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PATRIOT.

Of the dozen prisoners lodged by Captain Cheek in the Tower, the first in fame, in service, and in character, was Sydney; a Patriot whose name is linked for ever with the history of our freedom both in speech and thought.

A line of artists, from the days of Toland down to those of Meadley, have presented Sydney to the world in fancy dress; in toga, cloak, and sandals, like an ancient sage. His wisdom is the Grecian wisdom; his valour is the Roman valour. In his noble pride, and yet more noble virtue, they discern a pagan hero; and they paint his pride and virtue as of antique rather than of modern type. That love of country which was Sydney's passion, they derive from classic sources, and describe in classic verse. Yet nothing in the Patriot's life and writing justifies this picture. Sydney was no Roman stoic, in a modern

guise. His genius was a Gothic genius, and his love of country was an English love. His highest aim on earth was that of living a faithful Christian life.

On both his father's and his mother's side he came of an illustrious race. His father, Robert, Earl of Leicester, was a grandson of Elizabeth's friend, Sir Henry Sydney, who, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, won such love as English ruler in that country rarely wins; and left his name, as none but Sydney ever left a name, to ten generations of Irish boys and girls. That father's uncle was Sir Philip Sydney; and his aunt that Mary, Countess of Pembroke, who, in Jonson's language, was 'the subject of all verse.' Earl Robert was a wise and learned man, who read and wrote with equal range, and spoke the French, Italian, and Castilian tongues, as natives speak them. Sydney's mother was the Lady Dorothy Percy, daughter of the Wizard Earl. His name of Algernon was a Percy name, then borne by Lady Dorothy's brother, Algernon, tenth Earl of Northumberland. Sydney's brother, Lord Lisle, was so accomplished, both in arts and arms, that he was held to have revived the glories of that Philip Sydney whose illustrious names he

bore. Nor was his sister, Lady Dorothy, less renowned in verse than Mary Sydney had been. She was Waller's muse, and, in the guise of Saccharissa, holds a lasting place among the dames whom English poets have loved and sung.

Trained as became the heir of so much fame, he read, he thought, he travelled, he conversed with men, and laid up stores of observation for his future use. At twenty he had seen the world; having lived in Paris, Rome, Rensberg, London; talked with Richelieu, Urban, Christiern, Charles; and studied with his closest zeal the history of his country's progress from the Saxon times. At twenty, when the Earl his father was appointed to succeed the Earl of Strafford as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Sydney was a man in stature and in wisdom. In the field, no soldier bore a stouter heart; and when he joined the patriotic army under Manchester, the Fighting Earl at once appointed him to command a troop of horse. In seven weeks he fought his way from a company to a regiment, from the rank of captain to the rank of colonel. Charging at Marston Moor he fell to the ground, disarmed by many wounds, and would have either bled to death or fallen into the enemy's power, had not a trooper, fired

by his heroic temper, dashed from the line, driven off his foes, and borne him to the rear. 'Your name, brave fellow?' gasped the wounded man. 'Excuse me, sir,' the trooper said; 'I have not done this thing for a reward.' He rode away into the fight, and Sydney never learned to whom he owed his life that day.

He fought with Fairfax, and he fought with Cromwell. On his banner he inscribed the motto:

'Sanctus Amor Patriæ dat Animum.'

This holy love of country was a fire that never ceased to burn. He knew no doubt, he felt no fear; yet he regretted in his heart of hearts that English blood was shed by English hands. He helped to crush the King, but would not sit upon the bench that sentenced him to death. Like Blake he turned his face abroad, and in the Council of State he worked with Vane to find the ships and guns which gave to Blake the means of meeting and defeating Tromp. With beating pulse and glowing eyes he watched that sailor's high career. With noble pride he wrote of victories which he helped to win: 'All the states, kings, and potentates of Europe, most respectfully, not to say submissively, sought our friendship; and Rome was

more afraid of Blake and his fleet than they had been of the great King of Sweden, when he was ready to invade Italy with a hundred thousand men.'

Yet Sydney was not dazed by military fame. He stood for law when law was overthrown by Cromwell, just as stoutly as he stood for law when it was overthrown by Charles. To him a general had no more right to govern wrong than kings. He broke with Cromwell when the victor of Naseby showed that he was aiming at a power beyond the law; and Cromwell, ere he ventured to disperse the House of Commons by his musketeers, was forced to drive him from the Speaker's side.

While Cromwell reigned, the Patriot either lived abroad or in retirement; mostly at the Hague, where he conversed with De Witt; and at Penshurst, where he studied Milton and the Bible. When the fall of Richard Cromwell set him free, he took his place in Parliament, he argued for a Commonwealth, he voted for cutting down the army, and he went ambassador to the Swedes and Danes. The Restoration struck him to the heart; for he had never dreamt that such a land as his could sink into the arms of

such a man as Charles. But Sydneys are not born in every house; the masses of mankind are swayed by trifles; and heroic virtue must not hope for allies on the village green. Monk offered him rewards, which he repelled with scorn. 'Rewards of iniquity!' he called them. He remained abroad. 'Where Vane, Lambert, Hazelrigg, cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all,' he said to those who wished him to come back. Vane, Lambert, Hazelrigg, were all then lying in the Tower. He lived in Denmark; he lived in Germany; he lived in Italy; but he never faltered in his love for England—that great country, 'which,' he wrote, 'if it were preserved in liberty and virtue, would truly be the most glorious in the world.' For seventeen years he lived an exile's life; and only when his father was expiring could a license for him to return be got from Charles. Worn down with noble cares, he felt himself, at sixty years, an ageing man, and from his failing health and ripening wisdom was inclined to change his brilliant sword for a more brilliant pen. His fighting days were past. In his abode in Jermyn Street he gathered books, and set his mind on adding one more treatise to the Literature of Freedom and the Free.

He wrote to Penn about his colony, and drew up forms of government for the city of Fraternal Love. He talked with all the liberal leaders, who resorted to his house as that of an unerring sage. Essex and Russell were his friends. The Duke of Monmouth waited on him; and that wretch whom Evelyn calls 'a monster of a man,' Howard of Escrick, got admission to his house. While Sydney was discussing forms of government as a branch of science, Howard of Escrick was entangling him in plots, which he was but too willing afterwards to betray.

Sydney was dining at his house in Jermyn Street, at one o'clock, when writs for his arrest were brought to him; and ere he rose from table, Lloyd, an officer from the palace, came to search his house. Lloyd took some papers from his desk, and from an open trunk, and putting these papers into a pillow-case, told him to seal them up; but Sydney, who remembered a recent case in which a man had sealed a bag, not knowing what was in it, and the contents had been afterwards produced against him, was too wary to be caught. Lloyd sealed the bag with his own seal, and took it with him; saying it should not be opened save in Sydney's presence. But the

writer, though he pressed for it most warmly, was to see that bag no more.

Carried to the palace, where the Council was in waiting for him, Sydney was asked a score of questions, all of which he answered briefly; saying if they had any charge against him he must clear himself in the proper place, but he could not oblige them with the proof they sought. No charge was made against him, for his bag was not yet searched; but Jenkins, Secretary of State, committed him to the Tower. Cheek was to keep him safe, not close; but Cheek knew better what his master wanted from him than the Secretary of State; and Sydney was in close confinement from the first. Next day his goods in Jermyn Street were seized, as were all monies and securities in his banker's hands. His linen and his hose were taken, so that days elapsed before he could obtain a change of clothes. No friend was suffered to approach his cell. No servant save a warder of the Tower had access to him, till Joseph Ducasse, his French attendant, got Lord Halifax, his kinsman, to procure an order from the Secretary of State for him to wait upon his lord. All these indignities were heaped upon him in the hope that such a Roman spirit would disdain to live.

Not many hours elapsed before some members of the Council were in Sydney's cell, with question and cross-question, cut and dry; but they returned no wiser than they came; for neither Jeffreys, who had charge of the legal points, nor Jenkins, who had charge of the public policy, could make much capital of the papers seized and sealed by Lloyd, and other evidence against the prisoner there was none.

These papers were of moment, not the less; for they contained the chapters of a book, which, in its reach of thought and force of style, has very few equals in the English tongue.

In the year 1680 (the year in which the printing of pamphlets and newspapers was declared to be illegal; in which King Charles refused to receive petitions for assembling Parliament; in which the Exclusion Bill was introduced;) a little work was issued from the press called Patriarcha: or the Natural Power of Kings. It is a curious little work, and looks in modern eyes like one of those fossil shells of unknown date which children find in rocks that have been rent by force. The writer was Sir Robert Filmer, one of those Royalists of the Civil War whose notions of the kingly power went far beyond those of the King himself.

In Filmer's eyes Liberty was the Original Sin. His object in the Patriarcha was to rescue princes from an odious doctrine held, he said, by Levellers, Jesuits, democrats, and blasphemers—that the common herd of men has any right to judge anointed kings.

His principles were few, yet covered all his ground: (1.) The King, he said, was first a father, and his subjects were his children. God had made him master, and his offspring could not take from him an order and precedence given by God. The right to rule came down from sire to son, in natural series; each succeeding to the other by divine, unalterable rule. As Adam governed, kings now govern. Adam left his power to patriarchs; patriarchs left their power to judges; judges left their power to kings. All rights of government are derived from Adam — from the father of our race; and if the first man were alive, and dying, he would have one heir, and only one, who could succeed him in his place as lord and king. (2.) It is, he said, against the rule of nature for the people either to govern or to choose their governors. Adam owed none of his power to Cain and Seth. All those who talk of natural freedom are at fault. Aristotle gives the lie

to Plato. Saurez and Bellarmine are sophists. Saurez pretends that Adam had an economical not a political sway among his sons, and only while these sons were not yet free. But when were Adam's sons made free? Bellarmine contradicts Saurez, even as Aristotle contradicts Plato, and these modern Jesuits count for no more than ancient Greeks. The only rights men have are those which they can exercise against each other. In a council, a majority may compel the rest, because a council is a human institute, and those who sit in it derive their power from man. But kings derive their right from nature, and to trench upon these rights is mutiny in the sight of God. (3.) Law itself, he said, does not infringe upon the natural and paternal power of kings. Royal right is older than public law. Adam was before the covenant. The Kings of Judah and Israel were not bound by law. It is an open question whether laws were made to bridle tyrants; but a king, though bound to carry out the laws, is not himself bound by the laws. He is the head of all. He may not be resisted, even when he is wrong. No man can judge a King. Should he command his subject to commit a crime, that subject must obey. It is a sin to pause. A subject must not ask if what

he is told to do is just. The guilt, if guilt there be, will lie upon his master's head. The matter must be left to God.

This book was not the idle product of a dreamer's brain. It was a great political fact. The King accepted it. The Duke of York swore by it. A party strong at court, and stronger still at Oxford, laid it on their tables as a new-found gospel. All the sticklers for prerogative adopted Filmer's inference, even when they could not, out of shame, adopt his facts. Since Gauden wrote the spurious *Icon Basilikon*, no book had stirred so deep and wide a circle in the Church.

With what delight an athlete of the intellectual strength of Sydney would put forth his arm against such slavish nonsense, no one need be told. Poor books have often called up great rejoinders, such as Milton's Defence of the People of England, and Locke's great Essay on Toleration; and with these magnificent compositions Sydney's Discourses concerning Government have every claim to rank.

Sydney makes short work of Filmer's theories. He shows that Adam was no king, and never ruled by kingly power. He shows that patriarchs and judges were not kings; and that pa-

rental power is not akin to royal power. The first king ever mentioned, Nimrod, was a tyrant; and a government by kings was given to Israel as a punishment for their sins. If kings derive from Adam, and if only eldest sons succeed, no prince on earth has any right to reign. But where, in Scripture, is the rule laid down in favour of the eldest son? The power of Adam fell to a younger son; the power of Noah fell to a younger son. If any principle of succession could be drawn from Scripture, it was hostile to the eldest son. Abraham was not a first-born son; Isaac was not a first-born son; Jacob was not a first-born son; Judah was not a first-born son. Nor is the rule of primogeniture to be found in later times. Moses was not an eldest son; David was not an eldest son; Solomon was not an eldest son. Neither is the rule observed in other monarchies. No English prince derives his blood from these Jewish kings, nor has the practice of this country been to respect the line of descent from sire to son. The doctrine broached by Filmer, and accepted by the Oxford Tories, made usurpers of a dozen English kings. By swift and pitiless logic Sydney swept these cobwebs from his path, and then laid down, in clear, imperishable words,

the true philosophy of states. 'Man is naturally free,' he writes; 'he cannot justly be deprived of his liberty without a cause; and does not resign it, or any part of it, unless it be in consideration of some greater good.' To these great doctrines he was constant first and last; but not content with citing, as most writers do, examples from the histories of Israel, Greece, and Italy, he struck a new and yet more popular vein. He turned to our own Saxon fathers. He recalled the Gothic principles of freedom, and supported English rights by reference to the rights of Danes and Swiss. Our liberties were older than our laws. For Magna Charta did not make us free; it only cited and confirmed our ancient rights. Kings have no power except what they derive from law, and when they break the laws by which they live, all citizens have the duty to recall them to the violated rule.

All these great doctrines sound so true—nay, trite—to us, that we can only guess how differently they sounded in the reign of Charles, on finding that for putting them on paper the illustrious Patriot lost his head.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GOOD OLD CAUSE.

While Charles and James were carrying to White Hall the tale of Essex's sudden death, a messenger from Captain Cheek was riding with the news to Newgate, where Sir Francis Pemberton was sitting down to try Lord Russell for his life. Jeffreys made good use of this ghastly news; for while Howard of Escrick was in the witness-box, shuffling and trifling with the truth, he whispered in that miscreant's ear that his accomplice in the Tower had cut his throat! Lord Howard fainted in the box. His colour fled; his tongue refused its office. 'Raise your voice, my lord,' said Pemberton from the bench. But Howard had no voice to raise. 'We cannot hear,' the jury cried. But Howard only stared and reeled beneath the blow; his haggard look gave evidence of his guilt, beyond such proofs as Jeffreys had to show. King Charles was well aware how much he owed that day to this surprise.

'The jury could not have condemned my lord,' the Duchess of Portsmouth afterwards told Lady Russell, 'if my Lord Essex had not died as he did.' By four o'clock the scene was closed—that scene in which Rachel Russell acted as her husband's clerk—and Charles supped pleasantly that night; aware that Russell was condemned, that Essex was a corpse. The palace gates were shut; the park was closed; a double guard was placed at Charing Cross; but in the royal chambers feasts were spread, for George of Denmark was in London, courting Princess Ann; and junketings were heard at court the very night before a batch of Rye-House plotters were to die. Russell was slain the following day; like Raleigh, for the Good Old Cause.

Four months elapsed ere Charles was ready to go on; for more than one of his prisoners sued the judges, got his Habeas Corpus, and was suffered to go out on bail. Hampden was one of these; and when he left the Tower he sent to Sydney's cell to ask if he might come and see him. Sydney begged him not to come. He knew that he was marked for death; his portion in the Civil War had been too great for Charles to pardon; and he would not drag a younger man, of famous quality, into

his circle. Jeffreys, now become the leading agent for the Crown, was constantly about, and Cheek would certainly have sent him news of Hampden's visit to his friend. Jack Trenchard got his liberty on bail; but nothing to their purpose could be got from 'honest Jack.' Sir Leolin Jenkins, Secretary of State, Sir Robert Sawyer, Attorney-General, and Sir Heneage Finch, Solicitor-General, came to question Sydney in the Tower, but the great Patriot's tone soon told them they had come in vain. They read a list of questions which they were to ask him. 'Pardon me,' he answered; 'ere I speak to such things you must let me see the charge and my accusers.' When they pressed him further he was silent. 'You seem to want evidence,' in effect he said, 'and come to draw it from my own mouth; you will not gain it from me.' Then they turned elsewhere. A lawyer, Aaron Smith, who had been sent to Scotland by the great Whig lords, was lying in a cell near Sydney; and the Government offered him a free discharge, if only he would give such evidence as would compromise his neighbour's life. The lawyer would not swear a lie. 'I cannot tell you anything,' he answered, 'that would touch one hair of Sydney's head.'

No evidence being at hand, yet Sydney's death being necessary to the King and Duke of York, no course was left save that of a judicial murder; and a murder by the forms of law required some radical changes on the bench. Pemberton could not be trusted. He was not a popular judge; so far as he could strain the law he strained it; but Pemberton was a lawyer, not a butcher; and the work before the Council needed a more brazen brow and a more stony heart than his. The Government resolved that Sydney should be brought to trial; not in the Old Bailey, where Russell and the others had been tried, but in the Court of King's Bench; a court in which the judges, witnesses, and jurors, would be more directly under influence from the Crown. Yet much remained to do ere Sydney could be slain by form of law. The court must be completely changed, by raising Holloway and Walcot, two obsequious lawyers, to the bench, and putting Jeffreys at their head. But little could be done with witnesses, since Smith had scorned to buy his liberty by lies. Howard was in custody, and Rumsey was prepared to tell them all he knew; but Howard was unworthy of belief, and Rumsey was a stranger to the prisoner. Evidence might be gained by cross-examination from

the papers seized in Jermyn Street by Lloyd. The main thing was the jury. Twelve bad men were wanted who would yield a verdict under Jeffreys' orders, let the proofs be what they might. To find such jurors in the city was not easy; to expect them on an ordinary panel was absurd. They must be sought in slums and dens not known to every man, and in this search the Government must be able to depend on those whom it employed. The first step was to name the under-sheriffs, who would have to draw the panel. Now the under-sheriffs were appointed by the sheriffs; the sheriffs were appointed by the wards. These popular appointments must be set aside, if Sydney was to be destroyed by legal forms. The city franchise was attacked. Dashwood and Daniel were appointed sheriffs by the King. These nominees of the court appointed Rouse and Hargraves as their under-sheriffs; wretches who were but too glad to earn their wage by any act which Jeffreys might dictate. They drew a jury list as they were told.

With an unscrupulous advocate, a venal jury, and a slavish bench, the Lord Chief Justice hoped to have his way. Yet much would turn on the indictment, for the more corrupt a jury is

the less it likes to answer a plain question, yea or nay. The court should be enflamed, the public puzzled, by a world of hints and doubts. A masterpiece of jumbling and confusion was drawn up. The prisoner was accused of drawing the subject's love from his natural prince, of plotting to disturb the public peace; of aiming to stir up war against the King, to overturn the Government, to deprive the Sovereign of his crown, to put his Sacred Majesty to death. All these offences he was charged to have committed on the thirtieth day of June, in the year 1683, and in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. To bring about these ends, he was accused of having, there and then, in company with other traitors, sent one Aaron Smith to Scotland to raise up rebellion in that kingdom; and of also having, on the thirtieth day of June, in the said parish of St. Giles, composed a libellous and seditious book, in which he traitorously declares that kings are subject to God and to the law.

Not a clause of this indictment could be proved. Sydney had not conspired to stir up war on the thirtieth of June, in the parish of St. Giles. He had not sent Aaron Smith to Scotland on that date and from that place. He

had written no book on the day and in the place alleged. It is a rare thing to be able, by decisive evidence, to show that every word of an indictment is manifestly false; but Sydney was in a position to show as much. He had only to call up Captain Cheek, to prove that on the thirtieth day of June, so far from plotting, writing, and conspiring in St. Giles's parish, he was then a prisoner in the Tower!

On Tuesday, November 6th, Cheek came to his prison cell and told him he must go next morning early to the Court of King's Bench. 'To be tried?' 'Yes, to be tried.' 'Has a true bill been found by the grand jury?' No grand jury, Cheek well knew, had yet been called. 'How could a man be tried until that jury had been called?' Cheek could not say; he only knew that he was ordered to produce his prisoner in Westminster Hall by nine o'clock.

Next morning Sydney was conveyed to Palace Yard by Captain Cheek. The court was not yet ready; for a bill had not been found; and Sydney was taken to an inn close by, and kept an hour until the jury could be forced to find. A line of Household guards was drawn across Palace Yard —the men in strange, wild habits of the Polish

fashion—through which line of troops the Patriot was hurried, when the bill was found, with halberds and the gleaming axe. When he was placed before Jeffreys, he said he could not plead to that indictment. Here, he was going on to say, was a heap of crimes, distinct in nature and in law. 'You must not argue,' roared the Lord Chief Justice; 'you can only plead. Guilty or not guilty?' 'If he will demur, my lord,' observed the obsequious Sawyer, 'we will give him leave.' But Sydney knew that to demur was, in effect, to leave the matter with the court, and he would not demur. He then objected to the jury, who were not his peers. Some were petty traders and mechanics; some were lackeys of the Court and servants of the King; but Jeffreys overruled his pleas. Refused on every side, he made a last appeal. He begged to have a copy of the charge, but was again refused.

A fortnight later he was tried for life. Jeffreys sat in the chair of Lord Chief Justice, with the judges of his choice upon his right and left. Wythins was drunk. A tailor, a cheesemonger, three carpenters, and a groom, were in the jury-box. Howard of Escrick told his tale. Then twelve good witnesses—beginning with the Earl

of Anglesey, and ending with one Blake, a draper, gave this wretched peer the lie. No second witness was produced; but Jeffreys ruled that Lloyd might prove his seizure of the papers in Jermyn Street; and if the authorship were traced to Sydney, that these papers might be given in evidence. Lloyd was sworn, but what he had to say was fatal to the Crown. He proved that in the parish of St. James, and on the twenty-sixth of June, he had seized the very papers which the prisoner was accused of having written in the parish of St. Giles, and on the thirtieth of June! The authorship of these papers was not proved. The date of composition was not proved. Publication was not proved. Yet Jeffreys told the jury they must find a verdict for the Crown; and when the jurors left the court, he followed them, on pretence of drinking a horn of sack, into their room, and gave them fresh reminders of their duty to the King. In half an hour the carpenters had come to terms with the cheesemonger and tailor, and the twelve bad men returned a verdict for the Crown.

Then Cheek stood up; his prisoner was a dead man now; the headsman turned his axe.

But Sydney never blanched. Not like a

Roman stoic, but like a Christian martyr, Sydney raised his eyes from that ferocious judge and that polluted bench; he raised his eyes to heaven, and prayed:—'Why then, O Lord, sanctify, I beseech Thee, these my sufferings unto me; sanctify me through my sufferings; sanctify me through Thy truth; Thy word is truth; impute not my blood unto this nation; impute it not to the great city through which I shall be led to the place of death!' Jeffreys broke upon this prayer with mock concern, pretending that his prisoner was distraught in mind. The Patriot turned to him and said, 'My lord, feel my pulse, and see if I am disordered. I bless God, I never was in better temper than I am now.' Captain Cheek was ordered to remove him to the Tower.

In these last days of his imprisonment, Sydney wrote a brief apology for his life. A fortnight later he was taken to Tower Hill and put to death, with all the forms of violated law. Among his last words were, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' but he shrank from the parade of priests and prayers in his dying hour. He was alone with God. 'I die,' he said, 'for that Old Cause;' and so the Patriot passed to his eternal rest.

CHAPTER XIX.

JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

FERGUSON was suffered to escape, and after a little time was found at the Hague; the residence of William, Prince of Orange, who had now become the hope of every party in the state—save one. The Duke of Monmouth followed him. Armstrong was also at the Hague; and soon this knot of discontented men were joined by Forde, Lord Grey, a fugitive from the Tower.

Henry Denham, one of the King's messengers, having taken Grey on a royal warrant, brought him to the Tower. The gates were shut; and as the keeper's orders were extremely strict, in consequence of the plot, he could not yield his prisoner up to Captain Cheek. Close by the gates stood Petty Wales, a nest of sheds and taverns, used by soldiers, watermen, and keepers of the Tower. To one of these taverns Denham took Lord Grey. Grey could not go

to bed in such a place; and so, to pass the night, he called for wine, was free with money, and was soon rewarded for his pains by seeing Denham flush with drink. The time was summer, and the dawn came early; but before the daylight came his guard was fast asleep. All night, besides the empty glasses, Grey revolved the chances of escape. He dared not force the tavern door; for persons were about, and an attempt would put them on their guard. Outside his prison paced the sentries of the Tower, who knew he was in waiting there. His plan was to be calm, to seem resigned, to treat his capture as a jest, to talk of having his freedom in the morning, but to keep an eye on every side, and seize such chance as fortune threw into his way.

A gun was fired; the sun was rising; and the gates swung back. The tipsy messenger awoke, and shaking off his stupor, stepped into the street. An open place; a sentry at the gates, a second sentry on the wall; a keeper here and there; some watermen of the Tower about; the situation offered him no chances of escape. To run was vain; the spot was overlooked and closed on every side; a shot would rouse the district; in a minute half the liberty would be up in hue and

cry. He smiled and sauntered through the outer gates, disarming all suspicion of the guard by gentle words and ways. He said he was unjustly charged; he gave himself freely up; he only asked to see his old friend Captain Cheek. The Captain was not stirring; it was hardly dawn; but he would soon be up, and Grey would have to be his guest. Crossing the moat, they passed below the archway of the Bye-ward tower, which happened to be empty at the time, when Grey, who knew the place of old, turned suddenly to his right into a passage, found the strong doors leading to the drawbridge open, passed beyond them, and merged upon the Wharf. The sentry had no reason to suspect him; in a moment he was on the Queen's Stairs; a wherry lay alongside; in a second moment he was off. Ere Denham missed him, he was gone!

Grey got away to sea, and so in time to Holland, where he found so many of his countrymen in exile. Charles was so vexed by Grey's escape that he committed Denham to the charge of Captain Cheek, and half a year elapsed before the tipsy messenger got his freedom from the Tower.

With the design, as it would seem, of giving

Ferguson a higher place among the exiles, Government put him in their proclamations in the leading rank; classing him with Monmouth, Grey, and Armstrong. The great reward of 500*l.* was offered for his person; while but 100*l.* were offered for the capture of such men as Rumbold, Goodenough, and Wade.

When James succeeded to his brother's throne, the situation of the leading exile, Monmouth, was so greatly changed that any one who told him England called him, and would rise for him, and crown him with his father's right, found easy access and a willing ear. William of Orange was no longer able to receive him; and a lovely woman, who was not his wife, induced him to decline an offer which William made him to serve in Hungary against the Turks. This woman, Henrietta, Lady Wentworth, was his good and evil genius. She was fond of him with all a passionate woman's fondness, and she exercised upon his vain and empty heart the fascinations that belong to beauty, youth, and money. She was rich in house and land, in high connexion, in ancestral fame; and all these things she gave him when she gave herself, her maiden fame, her overpowering love. The Duke had left his

wife and three young children in their London home. At no time true to the fair Scotch lassie who had crowned him with a ducal coronet, a fine estate, and a legitimate heir, and was the only woman who had yet been true to him, he had of late years treated her with all but open scorn, asserting that his union with her was no marriage in the eyes of God and man. He was united to her as a child; his leave was never asked; and though he lived with her, and she had given him boys and girls, no less than six in all, he could not love her as a man should love his wife. He therefore claimed the freedom to make love elsewhere. A dozen paramours had shared his heart; and one of these dozen women, Nelly Needham, bore him several children; but to Lady Wentworth he was constant in a way that made the foolish wonder and the knowing smile. Her money, like her company, was pleasant to a banished man, whose pension had been stopped by James. She had no offspring of her own; and Monmouth paid her the whimsical compliment of naming after her another woman's child. Yet Lady Wentworth was not happy in her lot. She wished her lover to be king. Like some of those who had no love to lead them wrong,

she took the story of his mother's marriage to be true, and felt that if her Duke were on the English soil, some evidence of the fact might yet be found. The black box should be sought. The person who was said to have married Charles and Lucy was alive; and though he had denied, most solemnly, while Charles was living, that the Prince had been united to his love by him, the death of Charles and the accession of a Popish prince might lead him to see his duty in another light.

When Ferguson proposed to Monmouth that the exiles should return in arms, one party making for the Scottish Highlands with Argyle as chief, the other making for the west of England, with the Duke as general, Lady Wentworth gave him her support; and two small expeditions left the Zuyder Zee and Texel, with the Earl and Duke on board. Argyle was first to land; to fight, and fail; to suffer on the block. Rumbold fell with the Highland chief. Monmouth followed him; with Ferguson preaching in his camp, and Grey commanding his troop of horse. A broadside, hardly fit in matter and in language for a country fair, was written by Ferguson, and issued in the ducal name. The Duke of York was said

to be a traitor, a usurper, and a murderer. He had set the town on fire; he had cut the throat of Essex; he had poisoned his brother Charles. He wished to make of England a fief of Rome; the English people a tribe of slaves. He was not king. The only king was Monmouth, who could prove his right of blood. A few days later, pressed by Ferguson and Grey, the Duke assumed the rank of King,—King James the Second, by the grace of God. As king he fought at Sedgemoor, lost a battle, fled with Grey, and was arrested by the victors in a field.

The other James the Second sat in grim and silent mood until the battle of his crown was fought and won; but when he heard that Monmouth was his prisoner, he despatched a messenger to his London house, that house which he had left so long ago, with orders to arrest his three young children, James, Earl of Doncaster, Lord Henry Scott, and Lady Anne Scott. These little ones were taken from their mother, the afflicted Duchess, and conveyed by James's order to the Tower.

Four days after these poor innocents were lodged in the Lieutenant's house, the Duke, their father, was brought in. Grey followed him next

day. The Duke was much cast down, for he had sinned past hope of pardon; and the King, his uncle, was the last man living to forget such crimes as his. Lord Grey was calm and jovial; chatting with the easy sparkle of a hero on the stage. His sin was not less great, his chance of pardon not less faint, yet he was still the same frank fellow who had drunk with Denham and deceived the sentry on the bridge. He talked of horses, dogs, and guns, and made his pleasant jokes about Jack Ketch. Some instinct may have told him that his race was not yet run.

Monmouth's last chance of life lay in a personal interview with James; and when his captors came near London, he despatched a message to the King, imploring him to give his penitent captive leave to throw himself on the ground before him, to confess his faults, and give his Majesty some information of the highest moment to his future peace. A second message was despatched by Monmouth to the Queen-Dowager, who had often acted as his friend in his disputes with Charles. The King, who hoped to glean from Monmouth a confession that would help him to destroy some other and more prudent enemies, consented to his wish. But studied

insults met the captive Duke. He was taken to Tom Chiffinch's rooms; his arms were tied with cords behind his back; he was detained until the King had dined. When he was brought into the presence Monmouth fell upon his knees, crawled forward on the ground, and tried to touch and kiss his Majesty's feet. He wept, he screamed, he begged for life. 'I am your brother's son; and if you take my life, you shed your own blood.' No mercy could be shown to him; for he had nothing to confess. 'He did not behave,' James wrote next morning to the Prince of Orange, 'as one ought to have expected from one who had taken upon him to be king.' A warrant for his death was drawn; it lay upon the table; only waiting for the royal signature. James instantly took up his pen, and signed.

Arrived at Traitors' Gate, he was received and lodged in the Lieutenant's house, but did not ask to see his boys and girl. Two years had passed since he had looked on their young faces, and the girl was still so young as hardly to recall his figure to her mind. She was frightened at the Tower, and sinking into low and fitful moods. The Duke was too much busied with his own affairs to mind such weaklings. Could not

some one save him yet?—'I know, my lord,' he cried to Dartmouth, 'that you loved my father. For his sake, for God's sake, try if there be room for mercy!' It was useless. 'Tell the King,' he muttered, 'I am willing to become a Catholic if he will but let me live.' This offer was sent on to James, who only sneered, 'It is to save his life, and not his soul.'

Next day the Duchess sent to say that she would like to see her husband if he would allow it. He consented, in the hope that she could save his life; but when she entered his apartment with the Earl of Clarendon, and brought no hope of a reprieve, he turned his face from her, as from a stranger to his heart, and spoke about his pardon to the Earl. Two bishops, Ken and Turner, passed the night with him in earnest prayer, and no less earnest talk. They wished to waken in his heart some sense of his iniquities, some feeling of repentance for his conduct towards his sovereign and his wife. They met with no response. He could not see, unless the King should open his eyes with mercy, that in levying war upon the Crown he was doing any wrong. Nor could he see that in abandoning his wife and children for a paramour he was guilty in the sight of God. He

held that Lady Wentworth was a pious woman, whose connexion with him had been right and good. No argument could touch him on these points; the Bishops dared not give him the bread and wine; and morning dawned, the last he was to see on earth, and yet the prisoner was not reconciled to God.

With dawn came Tenison, the Vicar of St. Martin's Church, his old acquaintance; but the Vicar was unable to prevail with him on either point. If Tenison fell short of Ken and Turner in his theories of non-resistance, he was clear that such a rising as the Duke's was criminal in the last degree. He utterly rejected Monmouth's pleas in Lady Wentworth's favour. But his time was thrown away. The Duke declared that he had thought it over; he had prayed for guidance in the night; he had not changed, and should not change, his mind. In that opinion he had lived, in that opinion he would die.

At nine o'clock the Duchess came to him again, accompanied by her children, who were still detained as prisoners in the Tower. The Duke was civil, but as cold as stone. He cared for no one in the world, save Lady Wentworth; and he called on every one who saw him to convey

his dying love to her. The Duchess wept, and fainted at his feet. His children cried. But Monmouth was himself unmoved.

At ten the coach came for him, and he rode through files of soldiers to his doom. The prelates in attendance warned him that he was about to die, but not in fitting frame of mind; and when the axe was falling, they exclaimed with fervour, 'God accept your repentance!' 'God accept your imperfect repentance!' 'God accept your general repentance!'

His sons remained in prison three months longer, and were then released, and sent to school. The year was hardly out before a vault was opened in a Bedford hamlet, and a place was made for Lady Wentworth—the object of a passion which had overcome the sense of shame, the fear of death. Monmouth was buried in the church of St. Peter-in-Chains; the ashes of this grandson of Charles the First mouldering near the grave in which all that was mortal of Eliot lay!

CHAPTER XX.

THE UNJUST JUDGE.

'HANG him! Hang the villain! Hang him at once!'

'Hang him only? Never! Hang all those who cry out hang him! 'Tis too good for him!'

'Heu! Ya! Stone him! Stab him! Rend him limb from limb!'

These shouts go up from Eastcheap, Tower Street, Barking Church; a hiss and roar of maddened men, repulsed from seizing on their prey. Two companies of the City bands, with sabres drawn and pieces charged, are marching on the Tower; and deep within their lines a coach—a lord-mayor's coach—with one inside not like an ordinary prisoner of the State. A common sailor he appears to be; a sailor from the north; a collier all adust with grime and coal. This fellow is the strangest hero of a tumult ever known in London streets. His clothes are worn to rags; his face

is black with filth. A blotched and drunken visage has been rendered still more hideous by the shaving of his eyebrows. Two ferocious orbs glare fitfully on the crowd, who handle clubs and knives, and yell around his coach for blood.

'To hell with him! Let him not live to pray and die! Let him be damned!'

He shrieks with mortal fright: 'For God's sake, keep them off! For God's sake, gentlemen, keep them off!'

'Halt!' cries the captain of the troop. The soldiers halt. 'Form—front—prepare!' The crowds fall back, still yelling like a pack of wolves. 'Tear him to pieces! Let him be devoured alive! A leg for me! His heart for me! He's fleshy—Faugh!' Amidst this roar of tongues and rush of feet the coach rolls on; the gate is reached; the mob is pressed aside; the prisoner is within the Tower.

Surging and swarming round the gates, now closed, the maddened people, baffled in their thirst for blood, still rail against that grimy figure in the coach—'Let him not die like a man! Let him be torn to pieces! Let him not lie in a grave!' And when these fiery passions have been somewhat spent, grim humour seizes on the crowd. 'Let's

rend the rogue, and sell him bit by bit! Ha! ha! How much for such a pair of bellowing lungs? We'll sell his heart to the Pope! A show, a show! The rogue would make his money by the show!' Some companies hold the gates and push the people back. The coach drives heavily through the Bye-ward tower, up Water Lane, and pauses by the steps at Traitors' gate. Above the grimy figure frowns the Bloody tower—his future home; but he is so far cowed by yonder mob, that but one feeling stirs with his veins,—a sense that he is still alive, that in a moment more he will be safe—alive and safe, although a prisoner in the Bloody tower.

This grimy wretch, in collier's sack, with shaven eyebrows, blackened face, and writhing lips, is George Jeffreys, Lord High Chancellor—the Unjust Judge! The date is Tuesday, December 12, 1688; five years and five days only since the morning when, as Lord Chief Justice, he had murdered Sydney by his form of law.

Great things have just been done in England; things which may change the history of Europe and the world. The Catholic King has run away. The Prince of Orange has arrived at Windsor Castle. A committee is in council at Guildhall.

A band of citizens have surprised the Tower. The tyrant's creature, Colonel Skelton, has been driven away, and Lord Lucas made Lieutenant in his place.

Three nights ago—a Saturday night—his Catholic Majesty sent to Jeffreys' house in Duke Street, bidding him bring the Seals, and all the writs which had been signed for summoning the new Parliament. His Majesty flung the writs into the fire; the Seals into the Thames. Deprived of power, the Unjust Judge walked back to Duke Street, where he met a friend. 'What are the heads of William's Declaration?' asked this friend. 'My head is one of them, no doubt,' said Jeffreys, passing into his house.

No longer doubting that the King would fly, he put on a disguise, and, quitting Duke Street in the early dusk, he crept to a lodging near the river, where a servant hid him while a skipper, who would undertake to carry him for a tempting purse to some foreign port, was sought. A collier from the North was landing coals at Wapping, and the skipper of this boat agreed to take him off. Last night, in long tarpaulin sack, big boots, and worn sou'-wester cap, the Chancellor went on board. The mate, who guessed his

secret, put ashore and gave a hint to some who were already on the watch for him. These fellows ran to a justice of the peace and begged from him a warrant of arrest. This justice asked them what they meant to swear against him, and on hearing that they had no charge to swear he bade them go their way. They ran still faster to Guildhall, procured a warrant of arrest, tore back to Wapping, pushed on board the collier, searched her hold, and found the bird was flown!

Too great a rogue to put his trust in skippers, Jeffreys left the collier after dark, and sought a lodging in a second craft, where no one knew that he was flying from the land. At dawn he left this craft to come on shore for drink, and landing at King Edward's Stairs, he saw an ale-house sign—the Red Cow, in Anchor and Hope Alley—went in, sat near the window, and ordered a pot of ale. While swallowing his morning draught, he saw a pair of eyes fixed on him from the street; the eyes of an old suitor in his court, who had been so frightened by the scowl and terror of the judge's face that no disguise could cloak it from him. Jeffreys saw his victim cross the street, come in, and look more narrowly at his face. He turned to the wall, and covered his visage

with a pewter pot; but the alarm was given, a crowd soon gathered round the door, and loud debates arose among the mob. 'A poor man having his morning drink,' said some. The suitor stuck to his text; he was no other than the Unjust Judge. A voice cried out, 'To the Lord Mayor! To the Lord Mayor!' They put him in a coach, and with a hundred stoppages they bore him towards the Mansion House.

At twelve o'clock they came before the Lord Mayor's door. Sir John Chapman, lately elected to the chair, was sitting down to dinner when the rabble broke upon him. He was horrified at seeing a Lord High Chancellor in the hands of cobblers, sailors, and such scum; and with a hundred bows and scrapes, he begged his lordship to excuse and pardon his presumption in asking his lordship to sit down and dine. Jeffreys smiled assent. Sir John began to lead the way, when some one cried, 'The Lord Chancellor is the Lord Mayor's prisoner, not his guest; to harbour him is treason!' Chapman fainted on the floor, was carried to his room, and never left his bed alive. The Lord Mayor having swooned, what could they do? 'Let us take him to an Alderman!' cried some. Stout

hands were laid on him, and pressed him towards the private stairs. He begged they would not force him to the street. He dared not face that mob again. They might, he urged, commit him to the Tower without a warrant; if they doubted whether that was lawful, he would draw one up and sign it! Then they put him, with his grimy sack and cap, into a coach, and sending for two regiments of the City bands, they led him through the mutinous crowds, here threatening him with whip and cord, there yelling for his limbs and entrails, to the Tower.

Late at night, Lord Lucas gets from the Lords in Council a commitment duly signed. On the morrow, Wednesday, Grey, Ossulston, and Chandos, come to the Tower and question Jeffreys. 'What have you done with the Great Seal of England?'—'I delivered it to the King on Saturday, at Mr. Chiffnel's house, no one else being present, and have not seen it since.'

'Have you not sealed the writs for a new Parliament; and if so, what have you done with them?'—'To the best of my remembrance, all the writs were sealed and delivered to the King.'

'Have you sealed the patents for the coming year?'—'I have sealed the patents for the new

sheriffs, but 'cannot charge my memory with the particulars.'

'Have you any license to leave the kingdom?' —'I have several licenses to go beyond sea, which were delivered to Sir John Friend.'

Grey reads the answers over, and demands if they are true?

'Yea; they are true,' the caitiff answers; 'on my honour as a peer.'

Not a word he says about the King having flung the writs for a new Parliament on the blazing fire.

For two or three days the prisoner falls into dark and sullen moods. Lord Lucas treats him well, and he is safe from popular fury; but the Bloody tower is lonesome to a man who has lived in taverns, sat up late of nights, and been a king of clubs. No friend comes near him. No one sends to him. A mob in Water Lane and on the Wharf yells night and day against him; and his sleep is broken by a mortal fear that some day they will crush his guard, invade his cell, and rend him into shreds. On Sunday he is cheered by news and presents. James, he hears, has suddenly come back to London; he is actually at White Hall; he dines in public; and a Jesuit says the

grace. While he is comforted with this good news, he also learns that unknown hands have sent him a keg of oysters—known to be his favourite food. 'I see I have some friend still left,' he says, on taking in this keg. But his illusions are short-lived. Next night the King retires from London, never to come back, and Jeffreys breaks the keg, to find in it a coil of rope, prepared with knot and noose!

At forty years of age, a prisoner in the Bloody tower, this man can look back on a course as strange as any of his race has ever run. Ten years ago he was an Old Bailey brawler—a Finsbury pettifogger—speaking with a loud and brazen voice on five-shilling briefs, and glad to get them. He appeared condemned by faults of nature and of education to live obscure and die unknown; but he was ready to sell his soul for place and pelf, and lived in times when souls like his were worth their price. He rose, through treachery and murder, to the highest seat a man can ever reach by law. For his betrayal of the city he received his price; for his sentence on Sydney he received his price; for his action in the Bloody Assizes he received his price. From nothing he became Recorder, Lord Chief Justice, Lord High

Chancellor, Baron Jeffreys of Wem, in the county of Salop, President of the Court of High Commission, Lord Lieutenant of two English shires, a fugitive from justice, and a prisoner in the Tower. He sold his soul for pelf and place, and now his Evil One has come to claim the bond.

Yet men outside the Tower are busy with events; and days, weeks, months, crawl slowly past; but Jeffreys lies untried. Pains rack his body; stone and gravel fret him; he can neither eat nor sleep. One solace only he is sure of—brandy!—which he drinks more recklessly than ever, though it fires his blood and burns into his brain. But brandy, which was once his comfort, has become his need. He cannot live without it, and it saps his vital powers. The guard is strictly kept; yet kegs of brandy get into his room; and visitors whose presence may inflame his passions, come with a suspicious freedom to the Bloody tower.

One such visitor is John Tutchin, a poor poet, whom he tried at Dorchester for speaking foolish words, and sentenced to be kept in prison for seven years, and to be whipped in every market-town in Dorset once a-year; a sentence which implied a public scourging every fourteen

days! The savage sentence was not carried out; for Tutchin sickened, and the Unjust Judge, afraid lest he should lose his harvest, sold his family a pardon for a sum which all but beggared them. This bitter enemy of his merciless judge breaks on him much as Prynne had come upon the sleep of Laud. The prisoner is abashed for once. 'How are you, sir?' he mutters to the poet; 'I am glad to see you.'

Full of rage and scorn, the poet answers, 'I am glad to see your lordship in this place.'

'I served my master; I was bound in conscience to do so,' whines the abject prisoner.

'Conscience!' cries his victim; 'where was your conscience when you passed that sentence on me in Dorchester?' The reptile crawls and fawns. 'It was set down in my instructions that I was to show no mercy to men like you—men of parts and courage. When I came back to court I was reprimanded for my leniency.' Tutchin retires in pity from the Bloody tower.

Dean Sharp and Prebendary Scott come down to see him and to pray with him. He will not pray. Given up to every lust, he cannot see what hideous stains he leaves on English life. 'I have no trouble on my conscience,' he declares, 'except

the death of Lady Lisle. I was too merciful to her.'

When they reprove him for his lust of blood and lust of drink, he peevishly replies, 'They call me cruel when I served my master, and they call me drunken when I take some punch to soothe my pain.'

The fiery demon does its work. In three months, Jeffreys, who was fat and full of strength when brought into the Tower, is like a ghost. The Bloody tower is damp and cold. A wintry fog lies heavily on the Thames, when, racked with pain, he flies to the keg of brandy for relief. He dares not eat. His strength is gone. No food will pass his stomach; only sack—hot sack—and brandy will go down. No skill can save him for a public death. One day he craves a little fish—a salmon, once his favourite food; but nature will not answer to his call. He droops and faints; his mind gives way; he gulps more liquor; and his flesh being well-nigh wasted from his bones, he drinks more brandy, shivers in his bed, and dies.

A hole is dug near Monmouth's grave, and stealthily, on a Sunday night, in fear lest angry crowds should stop the burial by a sudden inroad,

some of his keepers push him in. But four years later, by an order from the King, his ashes are removed to Aldermary Church; and so the noble dust of Anna Boleyn, Thomas Cromwell, Philip Howard, and John Eliot, is not polluted by the presence of the Unjust Judge.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SCOTTISH LORDS.

THE first of those great risings of the Scottish clans in favour of the uncrowned Stuarts, which enriched our book of ballads with so many passionate songs,—the passion high and lovely, even when the politics were base and foolish,—brought a list of prisoners to the Tower.

The Prince who wore the white cockade, and called himself—in France, Chevalier de St. George, in Scotland, James the Eighth, was careful to abscond the moment there was danger in the field. This Knight of St. George was loutish, silent, fond of drink. When some of his Highland partisans proposed to place him in the centre of their ranks, to fight for him so long as they could wield a blade, and die for him, and with him, to the last man, this Prince of the white feather shrank from his brave companions, sent a rider to Montrose to hire a ship, and stealing from

his camp at night, attended by the Earl of Mar, removed himself and his cockade to France.

Among the prisoners brought into the Tower in consequence of this rising, were the English Earl of Derwentwater, the Scottish Earls of Wintoun, Nithisdale, and Carnwath, the Scottish Viscount Kenmure, and the Scottish Barons Widdrington and Nairn. They were received into the Lieutenant's house, in which they dined in common, though each prisoner had his private room. Wintoun was separated from the rest.

General Compton was Lieutenant of the Tower; but, since the flight of James the Second, this great officer of State was not expected to reside in Government house. The post was given to some old soldier, like a regiment of Guards, as his reward for service; and the duties fell upon either a Deputy-Governor or a Major of the Tower. Colonel D'Oyly was the Deputy, and he had charge of these seven rebel lords.

In our political annals there is not a passage more dishonouring to the Crown and public justice than the trial of these Jacobite lords. They rose against the King; they took their chances in a desperate game; they lost the throw on which they staked; and it was fair that they

should answer with their lives. But Government was bound in justice to proceed by proof; to try them for their actual crime, and not for their imputed creed; to deal with them in open court, and by the usual forms of law; to lay no traps to catch confessions which might help the Crown; to give them time to call in witnesses; and, more than all, to make no promise, either open or implied, affecting the defence, unless they meant to keep it. But from a Chancellor like Cowper —high in temper, fierce in zeal, unscrupulous in means—the Catholic rebels had no mercy to expect; but they were not allowed a public trial, even under such a Chancellor, in a proper court. Instead of being tried they were impeached. Instead of answering to their peers, according to the rules of law, they were compelled to plead before a court of knights and burgesses, according to the revolutionary code. But Catholic lords were then beyond the pale. A club of Whigs, who called themselves the Roebuck Society, started from the Roebuck tavern in Cheapside, with figures of the Pope, the Pretender, and some of the Scottish leaders, which they burnt at Charing Cross, amidst a frantic mob, with officers of the Household troops

and gentlemen of quality looking on from Youngman's Coffee-house, and other taverns, drinking healths to all good Protestants, and damnation to all monks and priests. As members of the House of Commons, these good Protestants took upon themselves the task of judging and condemning the imprisoned lords. They sentenced them unseen, unheard. No evidence of their guilt was laid before the House; no proof of their identity was given; mere rumours of the events at Preston were accepted as sufficient proof. The terms on which the lords surrendered were ignored; and these proceedings of the House of Commons were conducted with such haste as made the absence of all legal forms more galling and injurious to the lords. But Walpole, sure of his majorities, was anxious to inflict a punishment that should scare and cow the Highland clans.

On Monday, January ninth, Lechmere, a sturdy Whig, proposed that Derwentwater, Wintoun, Nithisdale, Carnwath, Widdrington, Kenmure, and Nairn, should be impeached, instead of being tried in the usual way of such offenders. Walpole's pack hurrah-ed and voted; in an hour they were impeached by name before the bar. That night the Articles of Impeachment were

agreed upon and laid before the House of Lords, and messengers despatched to the Deputy-Governor of the Tower, commanding Colonel D'Oyly to bring up his prisoners, with the axe before them, borne by the Gentleman-Jailor, to the House of Lords next day. No time was to be lost. Lord Chancellor Cowper, who was named High Steward for the nonce, received the prisoners with a scowl. The Earl of Derwentwater and the Earl of Nithisdale were marked for death; for these great Catholic Lords were men of high connexions, good abilities, and boundless wealth. Lord Derwentwater was a grandson of Charles the Second by his comic flame Moll Davis of the Duke's theatre; and from his relation to the royal house was thought to be a dangerous man. The Articles were read; and Cowper asked the prisoners, one by one, if they had anything to say; and telling them that if they had any favour to request they ought to ask it then. They begged for time; and what they asked for was a fair request. A dozen counties stretched between them and their nearest fireside; deep snow lay on the ground; the posts had ceased to run; communication with the north was stopped; their witnesses could not be reached in

less than three or four weeks. Lord Cowper told them they should have four days! It was now Sunday; they should have a copy of the Articles; they might see their counsel, under proper regulations, in the Tower; but on the Saturday Colonel D'Oyly must return with them, attended by his headsman, to the bar.

In mockery of justice, Cowper ordered that a summons should be sent to any witness whom the rebel lords might wish to speak in their defence; as also that such witness should be free to come and go, under the high protection of that House, so long as the trial lasted. D'Oyly was then requested to remove his prisoners to the Tower.

On Thursday, Wintoun wrote a petition to their Lordships, asking leave to see his counsel and for longer time. He was an ignorant man, he said, on points of law; he was restrained from use of books and the advice of friends. The peers had pity on him, and the Government allowed him, and his fellow-prisoners, seven days more, in which to answer for their lives.

On Thursday, January the nineteenth, Colonel D'Oyly and the axe-bearer brought their prisoners up once more, no nearer to the means of a defence

than they had been the previous week. Most persons who had seen them in the Tower advised that they should not deny their guilt and put the Crown to proof. The King, they had been told, was just; but he should not be vexed by a denial of his rights. A plea of Guilty would appease the royal breast. A dutiful submission would incline the royal heart to mercy. Thus, the lords, with one exception, were induced to yield; to answer with a plea of Guilty; and to trust their lives and fortunes to the Crown. Lord Cowper ordered the six lords who had pleaded guilty, who had thrown themselves upon the royal mercy, to come up for judgment at the bar on Thursday, February the ninth.

The peer who would not plead was Wintoun; an ingenious man, who had lived abroad, and was a master in many crafts. Wintoun put no trust in the boasted clemency of George the First. He felt his cause was right, and would not stain that cause. A plea of Guilty was a full confession of his crime, and he was not prepared to own that anything he had done was wrong. But more than all, he had a file concealed about his person, and his window bars, though he could work upon them only in the dead of night,

were yielding to the pressure of that file. He therefore begged their lordships to excuse him, since he was a stranger, ignorant of their method, and not ready with his answer 'yea' or 'nay.' He asked to have two advocates and two solicitors assigned to him, with leave to be attended in his cell by one George Heriot, a minister of the English Church.

The peers indulged him in his wishes, on the sole condition that the Rev. George Heriot should be shut up with him day and night, and never leave him while he lodged within the Tower. On one point only they were stiff, the point of time. On Monday he must answer to the charge.

On Saturday he begged for more delay; the House of Lords rejected his petition; and on Monday D'Oyly carried him up to Westminster, where he again declared he was not ready, and could not plead. The peers were firm; and then he handed in a parchment scroll, on which his plea, Not Guilty, was engrossed. Friday, the sixteenth, was appointed for his trial at the bar; appointed and rescinded, and a fresh appointment made; but Wintoun, who was busy with his pen all day, and with his file all night, invented such excuses for delay, that Derwentwater

and Kenmure were executed long before the day was fixed.

In pleading guilty to the charge, the six complaisant lords imagined they had bought their lives by what they could not help regarding as an act of shame. Few persons, save the ministers, thought they would be put to death; the House of Lords petitioned in their favour; and the court was thronged with ladies of the highest rank, who waylaid George, and begged him not to shed their penitent blood. The King replied to the House of Lords that he should act according to his judgment of what was best for the dignity of his crown and welfare of his people. In the House of Commons there was less compassion; but some knights and burgesses, content with having vindicated what they called the great Whig principle of impeachment, were inclined to mercy. Walpole and his Chancellor were firm. They must inflict the penalty of death. They must adorn the City gates with heads. If such rank traitors were to live, they would not answer for the public peace and safety of the Crown.

'I am moved to indignation,' Walpole said, 'to see that there are members of this great body

so unworthy, as without a blush to open their mouths for rebels and parricides.' But Walpole could not turn the current of opinion. In the House of Commons he escaped by a majority of seven; but in the House of Lords, where Cowper strenuously opposed the motion for reprieve, his government was defeated by a majority of five.

'We must give up one half,' Sir Robert said; and then the question rose of which must die. Their guilt was equal, their submission equal, as regarded George; but Derwentwater, Nithisdale, and Kenmure, were thought to be stricter Catholics than Carnwath, Widdrington, and Nairn; and those three noblemen were told that they must die. On Thursday, February twenty-third, Lord Cowper signed the warrants for their execution on the following day.

Next morning Colonel D'Oyly, having got his orders, waited on his prisoners in their rooms. To Carnwath, Widdrington, and Nairn, he brought the news of their reprieve. Kenmure and Derwentwater heard that they must die. When D'Oyly came to Nithisdale's room he found it empty. Nithisdale was gone!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE COUNTESS OF NITHISDALE.

YES, thanks to his devoted Countess, Nithisdale was gone. The previous night he walked through lines of guards and keepers, crossed the Green, and passed the outer gates unseen; the place, the means, the agents of escape being all the work of his contriving wife.

Lady Winifred Herbert, daughter of William, third Marquis of Powis, was a pale and delicate girl, with light-blue eyes and auburn curls when she was courted by the brave Scotch Earl; but she got hardened in the fire of life; and at the age of twenty-six, when Nithisdale was taken prisoner, she was equal to any strain. Her race was ancient, Catholic, and loyal. One of her sisters, Lady Lucy Herbert, was a nun; the abbess of a nunnery in Bruges. So far as women may, she entered into every plot in favour of the exiled prince, who was to her not only a de-

scendant of our ancient kings, but an obedient pupil of her spiritual chiefs. Her loyalty was strong, and her religion made it doubly strong.

The Countess was at Tarregles, her husband's country seat on the river Nith, with her young children, when the news came flying over Solway Frith that the invading army of the Scots was overthrown at Preston, that the Earl of Nithisdale was taken prisoner, that the English general was a man of stone, and that Nithisdale and the captured lords were being escorted to the Tower. She lost no time in tears. A Roman Catholic, she said, who lived in the border country, and was recognised by a powerful party as their chief—a man whose family had been famous for devotion to the Stuarts—who was the sole support of Catholics in those parts against the Whigs—would have no justice from his neighbours, and no mercy from his prince. The Whigs, a noisy party in Dumfries, would clamour for his blood the instant they should hear that he was in their power. The Maxwells were a loyal race. Old Nithisdale, her husband's grandsire, was detested by the populace for his obstinacy in defending his castle of Carlaverock against them. What could she expect from his vin-

dictive and victorious foes? A traitor's death. But Lady Nithisdale, who could not see that fighting for her natural prince and holy Church was treason, though the men in power would say so, fired into quick and stern resolve that he should yet be saved. But how? The time was short; she had few friends in London; and a journey to the South was long and hard. For snow lay deep in every field, the roads were blocked with drift and ice, and many of the public posts were stopped. Yet, if the Earl were to be saved, she ought to start at once.

Long used to seeking strength above, she knelt and prayed for guidance in her stress of mind. She knew that in His hands are all the threads of life and death. She prayed that God would interpose, not by His general mercy to His suffering saints, but by a special and particular act of grace *to her*. She rose refreshed in faith, and feeling that her prayer was answered. 'I confided in the Almighty God,' she wrote to her sister, the Lady Abbess, 'and trusted Him, that He would not abandon me, even when all human succour failed me.'

Assured of the Divine assistance, she collected from her trunks and cabinets all the papers of

importance; burnt all those which were on State affairs, and put aside all deeds and grants affecting house and land. Alone, unseen, she stepped into the garden, sought a fitting corner, dug with her own hands a hole, put in the deeds and grants, pushed back the earth, and saw the traces of her footsteps covered by the falling snow. She then slipped back into the house, and called her maid; a stout Welsh girl, named Evans, who had served her from her teens, and loved her with the blind fidelity of a dog. To this girl she told her tale, and bade her pack her things, and ask the groom to get three horses saddled—for they must away that night. The girl obeyed, for though she was not used to riding, she was in no worse a plight than her young mistress, who was thought too tender for such exercise. Afraid to take the nearest line, through Lancaster and Lichfield, as the county palatine was much disturbed, they crossed the border-lands to Newcastle, where they took the coach for York. At York the driver paused. The snow was three feet deep, his wheels stuck fast, and neither whip nor cry could make his horses move. No post from London had arrived, no post was going out that night; in fact, the roads were stopped. But

Lady Nithisdale could not rest in York. Her husband's voice was in her ear, her husband's figure in her eye. She knew he was alone, and in the Tower. How could she wait and wait? By offers of high pay she got a man to lend his horses, and, attended by her maid and groom, she pushed into Yorkshire wolds, and through the Midland fens; a ride of many days through fields of snow and ice, in which her horse was sometimes struggling to the girth in snow, and sometimes all but buried in the drift.

On reaching town, where two or three Scottish ladies of the highest rank—the Duchess of Buccleugh, the Duchess of Montrose—received and pitied her, she learned that Nithisdale was in the Tower, in Colonel D'Oyly's house, and dying to behold her face. She heard there was no hope. Some others might be spared in answer to the public cry for mercy, but the Earl was not to share that act of grace. The Duchesses would not explain why Nithisdale must be struck, while Carnwath, Widdrington, and Nairn, were left; but Lady Nithisdale detected what they tried to hide. It was his Church; she felt assured it was his Church. Inspired with yet more daring courage, she contrived a plan for his escape. She told her

maid, in strictest secresy, what she meant to try, and Evans, though she saw the thing was full of peril, entered into all her schemes.

The first point was to gain admission to the Tower; to see the Earl; to learn how he was lodged, and who his keepers were. Walpole would not let her see the Earl, unless, like Heriot in Lord Wintoun's chamber, she was willing to remain locked up with him till his confinement closed. This hard condition she refused; for if the keys were turned upon her, though she might inflame his zeal, she could do nothing to preserve his life. She tried the keepers, and her good red gold, assisted by her comely face, soon made an interest for her with those warders and their wives.

When she had won her way, she found the Earl, her husband, in a small apartment leading from the Council chamber in the Lieutenant's house. Her heart might well have fainted as she looked around. His window gave on Water Lane, the ramparts, and the Wharf. The aperture was high and barred. A sentry paced the wall in front. The Bye-ward tower stood near; the height was sixty feet. No chance, then, of escape by dropping into Water Lane! Her only way

was through the door, the Council chamber, and the passages and stairs of D'Oyly's house. But here, again, the obstacles were great. A warder, with his halberd, kept the door; two sentries paced the floor with loaded guns and bayonets fixed; a squad of keepers held the passages and stairs; two other sentries held the outer door.

A fort, however, is no stronger than its weakest side, and Lady Nithisdale was quick to see and seize the weakest part of D'Oyly's fort.

His house, a prison in a prison, was so strong, that no one dreamt of an escape; and D'Oyly's servants paid but scant attention to the prison rules. The keepers' wives and children came and went about the place at will. A mob of them were standing in the Council chamber when she passed. Here lay a hint, which she imparted to her maid, and afterwards to her lord. She meant to dress him up in cap and skirt, to paint his face, to wreathe his brow with curls, and pass him, as a woman, through the sentries, with their loaded guns and bayonets fixed! The Earl could only smile. Where could he find the female skirt and cap, if he were willing to adopt so flimsy a disguise? A strapping fellow, with a soldier's walk and bearing, how could he expect to pass

the guard in female gear? The Countess told him where and how. She had been making friends for him, not only in St. James's Square, but Drury Lane. One friend was Miss Hilton, whom she knew through Evans; a devoted girl, who would not fail them in their need; a second was a Mrs. Mills, with whom she lodged in Drury Lane. Hilton was tall and slim, while Mills was tall and stout. A riding-hood for Mills would fit the Earl, and could be worn by him at dusk without much fear. The Earl must pass for Mills. Of course, it was not easy. Mills's hair was red, the Earl's was dark; then, he must wear a wig. Her eyebrows were but faint, the Earl's were thick and black; then he must paint them out of sight. Her face was round and fair, the Earl's was long and dark, with manly beard; then he must rouge his skin and shave his chin. She pulled a head-dress from beneath her gown, with sandy locks of hair; a box of chalky paste to smear his flesh; a pot of rouge to touch his cheeks; a razor to remove his manly beard.

Lord Nithisdale would not listen to such stuff. A soldier, how could he put on such gear? With sword in hand, he might not scruple to attack the

guards; but how could he confront them in a gown and wig? She coaxed him to be good, and let her have her way for once. He would not promise; but he let her leave in his room the head-dress and the pots of paste and paint.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ESCAPED.

THE Earl had not yet given up hope. He thought the King must melt, if only a petition could be placed in his royal hands. The Countess knew that they were wasting time; but then she could not cross and worry him with her fears. If he would have the paper drawn, she undertook that it should reach the King.

But no one could be got to hand it in; his Majesty having given strict orders that no paper, no petition from Lord Nithisdale, should be received. She drove from house to house, but no one dared to disobey the King. Her Duchesses were kind, and yet they could not give her hope. The King was bitter in his heart against her husband, on account of his religion. George the First could see no reason why in a country where a Catholic Prince was not allowed to reign, a Catholic Earl should be allowed to live. Then Lady Nithisdale resolved to see the King herself.

Arraying herself in black, as if in mourning, she desired Miss Hilton, who knew the King by sight, to go with her to court and see the drawing-room. A second lady joined them, and they got into a public room, between the King's apartment and the drawing-room proper, where they waited for his Majesty to come. A door flew open, and the King appeared. 'I am the wretched Countess of Nithisdale,' cried the prostrate woman at his feet—in French. His Majesty recoiled, and would have moved away, rejecting the petition in her hand; but she was armed with her immortal love, and would not let herself be flung aside. She caught him by the skirt, and held him fast, while in her eloquent French she poured her misery at his feet. He tried to push her back; he strove to loose her grip; but she was strong as death, and would not let him shake her off. The King, now frantic in his anger, dragged her along the floor, from the middle room to the drawing-room door, where some of his officers seized her by the waist, unclasped her fingers, and released the King; while she, exhausted by her efforts, fell back fainting to the ground.

Nithisdale hoped that good might come to him from the House of Lords, in which Lord Pem-

broke, who was of his name and kindred, was to speak in favour of the prisoner. Again, the Countess drove from house to house. The Duke of St. Albans promised to present a petition, but he failed to keep his word. She got the Duke of Montrose to take his place. She went to the Lords' lobby, with a bevy of her noble friends, and prayed the peers, as they went in, to spare her lord. Lord Pembroke, though he begged that Lady Nithisdale would not come to him, declared that he would serve her to his utmost strain. He nobly kept his word. But Lady Nithisdale found no comfort for herself in Pembroke's victory; for one of the peers explained, that what they pressed upon the King was nothing but the exercise of mercy towards such of the imprisoned lords as should deserve his grace. Her lord, she knew, would never beg for life; nor would she have him live, unless in honour worthy of her love.

It now became her to be quick and wary in her work. She drove at once to the Tower, and, in a gladsome vein, she told the guards and keepers that the Lords' petition in favour of the prisoners had been passed. No doubt, his Majesty would listen to that prayer, and all would soon be well. Supposing that the lords would now be pardoned

and released, the keepers offered her their best respects, which she accepted with a feigned delight, made pleasanter to them by gifts and thanks. She told her lord the bitter truth, and got his promise that he would be ready to escape next night. No time could now be spared. Next day was Friday, when the King would answer the address. On Saturday, such lords as he was not disposed to spare would suffer death.

Next morning she arranged with Evans all the details. In the dusk of evening Hilton came to her in Drury Lane, and Lady Nithisdale told her what she meant to do, and asked her help. The Countess also spoke to Mills. Both women offered to go with her and to do what they were told.

They were to try a scheme of baffling, personation, and disguise. Miss Hilton was to play the part of Mrs. Catharine, Mrs. Mills to play the part of Mrs. Betty. They would drive, with Evans and herself, at dusk of evening, to the Tower. Evans would wait near D'Oyly's door, but not so near as to excite attention from the guard. The other women should go in and see the Earl. Miss Hilton, who was slim, should wear two riding-hoods; her own and that of Mrs. Mills.

She would go in as Mrs. Catharine; drop her extra clothes, and leave as quickly as she could. Mrs. Mills, who was rotund and full, should then go in as Mrs. Betty; wearing a riding-hood to fit the Earl. Hilton was to step in light and jaunty; Mills was to mope in drowned in tears, and with a kerchief at her face. Hilton was to slip away unnamed; but Mills, having shrunk in size and changed her dress for that in which Hilton entered, was to leave as Mrs. Catharine. Everything would turn on Lady Nithisdale being able to confuse the guards and sentries as to who had passed, both in and out.

A coach was standing at the door; the three got in and drove away; her ladyship talking loud and fast, lest either of them should have time to think. On coming to the Tower, and entering Colonel D'Oyly's house, they found some girls and women in the Council chamber, who had come to see her pass; for many of the keepers' wives and daughters feared, in spite of the report of pardon, that their charming lady would not see the Earl alive next night. The presence of these women filled the room with noise, and helped to turn the sentries from their careful watch. Lady Nith-

isdale took in Hilton first, presenting her as Mrs. Catharine. Miss Hilton shed the extra-clothing to be worn by Mrs. Mills; and then retired, accompanied to the staircase by her ladyship, who said to her aloud, at parting, 'Send my maid to me; I must be dressed at once, or I shall be too late with my petition.' Mrs. Mills came up the stairs; a tall, stout woman, great with child; who held her kerchief to her eyes, and seemed to be half dead with grief. The Countess called her Mrs. Betty. In Lord Nithisdale's room she changed her clothes, and stayed some time; and then went out with a lighter step, and head held up, attended by the Countess, who was saying to her, 'Go, my dear Mrs. Catharine; go in all haste, and send my maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night. I shall be on thorns till she comes!' The women sobbed with her, and one of the sentries, chatting with these women, opened the door for Mills to leave.

Now came the moment of her life: the moment of two lives in one. Unless the guards and keepers in the outer room were much confused about the persons who had come and gone; about the slim lady and the stout lady, the pert lady

and the weeping lady, the lady who had come in as Mrs. Betty and and gone out as Mrs. Catharine ; all her labour would be lost. How far they had been puzzled could be only learned on trial. It was nearly dark, and keepers might come in with lights. A candle would unveil them ; they must act at once. The Countess, therefore, shook down all her petticoats save one, and tied them round her lord. Too dark to shave, he thrust his chin into a muffler ; and his cheeks being painted red, his ringlets twisted round his brow, his petticoats and hood put on, she raised the latch and led him by the hand, as she had done the women, but with deeper misery of voice exclaiming, 'For the love of God, my dear Mrs. Betty, run, and bring her with you. You know my lodgings, and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present. I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The sentries let them pass, and one of these sentries ran and opened the chamber-door. The Countess slipped behind her husband in the passage, so that no one looking after them could see his manly stride. 'Make haste, make haste, and bring my maid !' she went on crying in a piteous tone, until they passed the outer door and sentries. Evans, who was waiting for the

Earl, now took him by the sleeve, and led him to a house near Drury Lane.

The Countess, fearing to be absent for a moment, lest some keeper, entering the room, should find her husband gone, and raise a cry before he passed the outer gates, returned in feigned distress, and passing to her husband's chamber, shut the door, and strode about the room, and made a noise, and spoke to him, and answered for him in a manly voice. When she thought he must be clear, she raised the latch, and standing in the door-way, so that all could hear, she bade her husband an affectionate good-night; saying that something more than usual must have happened to Evans; that she saw no remedy but to go herself; that if the Tower were open, she would come again that night, when she had done; that anyhow she would be with him early in the morning, when she hoped to bring good news. While she was speaking to the empty room, she drew the latch-string through the hole, and pulled the door to with a snap. 'Do not disturb my lord,' she said, in passing, to his servant. 'Let the candles wait until he calls for them. My lord is at his prayers.'

The guards saluted her with sympathy; and taking coach, she drove to see the Duchess of

Montrose, who heard her tale, and thought her miseries had driven her mad. The Duchess went to court next day, to hear what people said of Nithisdale's escape. At first the King was angry; but he soon began to laugh; and when the comedy of the situation broke upon him, he exclaimed, 'For a man in my lord's situation, it was the very best thing he could have done.'

In the dress of a servant to the Venetian agent, Nithisdale left the country, and the Catholic heroine took up her abode in Rome.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAUSE OF THE PRETENDER.

THE morning after Nithisdale's escape from Colonel D'Oyly's house, the Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure were carried from their prison to the hill outside the gates, and put to death. Derwentwater, as a grandson of King Charles, had many friends at court, and Lady Derwentwater moved them all to save her lord; but Derwentwater was a Papist, and the King, who might have pardoned him his royal blood, could not forget his creed. 'I die a Roman Catholic,' said this grandson of Moll Davis and King Charles, a moment ere his neck was chopped. 'I am in perfect charity with all the world. I thank God for it! I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth by the Father of infinite mercy, into whose hands I commend my soul.' Kenmure had felt so sure of being pardoned, he had not provided the usual suit of black to die in, and he came upon the scaffold in his

gay attire. He would not make a speech; for he had nothing more to say. His rising was a lawful act, his plea of guilty a mistake. 'God bless King James!' he cried, and then his head was in the crimson cloth.

The pardoned rebels—Carnwath, Widdrington, and Nairn—were suffered to depart.

Lord Wintoun, left alone in D'Oyly's charge, was watched more closely after Nithisdale's escape. Lord Cowper could not make him out; he sometimes thought the Earl was mad; but Wintoun, by his importunities, put off his trial day by day. Kenmure and Derwentwater had been dead for weeks before Lord Wintoun was condemned. By this time he was ready to escape. His file had cut the window bars; he got into the open ward; he passed the sentries unobserved. The Government were perhaps not sorry that he got away. The thirst for blood was wholly slaked, and Walpole saw that nothing could be gained by further waste of life. D'Oyly was not punished by the loss of his important post.

Francis Atterbury, known as one of that pleasant band of humorists who shed such glory on the reign of Anne, was in his own time less considered as a writer than a party man. And

justly so; for writing was to him a means and not an end. His pen was like a sword, a weapon of attack and of defence. Of art as art, the Bishop never dreamt; nor is there in his vast array of books one hint that he had any sense of that delight in noble effort nobly made which is the writer's gift and sign. He wished to wound, to worry, and to scare opponents, and he wrote as well as spoke, because he found that caustic steeped in ink burns deeper into human flesh than any caustic ever dropped from tongue. The party which he served was Tory and High Church. That party made him Bishop of Rochester. His patron was a Tory peer; his torch was lighted at the tomb of Laud. Not many of his friends believed that he was honestly attached to the English Church; and nearly all his party foes pretended that he was already reconciled to Rome.

While the Chevalier de St. George was still in Perth, the bench of English Bishops made a declaration against him. Atterbury would not sign that document. When Nithisdale and Wintoun stole away from the Tower, he openly rejoiced in their escape. Not only was he active for the Exiles in the House of Lords, but entered into several plots for their recovery of the crown by

force. The Government, too well aware of his designs, arrested him in August 1722, and in the midst of warm debates in coffee-house and tavern, where his wit had made him friends, they sent him under escort to the Tower. D'Oyly, who was still the deputy, received him. Four weeks later, one of his tools, a barrister named Christopher Layer, was taken; ran away from the King's messenger; dropped through a window two stories high; took boat, and crossed to the Surrey side. Retaken by the hue-and-cry, and carried to the Tower for safety, he was ordered to be chained and weighted; but D'Oyly had no fetters in the Tower; such things had never been in use, and D'Oyly had to send for them to Newgate. Nine days later, Charles, Earl of Orrery, and William, Lord North and Grey, were also brought into the Tower. When opening Parliament in October, George informed the country that a dangerous conspiracy had been formed in favour of a Popish Prince, that some of the conspirators were in the Tower, and that others were still at large. Within a fortnight, George Kelly, *alias* Johnson, was arrested; and the next day Thomas, fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, was committed to the Tower.

In November, Layer was condemned to die; and he was hung at Tyburn, and his head exposed on Temple Bar.

On Thursday, April 4, 1723, while Atterbury was at dinner in his chamber, Colonel Williamson, who had now succeeded D'Oyly in his post of Deputy, came in with Serjeant, the Gentleman-Jailor, and two warders, took the prelate's servants into custody, and put them in a lower room apart. Williamson told the Bishop he must search him. 'Let me see your warrant, sir,' said Atterbury. 'I have full authority,' replied the Colonel, 'as I hope to be saved.' 'You shall not search me till you have shown the warrant.' 'My order is a verbal order,' answered Williamson. 'From whom?' The Colonel would not say from whom, but called the keepers, seized his prisoner, turned his pockets inside out, and took away his papers and his seals. Atterbury begged the Lords to interfere; but Government was too strong in the Upper House for anything to be gained by such a prayer. Proceedings were commenced against the Bishop, who denied that he was secretly a Catholic, and appealed in proof to one of his early books. But Parliament deprived him of his see, declared him incapacitated for either

civil or ecclesiastical employments, and condemned him to perpetual exile. Atterbury went to France; became the soul of the Pretender's cause; was badly used by the Popish prince; and died of something like a broken heart. The only echo of a trial that once shook these kingdoms is the parody by Swift.

Loud rose the cry, 'No Popery!' when news arrived in London that Charles Edward was in Borodale; and when the 'golden-haired laddie' was at Derby, it became a roar. A royal proclamation called upon all justices of the peace to hunt for Jesuits and Popish priests, and offered a hundred pounds reward for every one brought in. The hue-and-cry ran quickly through the land. Sharp eyes were set to watch the foreign embassies, and the Venetian embassy most of all, for every one now knew that Nithisdale had gone abroad in the Venetian agent's livery. One of this agent's footmen was arrested. When the fight was over, and the Lancashire Catholics were spiked on Temple Bar, three Scottish lords were brought into the Tower as traitors: George, Earl of Cromartie; William, Earl of Kilmarnock; Arthur, Lord Balmerino; all of whom were lodged in the Lieutenant's house. Williamson still held

the post of Deputy, but he was now a General, with a wife and daughter by his side. The Earls had chambers on the upper tier, with windows giving on the Thames. Lord Balmerino had a room on the lower tier. Cromartie pleaded guilty, and his life was spared. Kilmarnock also pleaded guilty, but the King could not forgive them all, and he was chosen for the axe. One Foster, a Dissenting pastor, waited on him, and composed his spirits. He was penitent, yet hopeful to the last. When General Williamson came up into his room to say the Sheriff had arrived, he rose to greet him, saying, 'I am ready, General.' On the first-floor landing he met his countryman, Lord Balmerino, who was going to die with him, and held his hand out quietly.

'I am heartily sorry,' said Balmerino, pressing it, 'to have your company in this expedition.'

Three months after they were gone, a more romantic personage came into the Tower, in that Charles Radcliffe, younger brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, who was now the titular Earl. Charles had been taken prisoner with his elder brother, brought to London, lodged in Newgate, tried by a special commission, and condemned to die. But he had broken prison, fled to France

and Italy, and as a grandson of King Charles (and Moll) was deep in every plot for the recovery of his crown. In France the titular Earl of Derwentwater met his future wife, the Lady Newborough, by whom he had a son. When the Pretender sailed for Scotland, Charles was at his side; and hung about the country after Culloden, unable to escape; until he fell into the hands of justice. With him was a handsome boy, who was supposed to be Charles Edward's son, and was committed by the Council to the Tower.

Short shrift was given to this convicted rebel. Thirty years ago he had been tried and sentenced; all the Government needed was the proof of his identity, and then they could proceed to lop him off at once. A week sufficed, and then this grandson of Moll Davis and King Charles was cleft in twain.

Simon, Lord Lovat, followed Charles Radcliffe, titular Earl of Derwentwater, into the Lieutenant's house, and from it to the block. This fat and quaint old fellow, known to every one by Hogarth's famous print, had, in his course of eighty years, seen many changes; and his life had been itself a constant change. He had been a Protestant; he had been a Papist; he had been a prisoner in the

Bastile ; he had been a soldier of fortune ; he had been a pupil of the Jesuits ; he had been a confessor among the Jansenists ; he had been a patriot ; he had been a rebel. One idea had been fixed in his jocular and flighty brain. He was a Highland chief ; and he would never pardon man or woman who presumed to say that any law should come between a Highland chieftain and his faithful clan. He made a gallant fight for life, though he despised it more than most men ; smoked his pipe, and cracked his joke, and sang his song, and flouted cowards, till the axe fell on his neck. 'I die,' he wrote in his last moments, 'a true but unworthy member of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.'

The three Scotch lords were buried in St. Peter's, in a single grave. A stone, with three rude circles carved upon it, marks the spot.

CHAPTER XXV.

REFORMERS AND REFORM.

THE crash of church and throne in France—the onset of a neighbouring race on feudal things and feudal notions—gave a new direction to the force of discontent, and brought new classes of offenders to the Tower. High treason had to be defined afresh to meet these cases; for it is not obvious at a glance that clamouring for the rights of man is levying war upon the king. The term 'constructive treason' was of old invented by a wily lawyer, and admitted by a servile bench; and this offence was charged against persons who could not have been attainted in the usual way. One notable and early victim of constructive treason was the famous John Horne Tooke.

The cry of 'No Popery' gave place to 'Civil and Religious Liberty,' and the ideal freedom of 'The Good Old Cause' to practical, every-day 'Rights of Man.' Societies, which roused the

splendid ire of Burke, proclaimed the natural equality of men, the claim of all to full and perfect freedom, with the right to change their governors and their institutions when they pleased. 'No Church and King' succeeded to the cry of 'Church and King.' One great association was the Corresponding Society; a second was the Society for Constitutional Information. These societies were democratic, if not revolutionary, and they sprang up in the wake of French events. Paine was a member and a hero of these bodies; and his 'Rights of Man' was read and praised by them with an applause not given to the great idealists, from Harrington back to More.

These ardent clubs, though counted by the hundred, were not dangerous to the public peace, until the government of Pitt extended them by two great blunders; first, by the issuing of a proclamation against seditious meetings, where 'The Rights of Man' were read aloud; and, secondly, by arresting many of the leading members and committing them to the Tower.

Before this proclamation Paine was hardly known beyond the republican clubs, and in these clubs he was beginning to be suspected as a trimmer, if not a traitor. In the French Con-

vention he had voted for sparing the life of Louis Capet, commonly called Louis the Sixteenth. He had been expelled from the Assembly as a foreigner. He had been arrested by Robespierre, and was then a prisoner in the Luxembourg. But Pitt's denunciation of 'The Rights of Man' revived the public curiosity in a weak and windy book, excited interest in the author, and prepared an audience for the 'Age of Reason,' which Bishop Watson's lame 'Apology for the Bible' only helped to swell.

On the 12th of May, 1794, Dundas, the unpopular Secretary of State (ennobled by the King as Baron Melville, and degraded by the House of Commons as 'Embezzler of Public Moneys'), brought down a message from the King, asserting that seditious practices were carried on in certain clubs in London; that the books and papers of these clubs were seized; that in these books and papers there was evidence of a plot to overturn the Constitution, to convene a National Assembly, and to introduce the anarchy which was devouring France. He laid these documents on the table, asking Parliament to note them, and adopt such measures of defence as they saw good. Next day, the House being well prepared, Pitt

moved for a secret committee of twenty-one members, chosen by the ballot, to inspect these papers; and in three days more he brought up his report. The two seditious bodies were the London Corresponding Society and the Society for Constitutional Information, which were said to have branch societies in many towns, in free communication with the democratic leaders in New York and Paris. They had sent, said Pitt, their delegates to the Convention; they had fraternised with the Jacobin clubs; and in the war then raging they had taken part with France. They hoped, he said, to overthrow the Government, to call an English Convention, to dethrone the King, and wrest from Parliament the functions which they held from the people and the constitution. To repress these bodies he asked leave to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and introduce a bill which should give his Majesty power 'to secure and detain such persons as he might suspect' of conspiring against his person and government. It was a French, and not an English bill; a bill to punish men for being suspected of bad intentions. Only the worst of ministers under Charles and James had ever dreamt of such a bill; yet in eleven days this monstrous

bill had passed the Houses, and was English law.

A small, but noble band of patriots raised their voices in denunciation of these measures; none more loud and eloquent than Lord Stanhope, who recorded his solemn protests in the House of Peers against the introduction of foreign soldiers into England, and against the bill suspending the Habeas Corpus Act.

Secure in his majority of votes, Pitt would not wait until his bill was law. A day was hardly passed since he announced his measure in the House of Commons ere he swooped upon the secretaries of the two societies, Thomas Hardy, a shoemaker, and Daniel Adams, recently a clerk in the Audit Office. They were much amazed to find themselves charged with being the officers of two secret and seditious bodies. How could those societies be secret when they lived in public, printed their proceedings, and appealed to their associates through the press? The matters pressed against them were in print.

While Stanhope was protesting in the House of Lords, and Bedford, Albemarle, Lauderdale, and Derby, were supporting him with powerful arguments, Pitt made a second and more important

seizure in the person of Lord Stanhope's private secretary, the Rev. Jeremiah Joyce. Next day he sent his messengers to arrest Thelwall, Bonney, Richter, and Lovatt, members of Reform Societies, in which they were supposed to read Tom Paine and prate about the Rights of Man. His net was not yet full; and on the 16th, while his bill was passing through the House, he took into custody a more important clergyman than Parson Joyce—the Rev. John Horne Tooke; a great offender in his day, according to the creed of Pitt and George the Third, and notable in these later times as a delightful critic and amusing wit.

Joyce, Tooke, Thelwall, Bonney, Richter, and Lovatt—persons of higher rank than Hardy the shoemaker and Adams the clerk—were brought before the Privy Council on a charge of treason. Pitt was doubtful of the law; but Loughborough, then Lord Chancellor, and Attorney-General Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon), told him they could prove the prisoners guilty of 'constructive treason;' and the judges who were present at the sitting as Privy Councillors, having stated that the Chancellor and Attorney-General were correct in their interpretation of the law, these six Reformers were committed to the Tower.

Poor old General Vernon was Lieutenant of the Tower; a soldier who had slept in safety at his post for one-and-thirty years; in which time only four commitments had been made,—John Wilkes in 1763, Henry Laurens and Lord George Gordon in 1780, Francis de la Motte in 1781. His great command was fading to the shadow of a shade. This aged General lived in town, and seldom showed his uniform at the Tower. His duties were discharged by Colonel Matthew Smith, who held the rank of Major of the Tower. Head-jailor Grauz (successor to the Gentleman-porter) had the care of Joyce, whom Pitt affected to consider as the first offender. Joyce was lodged in the Gentleman-porter's house, in rooms where Lady Jane had talked with Father Fakenham, and Arthur, Earl of Essex, was supposed to have cut his throat. The Second-jailor, Kinghorn, had the care of Tooke, and lodged him in his house, next door to Joyce; in rooms once occupied by Lord Gerard, the friend of Russell and Sydney. Thelwall, who alarmed the keeper by his violence, was locked in the Strong room of the Belfry, which was commonly called (from some confusion in the popular mind with Margaret) the prison of Mary, Queen of Scots. Rich-

ter and Lovatt lay in the Keep; and the remaining prisoner, Bonney, in the Salt tower, on the eastern wall. Each prisoner had two warders in his room, two soldiers at his door, besides the jailor in whose charge he lay. The rules were strictly carried out. Full rations were allowed; but no one was to see the prisoners, saving by a warrant from the Secretary of State. A week after his bill against suspected persons had received the royal signature, Pitt committed Adams the clerk and Hardy the shoemaker to the charge of Colonel Smith: an innovation in the stately etiquette of public justice which was soon to bring commitments to the Tower into as much contempt as those to Newgate and the Fleet. Nor was his tale yet full. Another week saw Kyd and Martin added to the list of prisoners in the Tower.

In spite of Pitt, Horne Tooke, not Jeremiah Joyce, was his offender of the foremost rank. This man, who seemed to have been born for an Old Bailey counsel, had been forced against his will into the Church, of which his learning was the glory and his conduct was the shame. He scoffed at holy things, and made a desperate effort to escape from what he called the 'contagion' of a bishop's hands. In intellect he had few equals,

and no masters. Eldon feared his genius. Johnson's reputation as a scholar withered in his scorn. A friend of Wilkes, he was the only man of whom that demagogue was afraid. An adversary of Junius, he was the only foe for whom that Shadow feigned respect. He founded a society for supporting the Bill of Rights; and afterwards became a leading member of every club and coterie that opposed the Tory principles of George the Third.

Some months elapsed before the Government were ready to begin the trials. Pitt was doubtful of his policy; but Loughborough felt sure about the law; and in the midst of an excitement in the country, which alarmed all friends of order, and disposed some persons near the King to hope that Pitt would fail to get a verdict, the proceedings were commenced. The case of Hardy was taken first; since Hardy was the Secretary, and his signature was found on all the papers. Public sympathy was with him, and with those who helped him. Erskine, his counsel, was a popular hero. Every evening, when the court adjourned, he was saluted by a shout of welcome from the Old Bailey to his door; while the Attorney-General Scott was received with hoots and yells, and with occasional showers of cabbage-

stalks and rotten eggs. On Hardy being acquitted by the jury, England broke into such raptures as she had not shown since Charles and Buckingham returned from Spain ; and when that sturdy shoemaker left the Tower he was the most popular man alive.

Yet Pitt was not content with one defeat, though it was crushing in its weight. A Middlesex grand jury had found a true bill against all the prisoners in the Tower—one bill against them all ; for the offence alleged against them was the same, the evidence was the same, the prosecution was the same. The case is hardly known to our courts of law in which a second prosecution has been attempted under similar circumstances, where a first had failed. Yet Scott advised, and Pitt consented, to try again. They carried Tooke from Second-jailor Kinghorn's house, and put him in the dock, in the Old Bailey court.

Never, perhaps, has such a scene been witnessed in a court of law as now arose ; for this ripe wit and scholar, who was put on trial for his life, was more than equal to the fight ; and even Erskine, in the zenith of his power and fame, could listen with admiring ears to every word that fell from Parson Tooke.

'Guilty or not guilty?'—'Not guilty.'

'How will you be tried?' Tooke searched the court with a peculiar eye, and then said dryly, 'I would be tried by God and my country; but . . .' He said no more. The court was asked if he might have a chair beside his counsel, and Justice Eyre, who tried the cause, a thorough courtier, said he should have that indulgence. 'If I were judge,' said Tooke, 'that word Indulgence should never come from my lips. My lord, you have no indulgence to show. You are bound to be just.' He tripped the counsel up at every turn, and kept the jury in a pleasant mood. Scott never could forgive himself one trip. In speaking of the King the Attorney-General said, 'He ought to lose his life rather than govern contrary to his coronation oath.' 'What!' cried Tooke, as quick as thought, 'the Attorney-General is talking treason! Did you say the King ought to lose his life?'

Poor Scott was bothered by the nimble wit. 'It is really difficult,' he mumbled, 'to decide whether this interruption is or is not proper.' —'I ask pardon of the learned gentleman,' said Tooke, with his provoking sneer; 'I only wished to know whether, in prosecuting me for high treason, he has said intentionally something

far worse than he has proved against me.' When the jury brought him in Not Guilty, he observed with his most withering gaiety, that if he should ever be again indicted for high treason, he would plead guilty, since hanging and quartering were nothing to Sir John Scott's harangues!

Amidst increasing public mirth, John Thelwall was arraigned, defended, and acquitted, at the Old Bailey sessions. Even Loughborough and Scott were satisfied they could do no more; and the remaining prisoners in the Tower were set at large.

The King was no less mortified than Pitt by these great failures. When George met Loughborough he exclaimed, with scant civility: 'You have got us into the wrong box, my lord; you have got us into the wrong box. Constructive treason won't do, my lord; constructive treason won't do.'

It would have saved King George much trouble if he had remembered his own words in after times.

CHAPTER XXVI.

REFORM RIOTS.

'A FREE government has nothing to fear from a free press and a free people,' were the words in which a young, accomplished Baronet announced to the House of Commons the advent of another champion of popular rights. The speaker was Sir Francis Burdett, a friend, a neighbour, and a pupil of Parson Tooke ; but those who heard Sir Francis speak perceived that here was one of those dangerous men who actually believe that what they say is true. Pitt saw Burdett would go great lengths, and those who took their cue from Pitt began to watch and thwart the fearless orator, who was a close disciple of Parson Tooke.

Tooke lived at Wimbledon, where Burdett had a villa. Tooke was fond of company, on which he shed such radiance that his rooms were filled —especially on a Sunday afternoon, when he received the world—with men of every class. Lord

Thurlow came to dine with him, and Hardy came to dine with him. The parson, loving contrast, put the Chancellor on his right, the shoemaker on his left. Burdett was drawn to Tooke by love of Horace rather than of Danton; but a man of brilliant parts, who knew the world, and had the reputation of a martyr, was too sure of swaying an elastic and impressionable youth. In speaking of the forces which were likely to attach Burdett to Tooke, we must remember that on all the high political questions of that day the parson was invariably in the right, his persecutors in the wrong. He wrote against our driving the Free Colonies into war; and every one regrets that this advice was thrown away on George. He voted for a great reform in the House of Commons; and Whigs and Tories have consented to great measures of reform. He wrote in favour of Free-trade; and now his principle is the creed of every school of politics in the land.

Burdett was an epitome of English life. A man of family—he could trace his lineage to a Norman town; a scholar—he had spent his youth at Westminster and Oxford; a student—he had travelled much and seen the world; a politician—he had entered the House of Commons early; and

a landlord, born to large estates—he had chosen for himself a wealthy bride. In generous youth, he was a burning democrat; in middle age, he was a Friend of the People; and in sober age, he was the fine old English Gentleman. It is the common course. We start with Sydney, and we end with Pitt. We learn to doubt, and fancy we are learning to be wise. We change, and hope that change is growth. Sir Francis has the merit of not changing his opinion till his work was done.

In his early days, although the country was engaged in fighting France, with half of Europe at the back of France, there was no pause in the popular demand for Parliamentary Reform. It was an old cry, though it sometimes took new forms. It was 'the Good Old Cause,' and meant an increase of the popular power, but rather as against the 'ruling families' than against the Crown. It showed itself in secret clubs, seditious pamphlets, monstrous gatherings, and inflammatory harangues. It led to many riots, many trials, many executions. Manchester, denied the franchise, rose upon the land-lords and the cotton-lords. Birmingham was disturbed by popular risings. Leicester, Leeds, and Glasgow, took to

burning mills. London was astir in every part; and hundreds of public-houses, from the Crown and Anchor and the Merlin's Cave, to the Nag's Head and the Horse and Groom, were occupied by patriotic clubs. A vast association of reformers, having branches in every county, took the name of Hampden; and the progress of the Hampden Clubs was watched by Government with a just alarm.

These Hampden Clubs, of which the handsome Baronet was chairman, had adopted for their platform a most sweeping set of principles. They asked for universal suffrage; and defined this universal suffrage as the right of every lad of eighteen years to have a voice in the election of his representative. They asked for a general election once a-year. They asked for vote by ballot. They asked for equal districts, so that each man's vote should have an equal weight. They asked that people should be free to choose their members; that no property qualification should be necessary to a seat; and that the member chosen should be paid for service. These demands were made in loud and menacing tones, and Government professed to know that in the manufacturing counties—Lancaster, Leicester, Notts, and Derby—other

and yet more revolutionary projects were debated in the Hampden Clubs. These clubs were said by spies to have discarded Church and King. They wanted a republic; and they meant to get their own by threats of physical force.

A second series of political clubs, with social and agrarian features—nearer to the Jacobin Clubs in Paris than the Hampden Clubs in London—bore the name of Spence.

Spence kept a Yorkshire school, in which he loved his species in the world at large, and whipped and starved the boys on whom he lived. He was a leveller of an ancient type. To him the root of every evil in the State was private property in land. We must grub out that root, he cried; the earth belongs to God; and no man with a heart could claim to own it. Spence proposed a Plan for seizing all the land, for reaping all that grew upon it, for dividing into equal parts that bounteous growth, and giving every one his equal share. When Spence proposed this Plan for making all men happy, France was a republic, and her armies were in Holland, Egypt, Italy; and a government, which looked upon him as a Jacobin at least, was blind enough to prosecute him, and extend a knowledge of his principles far and wide.

From York the news of his arrest was brought to Manchester, to Birmingham, to London. Spence became a martyr; and societies of men who bore his name were found in many pot-houses, in many towns, to carry out his plans as those in power resisted him, by force.

Burdett soon made himself feared by the ministry, not only for his Radical speeches at the Crown and Anchor, but his vigorous opposition to their conduct in the treatment of political prisoners. Aris, governor of Coldbath Fields, the county prison, commonly called the Bastile, was the object of attack. This Aris was believed to have treated gentlemen committed to his charge with a severity which would have been extreme in the case of burglars and murderers. The Middlesex magistrates defended him, and Mr. Mainwaring, their chairman and their county member, made himself the willing mouthpiece of this praise. A new election offered the public their revenge. Burdett was asked to stand against the chairman; and in 1802 began the series of electoral contests which disturbed the town with 'Burdett Riots' for more than twenty years.

Byng polled 3848 votes, Burdett 3207 votes, Mainwaring 2936 votes. Burdett had a majority

of 271. His partisans rang the bells, and lit their houses, and smashed the windows, of their enemies. But the Government, having laboured to keep him out, was not yet beaten; and a scrutiny being demanded by the Tories, a committee, after long delays, reported the election void. Mainwaring, having lost the seat through treating, could not stand again; the party, therefore, asked his son to take his place. 'What money have you got to spend?' the youngster asked. 'Five thousand pounds,' they said. 'It will not do; I cannot stand on that.' A second call was made upon the party, and a larger sum being banked, the fun began. The poll was open for a fortnight, and riots kept the town awake for fifteen days and nights. Mainwaring was assailed with brick-bats, and his windows in Weymouth Street were broken; while the elder Mainwaring's house in Tenterden Street was only saved from pillage by the troops. Burdett's house in Piccadilly—a large stone house, with balcony along the front, and facing the Green Park—was guarded by a mob. The votings were—Burdett, 2823; Mainwaring, 2828; Conservative majority of *five*. A scrutiny being demanded, a Committee of the House reported that a true return had not been

made; Mainwaring was unseated, and Burdett replaced. But ministers, so far from sitting down to their defeat, put out their force against the followers of Burdett. Going back as far as the election in 1802, they arrested Sir William Rawlins and Mr. Cox, the sheriffs of that year, and sent these gentlemen to Newgate, on a charge of having suffered some voters to poll whose names were not upon the lists. They brought up William Jenkins, Thomas Price, and Matthew Cruce, three of the Burdett electors, on a charge of perjury; and the Court of King's Bench condemned these free and independent electors to a month's imprisonment in Newgate, and to seven years' transportation to Botany Bay! They got a new committee named; and carried on the war of scrutinies and trials, till the purse and patience of Burdett were both exhausted. Nineteen months after date, and on the eve of a new election, this committee gave the seat to Mainwaring by a majority of *one*. This contest cost Burdett a hundred thousand pounds.

In the new elections (those of 1806) Burdett supported Paull, a Radical candidate for Westminster, in opposition to Fox, whom he regarded as a mere official Whig. Fox died soon after his

return, and in the flush of public feeling on his death, the men who had abused him had to hide their heads. The freeholders forsook Burdett, and in the county he was beaten by an unknown man. The Hampden Clubs, however, stuck by him, and as the seat for Westminster was vacant by the death of Fox, they asked him on every side to stand. Some delicate regard for Paull, and some disgust with public life, withheld him for a time from yielding to this pressure, till a comic incident removed his feeling of reserve. While he was doubting, Paull announced himself as candidate, and advertised a dinner of his friends at the Crown and Anchor, with Sir Francis in the chair! Burdett, who had not heard of such a dinner till he read his own name in the papers, was amazed, and wrote to Paull (and the electors) bitterly complaining of his wrongs. Paull put a paragraph in the papers, stating that Sir Francis had consented to preside; and at the same time sent a challenge to his friend. They met at Comb Wood, near Wimbledon, at nine o'clock, with Bellenden Ker and John Cooper as their seconds; fired (with Paull's own pistols) twice; and having wounded each other in the leg, returned to town in Burdett's coach together;

each repenting of his heat, and swearing an eternal friendship. Both were badly hurt. Lampoons and ballads numberless were issued; but the Radicals of Westminster consoled the wounded Baronet by returning him to Parliament, and smashing everybody's glass who would not vote for him. A triumphal car was built, on which Britannia, wearing a cap of liberty, was placed in front; behind and over her rose a pedestal and a Gothic chair of state, on which Sir Francis sat, his lame leg resting on a purple pillow, whilst a pasteboard 'Monster of Corruption' writhed and twisted at his feet. This car was drawn by four white horses, and was followed by a train of carriages, from the Baronet's house in Piccadilly to the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, where some two thousand free and independent voters dined at his expense. Burdett received the seat 'for life,' and actually held it for thirty years.

In 1809 he roused the bitter animosity of ministers by his project of Reform, and when he wrote, in the following year, his sturdy Letter to his Constituents, on the case of Gale Jones—a delegate of the Corresponding Society, who had been lodged in Newgate by a vote of the Tory majority for a 'libel' on the House of Commons—

they resolved to crush him by a public arrest, a charge of treason, a commitment to the Tower.

Burdett's Letter, printed in 'Cobbett's Weekly Register,' asserted that the House of Commons had no power to imprison the people of England; citing Magna Charta, Coke's Institutes, the Bill of Rights, the practice of Parliament, and the common law, against that revolutionary power of holding men in jail untried. The Tory knights and squires responded but too promptly to the ministerial hints. Burdett avowed the writing of that Letter; and the House of Commons, having voted it a libel, passed an order for arresting him. The sitting lasted through the night, the House not rising until half-past seven; but ere he went to bed, the Speaker, Abbott, signed a warrant, which he placed in Colman's hands, with an instruction to proceed with care, to serve it on Burdett, and carry him quietly to the Tower.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

Roger O'Connor and Jones Burdett remained all Thursday night in the House of Commons, listening to the debate, and drove to Wimbledon the moment it was over, to acquaint Sir Francis with his fate. They found him in the garden of his villa, where his wife and girls were with him, in the midst of books and flowers. On hearing the result, he called his groom and rode to town; his two friends following in the chaise. His course was clear. The warrant was illegal. Thousands, no doubt, would help him to resist it; and the Ministers were not sure of the soldiers, even of the Household troops. But his resource was Law. He meant to try the case; and his respect for Law forbade him to resist the Crown. He had to make a protest; to renew his stout assertion that the House of Commons had no power to imprison the English people; he could,

therefore, only yield to force. If Government would arrest him, they must bear the odium of their acts.

On reaching Piccadilly, he found a note from Colman, Serjeant-at-arms, saying that he held a warrant to arrest and carry him to the Tower, and asking when he might wait on him to serve it. Colman added that he wished to show the member for Westminster all respect; he would be happy if Burdett would ride to the Tower; he would be there to meet him at the gates. Burdett replied that he would be at home next day at twelve o'clock. Before this answer reached him, Colman called in Piccadilly, showed his warrant, and was told to come next day at noon. He bowed, apologised, and withdrew.

At seven o'clock that Friday night, O'Connor went to the Tower, and held an interview with Colonel Smith, who told him that the Warden's house, next door to his own (the house which Sackville, Earl of Thanet, occupied in his imprisonment), was being prepared, and that his prisoner would be treated with the utmost courtesy and respect. At eight o'clock, the Serjeant and a messenger arrived in Piccadilly to arrest Burdett. The Speaker, Colman said, had

rated him for not arresting, and remaining with, his prisoner; and he hoped Sir Francis would at once submit. 'On more consideration,' said Burdett, 'the Speaker will not blame you; for it was not in your power to stay with me; as—let me say it without offence—I should not have permitted you in my house.'

'Then, sir, I shall be obliged to resort to force,' retorted Colman, 'as it is my duty to execute the warrant.'

'If you bring an overwhelming force,' replied Burdett, 'I must submit. But I dare not, from my allegiance to the King and my respect for his laws, yield a voluntary submission to such a warrant. It is illegal.'

Colman begged for leave to stay in the house. 'You must quit my house, sir,' said the Baronet; 'I have written a letter to the Speaker; you may take it to him; it contains my resolutions to his warrant.' Colman dared not take the letter, which was sent by young Burdett; a school-boy who was then at home. A stormy scene occurred in the House of Commons, and a still more menacing tumult filled the streets. A mob broke many windows; and an ominous snap of arms was sometimes heard at night.

Next day (Saturday) Burdett went out to breakfast with O'Connor in Maddox Street; and after breakfast rode in the Park alone; but on returning to his house, he found Lord Cochrane and a number of his friends assembled in the drawing-rooms—three rooms which open on the balcony—while a messenger was waiting for him in a room below. 'Let him come up,' said Sir Francis. 'Well, my good friend, what is your business?'

'Sir,' replied the messenger, 'I am desired to show you the order of the House of Commons, upon which the warrant is issued; to serve that warrant upon you; and to remain with you.'

'My friend, this is not a sufficient warrant. You may return and inform the Speaker that I will not obey it.'

'Sir, it is my order to remain with you; I must obey, unless I am forced to withdraw.'

'You must instantly withdraw,' returned the Baronet, and O'Connor showed the messenger downstairs. 'You must use force, sir,' said this messenger to O'Connor. 'There,' replied the Irish gentleman, 'is the door open for you—you must go.' He bowed and passed into the street. At one o'clock, a troop of the Life Guards rode up, dispersed the people, who were gathering fast, and

held the line of Piccadilly from Dover Street to Bolton Row. The crowd grew thicker, fiercer, every moment; raising cries against the minister, and hooting the police. All day, the Baronet's house was in a state of siege. Lord Cochrane stayed with him to dine. Burdett sent off a letter of complaint to Sheriff Wood, who, after waiting on the Speaker, came to him in Piccadilly, and sharing Burdett's opinion that the warrant was illegal, forced the soldiers to fall back, and placed some officers in the house to guard the Baronet from an arrest by force.

That Saturday night was long remembered by the London citizens, and a collision of authorities seemed at hand; for Wood, a resolute man, was clear about his duty, and his officers could be trusted with their work. All London knew that meetings of the Cabinet and the Privy Council had been called, and whispers ran along the street, that every regiment within a hundred miles was marching into town. 'Lights, lights!' cried some one in the crowd, and instantly a hundred streets were lighted 'for Burdett.' The troops received an order to put out these lights. A war of shouts and yells began. 'Lights, lights!' 'No lights, no lights!' But those who

put their candles out, in answer to the military, had their windows smashed. A dozen fights took place. The soldiers, hustled, bruised, and stoned, assailed the mob, and all the hospitals were filled with persons badly hurt.

With Sunday came a little calm. The troops still kept their ground, a good way off. A mob of Westminster electors held the space in front of Burdett's house; and forced the occupant of every carriage to unbonnet as he passed. If any Tory peer refused, they pelted him with mud.

On Monday morning, just as Burdett had finished breakfast in the drawing-room, with Lady Burdett, his children, and some ladies, and was listening while his boy of fourteen translated Magna Charta for the ladies, a hand was seen on the balcony, outside the window; the hand of a man who was scaling the house from Piccadilly. O'Connor rushed upon him. 'Do not hurt the man,' Sir Francis called to his impulsive friend; on which O'Connor closed the window-frame, and pressed him out; but looking down into the street and park, he saw the space in front of him, as far as eye could reach, a red array of troops—horse, foot, and guards; all under arms and ready, at a word, to open fire. A crash was heard;

a crash of breaking glass and bursting doors. O'Connor ran down-stairs, and met some twenty officers, who had broken into a lower room, and were already masters of the house.

'What do you want?'—'Sir Francis Burdett. Is he at home?'

'He is at home. What do you want with him?' They pushed O'Connor to the wall, and tore up-stairs, with Colman at their heels.

'Sir Francis,' cried the Serjeant-at-arms, 'you are my prisoner!'

'By what authority do you act? By what power, sir, have you broken into my house in violation of the laws of the land?'

'The warrant of Mr. Speaker,' answered Colman.

'I contest the authority of such warrant. Where is the sheriff? where is the magistrate?'

'Sir Francis, my authority is in my hand.'

'It is no warrant,' said the Baronet; 'if you have a warrant from his Majesty, or from a proper officer of the King, I will pay instant obedience to it, but I will not yield to an illegal order.'

'Then I must call in force;' and Colman bade the officers take the gentlemen, Burdett, his brother, and O'Connor, whom they forced down-

stairs, and pushed into a coach, around which two strong squadrons closed. O'Connor was drawn back; the word to march was given; the company trotted off. Avoiding Westminster and the City, they drove him by a northern route, along the New Road, Moorfields, and the Minories, to the Tower; yet, in despite of these precautions, many thousands were assembled at Tower Hill to hoot and yell. These crowds were so excited that they looked as if the slightest signal would induce them to attack the guards.

Lord Moira, Constable of the Tower, was at the gates to meet his prisoner. Vernon was too old for duty, and his function fell upon the Major, Colonel Smith. Sir Francis was conducted to his prison, on the southern wall; a house with windows looking on the Green, and other windows at the back, which peeped above the ramparts towards the Wharf, the river, and the Kentish shore. Two warders were detailed to watch him, and two sentinels were stationed at his door; but otherwise both Smith and Moira treated him with much respect.

In trotting back, the troopers who had brought the popular member to the Tower were met by roused and almost maddened people. 'They have

torn him from his home! they have locked him in the Tower!' men cried, in agony and shame. 'Burdett for ever! Down with the red-coats!' Mud and brick-bats greeted the returning guards at every corner. In the front of Trinity House the soldiers lost their patience, drew their swords, and charged the mob. The space was cleared, but many of the wounded strewed the ground. Up Fenchurch Street they fought their way through angry crowds, here prodding with their swords, there firing from their carbines. Two poor men were killed, and many more were hurt. That night the devil was let loose in London. All the ministers' houses were attacked by mobs, who broke the glass, put out the lamps, and shouted for Burdett. As Percival, Chatham, Yorke, Montrose, and Dartmouth, were supposed to be his bitter enemies, their houses suffered most. Two days and nights the town was in a state of anarchy; the soldiers were of dubious temper; and the regiments at the Tower were thought to be unsafe. At last a flood of rain set in; a steady, drenching flood, that cleared the streets. On Tuesday every skin was soaked, and all the patriotic fire put out.

For ten weeks Burdett lay a prisoner in the

Tower. At first he had the use of pen and ink, the right to see his friends, and liberty to walk upon the wall and on the Green. Lady Burdett, who took a lodging near the Tower, was with him nearly all her time, within the prison walls; and thither came to cheer his rooms his bright young daughters, Susan and Sophia (Angela was not born as yet), together with his boy who was translating Magna Charta when the officers broke into his house. The soldiers looked upon him as their friend, and he not only dropped them gentle greetings, but occasionally harangued them on the Rights of Man. Smith had to speak with him about these speeches. Soldiers, it was said, were flogged for raising what were called seditious cries; and while the prisoner was taking his exercise on Raleigh's Walk, he saw them lashed; on which he spoke so loudly in denunciation of that brutal sight, that he was not allowed to walk upon that wall again.

Lord Cochrane, as his colleague in the representation of Westminster, fought his battle in the House of Commons; making enemies in the governing circles, who repaid that noble sailor for his love of freedom by the longest and the harshest persecution on the records of our time.

The Sheriff Matthew Wood, a noble sire of yet more noble sons, stood stoutly in the front, and by his action in the city, kept the Ministers in check.

When Parliament was prorogued, the warrant lost its power; the prisoner was discharged. A great committee had been formed to take the member for Westminster from his lodgings in the Tower, to carry him through the city in procession, and attend him to his violated home. Half London promised to be in the streets, and Ministers were trembling for the public peace. Two murders and a multitude of wounds attended his arrest; but who would answer for the tale of killed and wounded if a hundred thousand angry men were met at any point by the public force?

At first, Burdett accepted the ovation offered to him by this great committee; but on listening to Mr. Friend, who came to see him, and who knew the town, he changed his mind. A minute after Parliament was prorogued, the news was telegraphed to the Tower; the Baronet was free, and went to Government house, to thank the Major for his kindness. 'You had shown a better sense of that kindness,' said the blunt old soldier, if you had refrained from addressing the troops

in garrison.' 'I only wished to tell them,' answered the popular idol, 'how much I feel their sympathy in my trouble.' 'You should have told them through their officers, sir.'

Burdett, attended by his comrades, crossed the drawbridge, gained the Queen's stairs, took a boat, and while a hundred thousand friends were shouting for him in the streets from Cheape to Piccadilly, he made his way by the Thames to his suburban home.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SUMMONS TO THE TOWER.

BURDETT was borne away to ride triumphal cars, to eat fresh dinners, and to found new Hampden Clubs, and then commenced the scenes which were to close, with something like burlesque, the ancient and romantic annals of the Tower.

A little after noon, on Monday, the 2nd of December, 1816, a cripple, leaning on a stick, attended by a mob of tailors, labourers, and weavers, stood with his crutch before the outer gates, and called on those within to yield the Tower into his hands. This cripple leaning on his stick, was Tom Preston, rope-winder; his chief supporters were John Keen, tailor, and James Hooper, labourer. The rope-winder was a Philanthropist; the trail of weavers, cobblers, tailors, were Philanthropists; and in the name of philanthropy they called on those within the gates, beefeaters, sentries, garrison, to yield at once, and spare those torrents of human blood

which an indignant philanthropy, directed by a crutch, might otherwise cause to flow. These men were pupils, not in the school of Howard, but in that of Spence.

One of the Spencean Clubs was held in a tavern called the Nag's Head, Carnaby Market; a second at the Mulberry Tree, Moorfields; and a third at the Cock, in Grafton Street, Soho. The cripple was a leader in these clubs, where tinkers and weavers put their heads together, over pots of beer and twists of pig-tail, on all 'subjects calculated to enlighten the human understanding.' By the side of Preston, cripple and cordwainer, sat some men of nature still more reckless, and of character still more dubious; Arthur Thistlewood, James Watson the elder, James Watson the younger, John Castle, and many more; some honest zealots, dreaming of a golden age; the larger number gamesters, bankrupts, perjurers, and spies.

Among these pot-house patriots, Arthur Thistlewood, a ruined gambler, played the parts of Captain and of Gentleman; for he had seen the world, had borne his Majesty's commission had spent a private fortune, and had known the oracles of the Jacobin Club.

The Watsons, father and son, were also gentlemen at the Nag's Head and the Merlin's Cave. James Watson the elder was a surgeon in good practice, till his public appearance as an agitator frightened his patients from him. Loss of income drove him into shifts for money, and the pressure of his private duns embittered and inflamed his public zeal. His son, who also bore his name of James, was under age; not more than twenty, though a dark complexion, yellow skin, black teeth, and raven hair, made people set him down at twenty-five. A surgeon also, though he had not passed the College, he had served on board a Greenland ship. He lodged in High Street, Bloomsbury, and his politics were those of a public school; a ring, a stand-up fight, and let the best man win.

John Castle was a wretch of infamous habits, who had sold his services to the Government, and was in daily intercourse with the police.

Among the subjects which these Philanthropists debated in the Nag's Head and the Mulberry Tree, as tending 'to enlighten the human mind,' were—a community of goods, an abolition of power-looms and steam-engines, a French republic, a plan for barricading London Bridge, a

Provisional Government of twenty-four, a scheme for seizing on the Bank and Tower, an abolition of churches, kings, and gods. They named a Secret Directory of Five :—and Thistlewood, the elder and younger Watsons, Castle, and Tom Preston, were those Five. No topic stirred so much debate in these societies as a plan of the Tower. Thistlewood had got a sketch of the fortress, with a detailed drawing of the more important parts ; the entrances and sally-ports, the Governor's house, the prison lodgings, the Jewel-house, the Guard-room, and the magazine of arms. They dwelt upon this plan of the Tower as lovers dwell upon the features of their brides. They bent above it with a daily hunger of the heart. How could they make the Tower their own ? They thought of guile, and thought of force. They dreamt of treachery within, they dreamt of a surprise without. A combination of the two might answer. Soldiers are but men, and men may be seduced by praise and drink. At length it came to be understood at the Cock and the Nag's Head, that the Tower garrison was to be seduced by words and promises, and that Preston, who was not a fighting man, should have the duty of seducing them.

A meeting of reformers had been called in Spa Fields, in front of the Merlin's Cave, at which Orator Hunt was asked to speak. But long ere Hunt arrived a waggon-load of Philanthropists drove up, took ground in front of the Merlin's Cave, flung out two flags—a black flag and a red-white-and-blue flag; and began to rouse the mob by an appeal to arms. Young Watson, like a schoolboy, shouted to the crowd beside his waggon, many of whom had clubs and sword-sticks in their hands,—'If they will not give us what we want, shall we not take it?' 'Aye; we'll take it.' 'If I jump down among you will you come and take it?' 'Aye; we'll go and take it.' Watson raised his republican flag—the red-white-and-blue—and with the help of Tom Cashman, a common sailor, marched on the Bank; while Preston, being a cripple, was despatched to seize the Tower!

Francis, General Lord Hastings, was the Constable, and General Loftus his Lieutenant of the Tower; but these great men were not in residence; and Preston fancied he had only to display his French cockade, and all the garrison would come out and yield. He tried his arts upon the sentries. He, Tom Preston, said he

was the soldier's friend; he knew their wrongs; and would avenge them on their tyrants. In the new age of philanthropy the rank and file should all be officers, and the officers should all be rank and file. The soldiers laughed, and told him to shut up. He limped away upon his staff; but cripples are not swift of foot; and when the hue-and-cry was raised, the lame Philanthropist, with Hooper the labourer, and Keen the tailor, were arrested, and brought back as prisoners to the Tower.

Young Watson, Cashman, and their party, stormed Snow Hill, and breaking into a gunsmith's shop demanded arms. A gentleman named Richard Pratt, who happened to be standing in the shop, said something of the law, on which Young Watson drew his pistol, fired into that gentleman's face, and saw him stagger back and fall. No sooner was the weapon fired than the fanatic sobered down. 'I am a surgeon,' he exclaimed, forgetting that his words would give the clue by which he might be traced, and throwing himself upon his bleeding victim, he essayed to staunch the wound his slugs had made. Poor Pratt was not past help, but leaders of rebellion cannot wait on wounded men. An effort of some

passers-by to seize young Watson as a murderer, roused his followers. He was rescued in a moment; and the word being given to march upon the Bank and Tower, John Castle led a party through St. Paul's Churchyard and by Cheapside, upon the Mansion House, while Watson led his party towards the Minories, where many gunsmiths lived, in hope of finding weapons, and supporting Preston in his onset on the Tower.

In Cheapside, John Castle met with Orator Hunt, who was driving tandem to the meeting at Spa Fields, and begged the Orator to go forward with the patriots; telling him that his meeting was dispersed, the City up, the country rising round them, and the Tower already in their hands. Hunt, suspecting Castle, drove away, and saved his neck. The mob pushed forward, firing off their guns and pistols; firing into windows, firing at church steeples, firing into empty space. Sir Matthew Wood, Lord Mayor, himself an old Reformer, angry and amused at this burlesque of Freedom and Philanthropy, met the crowd, and coolly pressed them back. An alderman of Portsoken Ward assisted Wood, and these two City magistrates, with help of five or six constables, broke up the front, laid hands on pole

and banner, tore the French republican flag, and, with the aid of Castle, trapped a number of the leading men.

Young Watson, Cashman, and the clubbists, swarmed into the Minories and around Tower Hill, and plundered several shops before the soldiers and police were on them. Here they learned that Preston had not gained the Tower, that horse and foot were marching from all quarters, that the movement everywhere had failed. At once the mob broke up. 'Let every man look to himself!' was the cry; and in the dusk of a winter night the Philanthropic army melted into dens and slums.

Except the cripple, all the Five escaped that night; but the pursuit was hot, and proclamations, offering great rewards for the arrest of Thistlewood and the Watsons, father and son, appeared on every wall. Cashman was caught. The elder Watson was arrested in a house at Highgate; not without a blow, for he was armed with a philanthropic sword-stick, which he thrust into a luckless wretch named Joseph Rhodes. The surgeon was committed to the Tower, and kept in close confinement. Each of the prisoners had a separate cell. An order was

procured by Watson's solicitor to see him twice a-week, in presence of a keeper; but this courtesy was only shown him, over all the rest, because Lord Sidmouth fancied Watson might be hung for an attempt at murder in resisting Rhodes. But Rhodes could not assert that Watson tried to kill him. The time was night, the place was dark, and in achieving the arrest of Watson he was hurt. The jury said 'Not Guilty;' and the Government had to try a second course.

They laid a charge before the grand jury of conspiracy and riot, against the four prisoners then in custody, Thomas Preston, cordwainer, James Watson, surgeon, John Hooper, labourer, and Thomas Cashman, sailor. More obliging than a petty jury, the gentlemen of the grand jury found true bills against the prisoners; all of whom were then removed in strictest custody to the Tower.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ARTHUR THISTLEWOOD.

FIVE hundred pounds each were offered for the capture of Arthur Thistlewood and the younger Watson, who were charged in a royal proclamation with high treason, so that it was death to harbour or conceal them. Thistlewood lived in Southampton Buildings, out of Chancery Lane; but he had not come home since that December night when Watson murdered Pratt and Preston called upon the Tower to yield. Lord Sidmouth knew, from the informer, Castle, every detail of the Nag's Head plot. He knew that Thistlewood and Watson were the leaders; but he was not sure that juries would convict for treason; and he wished to trace young Watson, since he knew that evidence could be given of his having fired on Pratt. Yet weeks elapsed ere Thistlewood was taken; and the frantic boy who fired on Pratt, and instantly repented of his crime, was

never heard of more. No doubt he changed his name, and found a home in the United States.

When Thistlewood was fast in the Tower, Lord Sidmouth changed his course. The grand jury had found true bills against Watson the elder, Hooper, Cashman, and Preston, for conspiracy and riot, and the starless sailor, Cashman, had been tried, condemned, and hung for breaking into the gunsmith's shop. But now Lord Sidmouth aimed at higher things; for by the side of this fantastic scheme of pot-house philanthropy, there was a steady rising of the populous towns in favour of political reform, which he was anxious to put down. He wished to pass repressive bills; he wished to suspend existing laws. To gain his ends, the country must be thoroughly alarmed. The Nag's Head must be pictured as a Jacobin Club, with Watson as a second Danton, and his colleague Thistlewood as a new Marat The pistol fired at Pratt must be represented as the first shot in a general massacre, and Preston's summons to the Tower as levying war against the King.

In a public document, signed by the Prince Regent, Thistlewood was accused of treason; and this charge of treason was preferred against him and his comrades in the court of King's Bench.

Young Watson was included in the list. A bill against Keen the tailor was thrown out, and Keen was told to go; but bills against Arthur Thistlewood, gentleman, James Watson, surgeon, James Watson the younger, surgeon, Thomas Preston, cordwainer, and James Hooper, labourer, were duly found.

A fortnight after these true bills were found, Watson the elder was arraigned at the King's Bench, before Lord Ellenborough, on a charge of high treason. Copley (afterwards Lord Lyndhurst) was his counsel; Castle, the spy, was his accuser; and for seven days these proceedings held the nation in suspense. If every one knew that Sidmouth paid spies, the public were not willing to believe that spies like Castle were employed by the police to get up plots in order to betray their dupes. A storm of hatred rose against the Government; the jury brought the prisoner in Not Guilty, and the surgeon was discharged in open court.

Next morning Preston, Thistlewood, and Hooper were removed from the Tower by warders to the court of King's Bench, where Ellenborough, seated in the chair of justice, called on them to plead. A jury was empannelled, and proclamations made, on which the Attorney-General rose to tell the

court he should not call in evidence against the prisoners. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' said Lord Ellenborough, 'as no evidence is brought against the prisoners, it will be your duty to find them Not Guilty.' They were found not guilty, and discharged in open court.

Three of these four prisoners sank at once into obscurity; but Thistlewood was made of fiercer stuff; and this imprisonment stamped him a conspirator for life.

This man, who bears in history the fame of being the last State Prisoner in the Tower—a tall, stiff fellow, ashy pale, with hazel eyes, arched brows, wide mouth, and slender figure, like the shabby captain in a comedy—was the son of a Lincolnshire farmer, one of Lord Harrowby's principal tenants. From his school-days he had been an idle lad—morose and fitful, fond of drink and cards. His father meant him for a farmer; but he scorned such work as grazing sheep and growing swedes; and when his county raised a supplementary body of militia, he began to drill, and got a Lieutenant's sword. Arrayed in uniform, he sought a rich old maid, named Worsley, with ten thousand charms in a bank; and, being a handsome, worthless fellow, he ob-

tained her hand, her money, and her house. For three or four years he lived in clover; but the lady died, he spent her fortune, and his means being gone, he took to living by his wits. Bad luck at cards soon threw him down in debt; his fellows pressed him for their winnings; in despair he left his house in Lincoln; got a commission in the West Indies, which he could not keep; and, having lost it, visited New York. From cards and dice he turned to politics; and when his stars were cross, he swore at George the Third, and talked of hanging priests and kings.

Not finding field enough at home, he crossed to Paris, where he raked the gaming hells, and listened at the Jacobin clubs. A faro-table was his magnet; but he lived for higher things, and watched with something of a gambler's zest the progress of events in France. He heard the Jacobins rave for blood; and saw the guillotine devour her daily feast of heads. But fortune, though he wooed her roughly, fled him, till he turned his eyes once more upon the softer sex. A butcher near his native village had a daughter with two thousand pounds. He put the question, and the lady answered yes. Thistlewood was encumbered with a son not born in

wedlock; but the lady, not being able to undo the past, forgave the lad his luckless birth, and took him to her house and heart. Thistlewood joined the Hampden Clubs; he joined the Spence Philanthropists. A Crown and Anchor and a Nag's Head was the same to him; a tavern in which he might get his drink and find his dupes. Among his comrades at the Nag's Head and the Cock he was a Captain; and would have had no rival in their love had he been able to indulge their patriotism with mugs of beer. Unluckily, this Captain who had served abroad, and seen the guillotine at work, was usually in want of half-a-crown.

But he had spirit if he had not pelf, as the Spencean Clubs soon saw. On passing from the court of King's Bench to freedom, he drew a cartel to Lord Sidmouth, whom he held responsible for his sufferings in the Tower, and challenged him to fight. It was a time of duels. Some great men, and even some good men, fancied that pistols and ten paces were the proper means of settling points on which the laws were deaf and dumb. Within a few years Castlereagh had fought with Canning, Lieutenant Bognall had been pistolled by his friend Lieu-

tenant Stewart, D'Esterre had been shot by Daniel O'Connell. But instead of fighting, Sidmouth sent for the police. Instead of giving Thistlewood the satisfaction of a gentleman, he cited him before the courts of law, and got him mulcted in a heavy fine and sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Horsham jail.

While Thistlewood was serving out his year in Horsham jail, the country was tormented by the rising passion for Reform in conflict with the Tory policy of Church and King. Coming out of jail to hear of Peterloo, a massacre of unarmed men, he would not listen to the tongues which counselled peace. 'Hunt is no better than a spy,' he said; 'and Cobbett is a dupe, and possibly a tool.' To prate about reform was fudge; they must begin afresh; they must pull down before they built. 'Let the lives of the instigators be the requiem to the souls of murdered innocents.' Let the whole cabinet—Wellington, Canning, Harrowby, as well as Sidmouth, Eldon, Pole, and Castlereagh—be put to death!

While Thistlewood was in this mood of mind, he met, in Preston's house, George Edwards, a modeller and pedlar, who appears, in spite of his homely names, to have been of foreign blood.

This scoundrel's trade was that of an Italian image-maker, and he claimed to be the son of a German baron. Once he lived in Picket Street, Strand, in a cheap and dirty hole, from which he was expelled because he fell into arrears of rent. But he had fallen on better times; and coming to see his landlord, dressed in the latest fripperies of the park, he told that person he had found good friends in Castlereagh and Sidmouth, who were well acquainted with his story, and had lent him money to support his rank. He had removed his trade to Eton, where he kept a shop in High Street, vending images of Dr. Keate, head-master; making money by the sale, since every Eton boy was bound to pelt and smash at least one copy of his chief. But making images was not his main affair, nor had he come to live at Eton for the fun of modelling Dr. Keate. His business was the business of a spy, and he was lodging in the High Street to be near the King and court. The title of a German baron would have kept him from the scenes in which he was to earn his bread. A working man, he went among the Spenceans in their public-houses, and enchanted topers at the Cock and Merlin's Cave by the decision of his words. This Edwards cared for neither

priests nor kings. He talked of burning London with a smile, and seemed to think no more of George the Third than Eton boys appeared to think of Dr. Keate. When Thistlewood first met him he affected to be poor; yet not so poor but he could raise some pounds to help a patriot and a Captain in distress. Now Thistlewood was a patriot and a Captain in distress; and Edwards not only lent him 'a few pounds' to go on with, but suggested schemes for glutting his revenge. He introduced him to jolly fellows, who would act with him, and under him, in ridding England of her tyrants. The shabby Captain and the image-vendor slipt into public-houses, where they drank and mused, and swore that ministers should not live to murder innocent men.

Thistlewood hired a lodging in Stanhope Street, Clare Market, to which Edwards came with men whom he picked up in drinking-kennels and on cobblers' stalls. He brought in Brunt, a cobbler out of work, who lived in Fox Court, Gray's Inn Lane—a rookery of drabs and thieves. Edwards had given him meat and drink when he was deep in want, and was so good a friend that Brunt could not refuse to follow Edwards into any plot. As Brunt describes the matter on his trial, he was

'seduced' by Edwards over cuts of bread and cheese washed down with mugs of ale. Brunt hired two rooms in Fox Court; which rooms became their council chamber, and their magazine of arms.

Then Edwards brought in Ings, a butcher, who had kept a shop in Baker Street, and failed. Ings was in deep distress; his wife was clothed in rags; his children wanted bread. In his despair the image-maker found him, plied him with drink, and carried him to Thistlewood's rooms, as one of those patriots who would act with him, and under him, in ridding the world of tyrants. Ings could read and write, and Thistlewood made him secretary of state and captain of the guard.

One Davidson, a negro, living in Wellington Cottages, near the Alpha Road, was also brought into the plot by Edwards; likewise Tidd, a cobbler lodging in Hole-in-the-Wall Passage, Leather Lane. These men were out of work and out of luck—a prey to hunger, cold, and debt. As members of Spencean clubs, they had been noted for the fierceness of their zeal; the negro even more than Tidd; for while the pale face was content to march in procession and shout

'Bravo!' to Orator Hunt, the negro bore a black flag aloft, inscribed with 'Liberty or Death!'

These plotters drank and talked in many beer-shops, but their house of call was the White Hart, Brooks' Market, Leather Lane—a pot-house, kept by a Philanthropist named Hobbs. This pot-house had a back-yard and offices, in one of which they hired a private room; and over mugs of ale and pipes of shag, the ruined gambler and his comrades pottered, through the forming hints of Edwards, into that scheme of wholesale murder which conducted Thistlewood to his cell in the Bloody tower.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CABINET COUNCIL.

At two o'clock, in the afternoon of Tuesday, February 22, 1820, Lord Liverpool and the members of his Cabinet were waiting in the Council Office for Lord Harrowby to arrive. A man of close engagements, who but seldom kept his colleagues waiting, Harrowby's absence, even for a moment, was remarked as something strange.

Lord Liverpool's Cabinet was not a strong one. Liverpool was a Tory, and nothing more. Harrowby, Lord President of the Council; Westmoreland, Lord Privy Seal; Mulgrave, who enjoyed a seat without an office; Bathurst, Secretary for War and the Colonies, were Tory earls, and nothing more. Sidmouth, Home Secretary, and Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty, were Tory viscounts, and little more. Sidmouth was a fol-

lower in the wake of Pitt, but with a difference in the bulk!

Pitt was to Addington
What London is to Paddington.

Melville was a well-worn hack, whose life had been a struggle, a successful struggle, for the highest place and largest pay within his reach. The bitters had been mingled with the sweets. He had been censured by the House of Commons for appropriating public funds; he had been driven from office by an outraged people; he had narrowly escaped impeachment and the Tower. Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Robinson, Treasurer of the Navy, and President of the Board of Trade; Pole, Master of the Mint; and Bathurst, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, were Tory gentlemen who had enjoyed the confidence of George the Fourth while George the Third was still alive. Four men sat with these cyphers; Arthur, Duke of Wellington, Master-General of the Ordnance and Commander of the Forces; John, Lord Eldon, Chancellor; Castlereagh, Foreign Secretary; and George Canning, President of the Board of Control.

The business on their list was long and

pressing. George the Third was dead. The King lay in bed, so sick in heart and frame that he was likely to die uncrowned; yet this foul spectre of a king was urging them to prosecute his wife, Queen Caroline, and to get him a divorce. The ministers, who would have strained the law for him as far as subject ever strained the law for sovereign, told him, each for each, and all for all, that such things could not be. No charge of treason could be pressed against the Queen. No court of law could grant him a divorce. The scandals of a public trial would disturb his peace and undermine his throne. Morose and angry, George was bending to his Cabinet, but with sullen fits and furies which they dreaded more than speech. Five days ago a royal message had been sent to the House of Commons, begging them to make provision for the public wants, and then adjourn. The writs for a new election must be drawn and signed. The towns were holding meetings, and the counties lighting fires. The massacre of Peterloo was rankling in every heart. The prisoners of that field of blood were still untried. Burdett and Hunt were in arrest once more. A thousand Hampden Clubs were burning to avenge their President; a thousand

bands of Radicals and Philanthropists were seeking to avenge their Orator; and yet these followers of Hampden and Spence were not so dangerous as the plotters whom no club would own. Such plotters were at large in London. They were watched by spies, and tracked by agents of police; but no one could be sure of them; for they were poor and reckless, and their plans were changed with every pot of beer.

As President of the Council, Harrowby had asked his fourteen colleagues to a Cabinet dinner at his house in Grosvenor Square. His cook was good, his wine was old, and men were glad to dine with him; but only members of the Cabinet were to eat his meat and drink his wine next day. His Countess and his son would be away from home. The Countess had a ticket for the oratorio, and Lord Sandon was engaged at Almacks to a dance. But ere the Cabinet met to feast they were to hear the King's last whims about his wife; to fix the sum that might be paid her while she lived abroad; to order the omission of her name from prayers in church. But when the Earl came in, all flushed and quivering, with a fearful tale upon his lips, these things were hushed aside, and every man was thrown into a state

of self-defence. Since Cecil read the letter of Monteagle to his friends, no stranger story had been told in Council than Lord Harrowby was now to tell. He was to tell the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, Canning, and their colleagues, that they had been marked for death; that the conspiracy of which their spies had spoken much of late was ripe; that all their throats were to be cut, and many of their houses fired, on the ensuing night!

On leaving home that morning to attend the Council he was followed to Hyde Park by Thomas Hiden, one of the informers paid by Castlereagh. The fellow stopped him in his ride near Grosvenor Gate, and handed him a letter for Lord Castlereagh. Knowing the man by sight, Lord Harrowby spoke to him, and heard his tale; and having heard it, bade him come again next morning to the King. Castlereagh perused the note, which Sidmouth narrowly compared with his reports from Edwards and from other spies. The stories hung together but too well; and some of those who had been used to smile at Sidmouth's image-maker, felt that what he had been saying, day by day, for six months past, was something more than an informer's dream.

A plot to murder all the fifteen members of the Cabinet had been formed; a method of procedure had been framed; the agents had been chosen for the task; a magazine of weapons had been made; an order of the day in which the post of every man was marked, had been adopted; and the ruffians, with their plans completed, were but waiting for the hour of doom to strike.

For six months Edwards had been telling Sidmouth that Arthur Thistlewood, once a prisoner in the Tower, and afterwards in Horsham jail, was bent on mischief. He was leader of the gang. Next to Edwards stood James Ings, the butcher, who was acting as his Secretary of State and Captain of the Guard. Ings would cut a throat as readily as he would fell an ox. The negro Davidson stood next; a big, morose, and hungry fellow, who believed that the existence of a Tory Cabinet was the only cause of his little darkies wanting bread. A spy reported that this negro used to spend his evenings at the Sun, a Radical pot-house in the Barbican; that he would sit for hours absorbed in gloom; and start from reverie when some toper named the ministers of the day: 'D—— 'em!' he

would shout, spring up, and leave the room. Brunt, a trusted comrade of the White Hart chamber, was a cobbler with a firm belief in prayer, who told his friends that if they wished to do their job completely, bagging all the ministers at a brush, they must implore the Lord to send them to the feast in Grosvenor Square. Robert Adams, once a private in the Blues, but now a cobbler, living in Hole-in-the-Wall Passage, Leather Lane, was much esteemed by Thistlewood, as a fellow who could cut and thrust; as also Thomas Dwyer, an Irish patriot, living in Gee's Court, in Oxford Street. Edwards was not yet aware that Adams and Dwyer were his fellow-spies.

The tales which this informer had been telling were too true. How far he had been told to lead the plotters on remains a secret; but no doubt was ever felt that Edwards, either with Lord Sidmouth's knowledge or without it, egged them on by violent speeches, introduced them to each other, and supplied them cans of ale and timely loans. But plot undoubtedly there was in the White Hart Yard. The work went slowly on, for though the great man talked of great men yet in rear, these nobler spirits never came to

either Gray's Inn Lane or Leather Lane. The Captain told his circle that money made men cowards, so that no one who was worth ten pounds was worth a rap. He wanted lads with nothing in the world to lose. Yet money must be got. Guns, pistols, pikes, and fireballs, were not found in streets. A pistol cost five shillings, and these patriots could not raise so much among them; but the image-maker was at hand, with loans of a few pounds; which pounds were quickly spent in powder, pikes, and beer. No little of the money went in bread and cheese.

George Ruthven, a Bow Street officer, was set to watch their movements, and his agents followed them, unseen, from court to alley, and from pot-house to pot-house; from Fox Court to Hole-in-the-Wall Passage, from the Black Dog in Gray's Inn Lane to the Horse and Groom in John Street, Edgeware Road. Ruthven watched their chief, and held him like a blood-hound on the trail. 'I know him,' said that officer, 'as I know my own father; having followed him for days and nights together.'

Hobbs, the landlord of the White Hart, was troubled in his mind. Detectives were about his house and yard, and he might lose his license if

the poles and pikes were found. Brunt, therefore, hired a back room in Fox Court, in the name of Ings; an upper story of the house in which Brunt lived; and in that upper room they stowed their pikes and poles. Thistlewood, Edwards, Ings, Tidd, Adams, Davidson, and others, came in twice a-day, to taste some gin, to hear the latest news, to fasten pikes on poles, to twist up powder into fire-balls. They were not alone. Besides the spies within, police were watching them from windows on the opposite side. Suspicion smote them. Were they watched? Some thought they were; but Brunt was not of that opinion; and he scorned to send his shafts and hand-grenades away. Yet Thistlewood and Edwards saw the need of care; and Harris, an old soldier, was employed to find a shed in some more distant part of town. He found the thing they wanted near their house of call, the Horse and Groom, in John Street, Edgeware Road.

All these events the Ministers had heard from time to time, without paying much attention to them; but the note from Hiden warned them that the men of Fox Court were now about to act. 'We are too poor to wait,' cried Thistlewood; and his comrades, pale with cold and want,

agreed that they must fall to work. The play was read, the parts were cast, the night of destiny was fixed.

A dozen of the biggest houses, such as Apsley House and London House, were to be fired. On each a bill was to be posted, so that those who threw the brands should not mistake their lots. A party of armed men was to fall on each of the fifteen Ministers, and to kill him in his house. These deeds of blood accomplished, they were to seize two guns in Gray's Inn Lane, fling barricades across London Bridge, set fire to King Street Barracks, seize all the money in the Bank, and take possession of the Tower. But Edwards, who was always full of news, informed them that a Cabinet dinner would be held on Wednesday night at Harrowby's house, 39 Grosvenor Square, at which the fifteen Ministers would be gathered in one room—a small room, with a narrow entrance, and a single door; in fact, a perfect trap! Thistlewood swore it was not true; so great a piece of luck was not for them; while Brunt put up a prayer that God would send the Cabinet to the shambles, one and all. On sending for the *New Times* they saw that Edwards was correct; and thereupon they changed their plan once more. Some trusty

fellows were to watch by night and day, to see if either soldiers or police were brought into Lord Harrowby's house. If no defence were made, a score of men well armed, and carrying fire-balls and grenades, should march on Grosvenor Square, should mingle with the crowd, and wait their opportunity to strike. Ings was to knock at Harrowby's door with a letter, push inside, and let in all the rest; who were to knock the servants down, to pass through the outer hall to the dining-room door, to throw it open, to hurl their fire-balls at the guests, and stab and shoot all those whom the exploding bombs might spare. James Ings, the butcher, was to cut off Castlereagh's and Sidmouth's heads, and carry them in a bag from Grosvenor Square.

How were the Cabinet to act? They dared not try a premature arrest. No jury would believe the story they would have to tell; and Thistlewood had been a prisoner in the Tower on charges which the Crown had failed to prove. The plot must still go on. Lord Castlereagh was of opinion that the dinner should come off; that every one should dress himself for fight; that if the rascals kept their word they should defend their lives like gentlemen. The Duke would go much further;

tempting them to their fate, and netting them alive or dead, but in the very act. He would have let them enter Grosvenor Square, and then have sealed up all the avenues of escape with guards. He would have armed the servants, barricaded stair and passage, filled the rooms with soldiers, and inclosed the villains in a fence of steel. Lord Liverpool was too timid for such work; and out of deference to his wish the Cabinet took a middle course.

The dinner should be cooked, the table spread, the drawing-room lighted up. No hint of a postponement should be dropt. The Countess should go to hear her music, and Lord Sandon to his dance. Each Minister whose house was to be marked and fired should arm his servants, get a couple of policemen in, and eat his meat at home. A body of Bow Street officers, accompanied by Birnie, the experienced magistrate, should march upon the rendezvous at eight o'clock, the moment the conspirators were about to start. A squad of Coldstream guards should be at hand. The gang secured in Bow Street, Ministers could meet, on summons, later in the evening, at Lord Liverpool's house.

The Cabinet adjourned.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CATO STREET.

At seven o'clock next night two Bow Street runners call at Portman Barracks, Oxford Street, and ask to see the officer on duty. Captain Fitzclarence is that officer; and the Bow Street runners hand him an order from Lord Sidmouth to proceed, with thirty men, to Cato Street, near Edgeware Road, and lend assistance to a body of police in seizing certain persons, then and there engaged in practices against the Crown. It is not usual for the Coldstream Guards to get their orders through a Bow Street runner; but the warrant is in form, and signed; the Captain hears the case is urgent; and an officer may not trifle with instructions from a Secretary of State.

The runners leave him; begging he will make all haste. Serjeant Legge is sent for, and the thirty men are told for duty. Not a word is said about the object of their march, but whis-

pers pass along the ranks that they are sent for to put out a fire.

At twenty minutes to eight they quit the barracks, pass through Portman Square, and, working by their left, are soon entangled in a maze of dark and narrow streets. Fitzclarence hardly knows the district. The police, who know it well, have only told him to march on Cato Street, near Edgeware Road. The night is dark; the streets are empty; no one knows the spot. He halts, not sure what he shall do. By chance, a groom comes up, a man who was once his servant. Yes; the groom knows Cato Street, and will conduct him to it. Off the Coldstreams start; they trot, for time has now been lost, and they may come upon their ground too late. In Queen Street, running from the Edgeware Road, they halt. 'Fix bayonets! Not a word!' The squad obeys, and waits, with loaded gun and glittering steel. Fitzclarence, glancing round, and listening for a signal, passes into a narrow passage, leading, as it seems, into a yard, and appears to be once more at fault.

His march has brought him to a maze of lanes and yards of classic names, which form a delta thrown up by the New Road, where it

pours the tides of traffic flowing from the City into Edgeware Road. Cato and Homer lend their names to two obscure and filthy lanes. The Stoic's name is given to an alley, narrow at the ends, and entered by a covered way, connecting Queen Street on the south with John Street, on the north. In Cato Street, so called, his mission lies that night; for in this hidden nest of slums and stables Harris had hired from Frith a loft and coach-house at a rent of five shillings a-week, which served them for a rendezvous and magazine of arms. The first door on the Captain's right, on turning down the alley, should be the stable-door; the officers from Bow Street should be there. Lights and bustle ought to mark the spot; but nothing of the kind is seen. The first door on his right is not a stable-door; no sound of pattering feet is heard; no lights are burning in the window-panes.

A pistol-shot is heard! The crack comes up the yard, and from the farther end. Fitzclarence sees his error; he is posted at the wrong end of Cato Street. 'Quick-march! double!' cries Fitzclarence, turning towards the shot, and tearing over filth and slush, his rank and file upon

his heels. A narrow passage and a covered way lead out to John Street; but within the open yard, upon his left hand, in the corner, stands an open door, a stable-door, from which a man, with belt and pistol, darts as the squad come up, and tries to run through the covered way. Fitzclarence throws himself in front; the fugitive lifts his weapon, aims, and fires. Legge strikes him, turns his pistol, grasps the muzzle, and receives the contents in his own right arm. That fugitive is Tidd. Above the stable stands a loft, with windows giving on the street. A noise is heard in that upper room; a noise of trampling feet, of angry voices, of contending steel. Some shots are fired inside, and some come rattling through the window-panes; mere random shots, it seems, for not a soldier standing in the street is hurt. The lights are suddenly put out. A shriek, a groan, are heard; soon followed by a crash of glass, a fall of tiles, a patter of escaping men. 'Advance!' the Captain shouts. A negro holds the door, a brawny negro, with a cutlass in his grip. Fitzclarence springs upon him. 'Let us kill the red-coats,' yells the negro to his friends inside; 'we may as well die now as at any other time.' He thrusts his

point at the Captain's breast; a trooper turns it with his firelock; in an instant he is pushed aside. A click is heard, a flash is seen; a pistol aimed at him explodes and misses, and a voice is heard to whine, 'Don't kill me, and I'll tell you all.' That second sentry is secured, the stable is their own.

But still the scuffle rages overhead; a shout, a groan, a curse, the tone of sharp command, the yell of demoniac hate, all deepened by the sobs and moans of men in mortal pain. How can the Coldstreams reach them? Lights, ho! lights! A light is got; a ladder is observed; a trap-door leads into the loft. 'Men, follow!' cries Fitzclarence, with his foot upon the rung. An instant, he is in that upper room, the room of blood, the room of death; a second instant, and such strength is at his back, as makes escape unlikely, and resistance vain.

This loft, consisting of two rooms—one small, one large—is full of wounded men, though many of the plotters have escaped. The larger room is held by Ruthven and a party of police; the smaller room by such of the conspirators as scorn to fly. Some men are lying on the floor; one bleeding freely, and a second dead. The dead

man is an officer of police, named Smithers, who has fallen by the sword of Thistlewood himself.

Birnie and his party of police from Bow Street came upon the spot, in threes and fours, some thirty minutes ere the Coldstream Guards arrived. Taking up ground in John Street, near the Horse and Groom, Ruthven and another officer went in, and found a pike-staff had been left that evening in the ale-house, by two fellows who had called and drank a pint of beer. 'No military yet!' said Birnie to Ellis; 'half-an-hour too late! They must have missed their way.' By this time most of the police had learned what they were next to do. 'How many are there?' Birnie asked, referring to the gang. 'A dozen, I should think, Sir,' answered some one. 'And how many of us?' 'A dozen, Sir,' was the reply. 'We will proceed to business,' said the magistrate. 'We 'll do our best, Sir,' answered all the men. 'If there are forty of them,' added Smithers, 'we will take them all.'

Ruthven, called from the Horse and Groom, led on to the covered passage, turned, and marched into Cato Street. The first door on their right hand was the stable, with an upper chamber, lit with an unusual glow. A click of flint and

steel, a clash of sabres, and a tramp of feet, were heard. 'In there!' cried Birnie.

Ruthven, Ellis, and Smithers, rushed upon the door, through which some men were passing in and out. A negro, tall and belted, with a musket on his arm, a sabre by his side, was pacing to and fro on guard. 'The pass,' he bawled to Ruthven. 'We are officers: seize him!' answered Ruthven. Ellis wrenched his firelock from his arm, and then rushed past him, thinking those who followed would secure him.

'There! up there!' cried Ruthven, with his feet upon a ladder, leading to the open trap. Ellis was on his heels, and Smithers in his wake. The noise increased as he emerged into the loft, from which he saw some fellows dropping through a window, and some others breaking through the roof. Not less than twenty-five were in the room when first he saw them, standing round a table (or a joiner's bench), on which lay pistols, pikes, and guns. Thistlewood was standing in the midst, distributing arms to each in turn. Some dregs of supper lay upon the bench, some crumbs of bread and rinds of cheese, with broken glass and stains of beer. A reek of gin and powder filled the chamber.

'We are officers,' said Ruthven, coming forward; 'we have warrants to arrest you. Lay your arms down! Surrender!' With a curse they answered, 'Never!' Each man snatched a weapon from the bench, and brandishing the steel retreated, fighting, on the inner room.

'Seize them!' shouted Ruthven to his men, and rushed himself upon the chief, when Thistlewood raised his point, a long sword, forty-six inches long, and made a pass at Ruthven, who was pressing close, but Smithers, pushing to the front, received the weapon in his breast. 'My God, I am done!' he groaned, fell down and bled to death. Then Ellis fired at Thistlewood, but missed his aim, and lodged his bullet in the wall.

'Put out the lights!' cried some one, and the lights were instantly dashed out. 'Kill the rascals! Pitch 'em downstairs!' was shouted in the dark; and Ruthven, who was in the press, cried also, thinking they would take him for a friend, 'Aye, kill 'em! kill 'em all!'

A scuffle then began in that dark room, with pistol, pike, and gun. A dozen shots were fired, a hundred thrusts were made. A crash of breaking glass and falling tiles told Ruthven that some fellows were escaping from the room. He

could do nothing to prevent their flight. Ellis was pitched through the trap into the room below. Smithers was groaning out his life. Westcote, who ran at Thistlewood when he stabbed his mate, received the contents of a pistol in his side. Brooks had his clothes shot through, his shoulder grazed. Biggs and Wright were stabbed in the body. Sarmon was wounded in the head. Birnie, the justice, though he stayed in the street below, was fired at thrice, and felt himself lucky to escape unhurt. The officers, though their pluck was high, were not in force for such a fight, and they were dropping round the bench by unseen blows. Though armed, they were afraid to strike, lest they should kill a friend. 'I dared not fire,' said Ruthven, 'in the dark.' Retreat was out of question, for the ladder and the room below were held by Davidson and Tidd, whilst all the yards and sheds behind them were unknown, and might be held by the conspirators in force. If succour had not come, they might have fallen to a man.

Ellis, lying on the stable floor, much stunned and dazed, was startled by a cry of 'Stop him! stop him!' Springing to his feet, and giving

chase, he caught his prey in John Street, fell upon him, and received a sword-cut in his leg, below the knee. But he secured his man, and lodged him in a shop in John Street. In the stable Westcote had a fight with Ings, who tried to draw a pistol, but was knocked down by that officer, by a blow on his right eye and cheek. Westcote was trying to handcuff Ings, when Thistlewood stepped upon the ladder and discharged a pistol at him. Westcote turned to this new foe, when Ings got out into the yard, and fled, while Thistlewood and Westcote fought. Thistlewood grazed Westcote's skin with fire; and Westcote struck down Thistlewood with his dirk. Cut-and-thrust, ping-pang, they kept on in the dark. Westcote was wounded in the hand, and Thistlewood gained the yard, still fighting with the officer, who chased him down some streets, till, faint with pain, he stopped pursuit.

Three prisoners are secured in the loft. Fitzclarence sends for surgeons, but poor Smithers is already dead. They carry him to the Horse and Groom. Sarmon is too badly hurt to be removed. Biggs, Westcote, Ellis, Brooks, and Wright, receive the surgeon's care. The Guards

take up the pikes, guns, fireballs, hand-grenades, and pistols, which are scattered through the loft; and then the three prisoners captured in the upper room, and six who have been taken in the streets, are marched to Bow Street, where their names are taken and their persons searched.

Not one of these nine prisoners has a farthing in his purse!

CHAPTER XXXII.

PURSUIT.

THE dinner is prepared in Grosvenor Square, and Lady Harrowby drives out to hear her music. Lights are burning in the rooms all night. His lordship, dressed for company, waits till eight o'clock, and then goes out, just saying to his servant that he shall not dine at home. His cook is overwhelmed; so great a dinner to be thrown away! He pulls his cap off, flings it on the floor, and stamps on it in comical despair. Lord Harrowby drives to the Prime Minister's house, where Castlereagh has just arrived, and there they dine and wait for news. From nine to ten o'clock the other ministers drop in, but it is late ere Birnie comes to tell them that their middle course has failed, and that the chief conspirators are fled. A long debate sets in. The first thing is to capture Thistlewood, and, not aware how well the

image-man is toiling for them in the dark, they draw a proclamation, offering a thousand pounds for his arrest, and send this proclamation instantly to press. A dozen messengers are running to and fro all night. In every barrack men are under arms. An escort carries Ings, Tidd, Davidson, and their fellows, from the Bow Street station to Coldbath Fields prison. Melville sends down messages to warn Norwich, Dover, and other ports, to stay all ships from sailing till their holds are searched. Liverpool summons the commander of the Life Guards to his house, and bids him hold his troop in readiness to march and fight. Of all the ministers Lord Eldon feels the deepest terror at his danger, and the highest pleasure when the night is past. That cabinet council sits till three o'clock.

Edwards joins his chief the moment he is clear of Westcote. On they push, through streets now filling with excited crowds. The Captain dares not venture to his house in Stanhope Street, Clare Market, for his instincts tell him his address is known to the police; and he has hired that very morning, in a distant part of town, a lodging that is only known to Edwards and himself. Before he joined the gang that day he went to

White Street, Chiswell Street, in Finsbury, where he saw, in No. 8, a bill of lodgings for a single man. On knocking to inquire, he learnt from Mrs. Harris, the landlady, that the lodgings to be let were half a bed, at half-a-crown a-week. It was a common lodging-house, in which eight men and women lived; and Thistlewood hired this bed, of which he was to have his share that very night. His forethought is rewarded now. Unable to sleep at the Mansion House, the chief of a successful rising, he is fain to move on White Street. Edwards keeps beside him, whispering, as they pass good houses, that they ought to carry out their plan, and set the town on fire.

All night, and all next morning, Ruthven, Ellis, and their fellows, hunt through the cobblers' shops and drinking dens, in which they have been watching for so many weeks. Brunt is arrested in his lodgings, where the pikes, grenades, and fire-balls are discovered. Brunt is carried to White Hall, examined by the Cabinet, and remitted, under escort, to the prison in Coldbath Fields. He has no money in his pockets, not a single coin. An early search is made in Stanhope Street, but nothing of importance is picked up. From Stanhope Street the

officers run to the White Hart, the Black Dog, the Nag's Head; but Thistlewood has not been at any of his favourite haunts. They drive to Preston's house, where Thistlewood first met Edwards, and take the cripple into custody; but the cripple, who is sure they have no charge against him, rates them in his saucy speech, and hopes they will send him back to his heroic lodgings in the Tower.

At noon some information is received at Bow Street from the source which never fails. A party of ten officers is called, with Ruthven and Bishop at their head, and sent with an instruction how to act. In Chiswell Street they halt, divide their party, and arrange their plan. Three officers go round to the rear of No. 8 White Street, to prevent escape; three others double to the front, and seal the house up there. Bishop and three officers go in. The chamber doors are open, all save one, which Bishop tries, and finds locked. 'The key of this door!' he whispers to a woman in the opposite room. Mrs. Harris will not fetch it, till the officers declare that they will force the door in if it be not brought. He turns the key—turns softly, not to wake the murderer till his grip is on his

throat, his pistol at his head. The room is dark, the shutter closed, but Bishop sees a bed in one corner, and he stealthily draws near. A blanket moves, a pair of eyes peep out, and then a head lifts slowly from the pillow. Bounding on his captive, Bishop grips him tight, and aims a pistol at his face. 'Mr. Thistlewood, I am a Bow Street officer! you are my prisoner!' Bishop is alone; but Thistlewood lies still. 'Ha, Bishop, is that you? I shall not resist,' is all he says. 'Where are your pistols?' asks the Bow Street officer. 'I have got no pistols,' he replies. Then Ruthven and two others enter, search his pockets and his room. He has no money. A black belt, a military sash, a flint, and some few cartridges, are found upon him. Sleeping in his socks and trousers, he is not long dressing; but while putting on his clothes he says he hopes the man whom he had murdered over-night was Stafford, clerk of the police at Bow Street; but he hears without emotion that the man was Smithers, and is now a corpse at the Horse and Groom.

A bit of paper is picked up; a bill made out by Otley, landlord of the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand, addressed to Dr. Watson, for the

dinner given to Orator Hunt. Poor Watson could not pay the bill; his fellow-patriots would not help him; and the Stony Otley, wanting to be paid his due, has locked him up. Watson is now in Whitecross Street jail—a debtors' jail—and seems to have sent this bill to Thistlewood, in some vague hope that he would pay it. Otley's stony heart has probably saved the doctor from a deeper crime and a more tragic fate.

Thistlewood is carried in a coach to Bow Street, where the officers swear to him, and thence to Sidmouth's office, where he undergoes a close examination. All the foremost plotters are in custody — Thistlewood, Brunt, Ings, Davidson, and Tidd, with nearly twenty others of the rank and file, including two tailors, Wilson and Hall, and two old soldiers, Harrison and Adams. Edwards only is at large. One puzzling fact is now explained: how men who have no money in their pockets—not a shilling in the whole—were able, on the previous day, to purchase arms. The negro, it is found, had gone to the Mendicity Society as a carpenter, compelled by want of bread to pawn his tools, and saying he had got a chance of work, if only he could get them out of pledge. They gave him thirty

shillings, which he spent in buying a blunderbuss and procuring a supply of gin.

The Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, Canning, Sidmouth, Peel, and a dozen more assemble; and their order of proceeding is, for each offender to be called in separately, examined, and committed on a special charge. While these great councillors are sitting in the room above, a crowd of persons, burning with desire to see the plotters, is allowed to pass through the room below. Thistlewood is the man first sought; then Ings, the butcher; after him Davidson and Brunt. Ings bears the marks of his fight with Westcote in the stable, for his eye is bloodshot, and the flesh around it black; he wears a common butcher's jacket, with a top-coat over it. The negro wears a blue coat, light breeches, and top-boots. Brunt has a sallow face, of weak and thoughtful cast. Hall and Wilson look like what they are; two ordinary tailors, out of luck. Tidd is sober; but his face looks pinched and old. 'A shabby lot!' the passer-by remarks; and goes his way, protesting that such criminals should be sent to Bedlam rather than to the Tower.

Among the prisoners waiting in this lower room is Preston, hoping to be called before the

Cabinet. He has got a speech, he says, to make, and he will let their lordships know his mind. The officers in charge are much amused; for while the men are called up one by one, he keeps exclaiming that his turn is come. When Thistlewood comes down, committed on the double charge of murder and high treason, he demands to be taken up. When Ings comes down, morose and dark, he undertakes to beard the tyrants in their pride. Each time the door flies open he leaps up and cries that he must go. Pressed back into his chair he roars, 'Oh, how I long to go up! My *genus* is so great just now! No man alive has so great a *genus* as mine at this moment!' When Hall and Wilson—two mere tailors—go before him, he is lost in wonder. Limping round the room he shouts, 'If it be the will of the Author of the world that I should perish in the cause of freedom, His will, not mine, be done!' Then, throwing his arms about him, he exclaims, 'It would be quite a triumph to me—quite a triumph to me!' Hearing Thistlewood say to Ings that he is sorry he has not asked the Minister for leave to see his wife and son, he tells them to be easy in their minds, as *he* will not forget them in his speech. At length, on finding

that his friends are all going up, but not himself, he breaks into a furious protest. Why is he not called? Why is he treated with contempt? The officers cannot say; but he can tell them. Ministers are afraid of him! 'I gave 'em such a taste afore, they do not like me to come up again.'

More than three hours the prisoners wait in that lower room. At length an Under Secretary of State (the young gentleman who is afterwards to 'foam into a Reformer,' and 'subside into Newgate') comes downstairs, and tells the officers in charge that eight of the prisoners—Thistlewood, Brunt, Ings, Davidson, Tidd, Wilson, Monument, and Harrison—are committed to the Tower; the rest are to be sent once more to Coldbath Fields.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LAST PRISONERS IN THE TOWER.

Captain Elrington, Major of the Tower, received his prisoners at the Home Office, and despatched an orderly for a troop of horse. The eight conspirators were handcuffed two and two; four hackney-coaches were drawn up; and guards surrounded them on every side. A crowd of people pressed about the doors to see them off; but hardly any cries were raised against them. Many still believed the plot a sham; a trick of the police to cover the offence of Peterloo; for these men could not readily imagine that a dozen tailors and cobblers from Leather Lane, led on by a penniless gambler from Clare Market, could have dreamt of fighting the Duke of Wellington, at the head of an English army. Elrington gave the word, and off the escort rode by Westminster Bridge, the Borough, and London Bridge, to the Minories,

leaving the valiant cripple at the Home Office, flourishing his stick, and yelping that he would be sent to his lodgings in the Tower.

A message had already reached the Lieutenant's house that eight State prisoners were coming in, and separate lodgings must be found for each. At once the gates were closed, the soldiers called to arms. Since Thistlewood and Watson left the Tower the staff of warders had been lowered to ten; but fifty more were added in an hour. The Iron Gates were shut.

When Elrington arrived the cells were ready, and each man was marched at once to his appointed home. Thistlewood, as the captain, had the place of honour—in the Bloody tower. Brunt was lodged in the Bye-ward tower. Ings and Davidson were left in the Water gate. Tidd was put in the Seven-gun battery. Harrison had a room next door to Brunt.

Not one of these prisoners—save Thistlewood, on occasion of his former residence in the Tower—had ever been so housed and fed. They fell, as prisoners charged with treason, under certain rules, not framed for butchers and cobblers out of work, and were entitled to the State allowance given to men of birth. A cosy fire, good beds, and plenty

to eat and drink, made life seem merry after the fare and housing in Fox Court and Hole-in-the-wall. Attendants served their food, and swept their rooms, and lit their fires. The lads who went to Coldbath Fields were thought to be unlucky; and the cripple, who was left at large, complained of being an injured man. What dignity was theirs! To live upon the Crown was something; but to lodge in rooms where Raleigh wrote and Eliot died was more. Jack Cade was not so honoured in his day as Brunt, nor was the fate of Wat the Tyler comparable to that of Ings. Ings had the cell from which the royal Seymour had escaped, in which the sixteenth Baron Grey had pined to death.

Two warders kept each prisoner company day and night. A sentry paced in front of the prison door, and every care was taken that the cobbler should not send a message to the butcher, that the white man should not whisper to the black. No man could see them, save by orders from the Secretary of State. General Loftus had to see these rules observed, while Captain Elrington was ordered to be always on the spot. But people out-of-doors could find no gravity in these proceedings of the Crown. The men, no doubt,

were guilty; and the lowest mob cried shame on men who could propose to cut up a minister, and take his head home in a bag. Such fellows, if their plot was not invented for them, might be hanged, and there an end of them; but they should not be raised into the line of heroes by imprisonment in the Tower.

The prisoners laid their crime at Edwards' door. Edwards had come to them; they had not gone to him. Edwards had drunk with them in the White Hart, the Black Dog, and the Horse and Groom. Edwards had paid for meat and drink; Edwards had egged them into discontent; had lent them money; had inflamed their courage; had excited them with words and promises of help. Why was not this great criminal in the Tower? A host of men besides the prisoners asked this question. Sidmouth would not answer, save in general terms. The man was in his service. He was useful to the Crown. Of course, he could not say much for him, save that he was not a traitor. Well, he was a spy; but then a spy was not a traitor; since his object was to watch and snare his fellows. Why should such a man be troubled with the form of an arrest? If Government could

not stir against him, no one else had power to stir. Sir Matthew Wood made strenuous efforts in the House of Commons to compel the Cabinet to prosecute this wretch; but all his efforts failed; the modeller in clay and bastard German baron disappeared from his usual haunts. Some thought he had gone to France, and some to the United States, to live under a new and unstained name upon the price of blood.

A feeble and despotic government resolved to kill a number of the victims whom their agent had ensnared. No one can doubt that all the men were guilty in a certain sense, and that the chief was guilty in a legal sense. Thistlewood was a murderer; but many persons, who were not republicans, were doubtful whether Ings and Brunt, and still more Davidson and Tidd, were guilty of such acts as fairly brought them under penalties of the law. The Cabinet were clear that they must die; if but to cover the offence of Peterloo, to justify repressive measures, and to stifle the demand of towns like Manchester to have a share in governing the realm.

Major Elrington received an order to carry his prisoners from the Tower to Newgate, where Thistlewood, Brunt, Ings, Davidson, and Tidd, re-

ceived sharp trial, brief respite, and traitors' doom. With clang of steel and flash of hoof the escort rode up Cheape and Cornhill, carrying with them, through a grinning and incredulous crowd, the last of our State prisoners from the Tower.

The crime of treason did not stop at Cato Street; State trials did not end with those of Thistlewood, Ings, and Brunt; the reign of George the Fourth was hardly less disturbed by riots than the reign of George the Third; yet such a storm of ridicule had swept around the Water gate and Bloody tower, as places of imprisonment for traitors, that no government could face a repetition of that storm. Three months had not elapsed after Thistlewood's committal ere the Queen returned, in spite of every threat held out against her; and a trial was commenced, the like of which had not been heard in London since Henry the Eighth had put his wife, Queen Catharine Howard, to the axe. A dozen precedents would have justified the King in sending Caroline to the Tower; but he had lost his chance of gaining the immense advantage of committing her, when he lodged such men as Preston, Brunt, and Ings, in those high and tragic

cells. A man committed to the Tower was always doomed aforethought in the public mind. This sense of coming doom was the tradition of an endless series of recorded facts; for since the earliest Norman reigns, the eye goes aching back from age to age, through roll on roll of crime, to find a single case of one committed to the Tower on charge of treason, yet acquitted by his peers in any court of law. The Queen was left at large; the trial failed; although the evidence of her guilt was stronger than the evidence which had sent Queen Catharine to the block. King George grew chary of State trials, and the feeling passed to his brother, William the Fourth. Their father would have lodged O'Connell in the Tower; and after him Lord Kenyon, Colonel Fairman, and the Duke of Cumberland. Their niece, the Queen Victoria, had to face her share of outrage, rising, and sedition. Frost, Jones, and Williams, 'levied war upon the Queen' in Wales, were tried for treason, and condemned to death. O'Brien, Meagher, and Mitchell, with their comrades, 'levied war upon the Queen' in Ireland, were convicted by a jury, and condemned to death. Her royal person was not safe. One crazy wretch, named Oxford, fired a pistol at her; then a second crazy wretch,

named Francis, fired at her; and these were followed by a third and still more crazy wretch, named Bean. Elizabeth would have sent such criminals to the Tower. But manners had been softened by the lapse of time, and George the Third had set his house the fine example of regarding a thirst for royal blood as evidence of disease. These wretches were not honoured with the Tower. Oxford was sent to Bedlam; Francis was condemned to transportation; Bean was sentenced to a prison; and a bill was quickly passed through Parliament which put an end to these daft doings, by a brief enactment that in future all such rascals should be *whipped*.

It was the glory of Elizabeth's reign, that for the first twelve years no man was put to death for a political offence. It was the merit of Queen Anne, that in her reign of just twelve golden years no man was put to death for a political offence. It is the larger happiness of Queen Victoria, that in a reign now counting six-and-thirty years, no man has suffered death for a political offence. In her serene and prosperous days—serenity but rarely broken by domestic strife, prosperity but seldom checked by foreign war—the darker

usages of power, with all the passions they excited in the past, are fading from the habit of our thought. The wheel, the maiden, and the boot, are gone. The block is an antiquity. The axe, the lanthorn, and the sword, are hung on racks. A prison lodging is a place for daily crowds to pass through. Queen Victoria visits and revisits every part of her great fortress; marks the spot where Anna Boleyn fell; inspects the chamber where the nine-days' Queen was lodged; regards the rugged beauty of the Norman keep; and finds, with royal Windsor in her thought, the noblest monument in her realm is still Her Majesty's Tower.

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